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Mrs MONTAGUE.

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THE

Eccentric Mirror:

REFLECTING

A faithful and interesting Delineation of

MALE AND FEMALE CHARACTERS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

Who have been particularly distinguished by extraordinary

QUALIFICATIONS, TALENTS, AND PROPENSITIES,

Natural or Acquired,

Comprehending singular Instances of

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CONFORMATION,
BULK,
STATURE,
POWERS OF MIND AND OF BODY,

WONDERFUL EXPLOITS,
ADVENTURES,
HABITS.
PROPENSITIES,
ENTERPRISING PURSUITS,
&c. &c. &c.

With a faithful Narration of

EVERY INSTANCE OF SINGULARITY,

Manifested in the Lives and Conduct of Characters who have rendered themselves eminently conspicuous by their Eccentricities.

The whole exhibiting an interesting and

WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF HUMAN ACTION

IN THE

Grand Theatre of the World.

Collected and re-collected, from the most authentic Sources,

BY

G. H. WILSON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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1807.

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THE

ECCENTRIC MIRROR.

HENRY JENKINS.

FEW countries can produce such numerous instances of extraordinary longevity as the British islands, which afford incontestible proof of the healthiness of their climate. Among these examples, the most remarkable is, perhaps, that of Henry Jenkins, who attained the patriarchal age of 169 years. The only account now extant of this venerable man is that given by Mrs. Anne Saville, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Jenkins lived, and had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him.

"When I came," says she, to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162 or 3; and I asked, what kings he remembered? He said, Henry VIII. I asked what public thing

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he could longest remember? he said Flowden-field. I asked whether the king was there? he said, No; he was in France, and the earl of Surry was general. I asked him how old he might be then; he said, I believe I might be between 10 and 12; for, says he, I was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the earl he named was general, and king Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. And yet it is observable that this Jenkins could neither read nor write. There were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then too that he was butler to the lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountains abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life, December 8, 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale in Yorkshire. The battle of Flowden-field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was 12 years old, when Flowden-field was fought. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years, viz. 16 years longer than old Parr, and was, it is supposed, the oldest man born upon the ruins of the post-diluvian world.

"In the last century of his life he was a fisher-

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man, and used to trade in the streams: his diet was coarse and sour, and towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He has sworn in Chancery, and other courts, to above 140 years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, whither he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of 100 years. In the king's remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, labourer aged 157 years, was produced and deposed as a witness."

About seventy years after his death a monument was erected at Bolton, by a subscription of the parishioners to perpetuate the memory of this remarkable man. Upon it was engraved this inscription:

"Blush not marble to rescue from oblivion the memory of Henry Jenkins, a person of obscure birth, but of a life truly memorable: for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration, if not variety of his enjoyments: and though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's health and length of days, to teach mistaken man these blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a

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mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of 169. Was interred here, Dec. 16, 1670, and had this justice done to his memory, 1743."

MARIA ELEONORA SCHONING.

MARIA Eleonora Schöning was the daughter of a mechanic at Nürnberg, in Germany. The life of her mother was sacrificed in giving birth to her child. She had the misfortune to lose her father at an age when females are most environed with dangers, when seduction employs all its arts to destroy their innocence and peace of mind. She was not more than seventeen when she buried him. Ever since her thirteenth year she had been the only attendant on her beloved parent, whom a paralytic seizure, and the loss of the use of his limbs confined to his bed. This long period of the best years of her youth Maria passed beside the bed of sickness, without ever beholding the face of heaven, except when she went abroad for medicines or food. She had not entered a place of divine worship since the day she was confirmed. The duties of a nurse occupied all her time. She fomented his aching limbs, lifted the helpless old man in her yet feeble arms to and from his sick-bed; and had to attend to all the domestic concerns. Day after day Maria manifested the same patience, willingness, and indefatigable assiduity, and watched

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during many a tedious night, in which the groans of the sufferer called her to his bed. Her youth was spent in grief; she grew up in tears, a stranger to the pleasures of childhood and the harmless sports of youth. The last words pronounced by her expiring father were addressed to his confessor. "My dear Maria, said he, has treated me like an angel, during my whole long affliction; the most disagreeable offices never extorted from her a look of discontent; her eye never met mine, but it beamed with compassion, or was suffused with tears for my sufferings. God," he exclaimed "will reward my excellent girl for her dutiful attention to me!" He said and closed his lips for ever. His wish may be fulfilled in eternity, in this world the confident hope of the expiring parent remained unaccomplished.

Maria still sat weeping after the bier, on which her father, her friend, the only bond that united her to the world, the object of her cares, and the hope of her future joys, was carried to the grave. The last doleful tolls of the bell were still accompanying her lamentations, when two tax-officers, entered the house, and demanded the papers of the deceased, that they might ascertain whether he had always paid a sum conformable to his oath and his property.

It should here be observed, that the taxes paid by the inhabitants of Nürnberg were originally a voluntary contribution, each giving according to his inclination and circumstances. At the be-

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ginning of the fifteenth century a certain standard was fixed, and at present each citizen is annually obliged to take an oath that the sum paid by him is duly proportionate to his property. At his death the tax office has a right to inspect his books, and to examine whether his contribution was always in proportion to his real property. If they find the contrary, if the deceased was not scrupulously exact, even to the merest trifle, all that he leaves behind is confiscated; and in spite of wife or family, the city exchequer becomes his heir. After this little explanation, which the reader will not think unnecessary, we proceed with the narrative.

After the few documents had been examined and compared with the registers of taxes, the spies of justice declared they had found facts sufficient to prove, that the deceased had not paid a sum proportionate to his circumstances; which consequently imposed on them the duty of placing all the property he had left behind under lock and seal, and requesting the young lady to retire to an empty apartment till the tax-office should have decided the business.

Maria, grown up amid privations, accustomed to compliance,—the easily intimidated Maria, readily obeyed. She hastened to the emptiest garret, leaving the officers unmolested to put seals upon the doors, and to convey to the tax-office all the papers they could find.

Night came on, when Maria, exhausted with fatigue and weeping, sought a place of repose.

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She found the door of her chamber sealed, and was obliged to pass the night in the garret upon the floor. A few days elapsed before the officers returned, and directed Maria to leave the house, adding that the commissioners had adjudged the property left by the deceased to the city-exchequer, as it had been proved that her father had defrauded the city in the payment of his taxes, and had not contributed in proportion to his circumstances. The deceased, before his illness, was by no means rich, but he lived in good repute, had no debts, and was able to pay in ready money for the raw materials which he wanted for his business. Three years of indisposition had indeed consumed the greatest part of the fruits of his industry; but still a sufficiency was left, not only to secure his daughter from immediate want, but to maintain her, in the economical manner to which she was accustomed till she should obtain some situation or other, and have become better acquainted with the world. Such was the idea that administered consolation to her expiring father. A being whose past existence had consisted of a series of sorrows and painful privations, whose life had been an uninterrupted scene of affliction, was incapable of pleading in her own behalf. Struck dumb with terror and astonishment, like a dove driven from the maternal nest, Maria found herself thrust out of her father's house, and the door shut against her. All her riches consisted in the clothes she had on; her pocket afforded not one solitary penny.

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She had no relations to whom she could apply; for those of her mother had never concerned themselves about her, and her father was a native of Lower Saxony. She had no acquaintance, as all her father's friends had deserted him at the beginning of his illness; no companion, for who would associate with a sick-nurse? Never was human being more solitary and forlorn in the midst of its fellow-creatures, than was this innocent girl, who was now a houseless wanderer in an extensive city, in which her exemplary conduct, her filial tenderness and mild virtues, had they been known, must have commanded the admiration and esteem of every generous mind.

Night drew on apace, and Maria knew not where to find a shelter. With tottering step she went to St. James's church-yard, where reposed the ashes of her father; she threw herself upon the bare hillock that covered them; she resigned herself a prey to grief; and had it been possible for despair and distress to have burst the bonds which attached her to life, Maria would that night have been released from all her misery.

The morning dawned over the city; the streets began to be thronged; the bell rung for morning prayer, and the grating of the church-doors, rouzed the disconsolate maiden from death-like stupor. The bashful unfortunate hastened from the grave; she concluded that men who had driven her from her home, and from every thing that had belonged to her father, would certainly not suffer her to linger on the turf that covered

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his relics. She left the church-yard, paced slowly through the city gate, and threw herself under a hedge, to spend the coming day, as she had done the preceding night, in tears.

Slowly crept the hours of this dismal day for the wretched Maria. Night approached, and hunger drove back the sufferer into a place which had robbed her of every thing but her wretchedness, where she had nothing left but a life that she would most joyfully have resigned. She had not the courage to beg, and to the idea of stealing her innocent soul was a stranger. The last glimmer of evening found her again at the grave of her father.

The church-yards of most of the German cities are equally pernicious to morals and to health. They have lost the venerable character by which they were formerly distinguished; their loneliness and solitude render them the undisturbed haunts of vice and beastly depravity. It was close beside the grave of her father that Maria fell a prey to a roving debauchee. The brutal monster took advantage of her situation, and the purest innocence lost that jewel which the emaciated Maria, half-dead with hunger, watching and grief, had neither the strength nor the spirit to defend. Fate seemed to be in league with her ravisher, and to have paralysed with malignant officiousness the faculties both of her body and mind, while he perpetrated the crime.

It was one of those nights of autumn in which

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the villain had no occasion to exclaim with Lady Macbeth,

> Come thick night
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
> That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
> Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
> To cry—Hold, hold!

An awful silence pervaded the church-yard; all the creatures of day had retired to rest; Nature seemed wrapped in the sleep of death. Nothing was heard amid this grave-like stillness, save the flight of a solitary bat, the hooting of the screech-owl, or the rattling of "chapless" skulls in the neighboring charnel-house.

Maria sat upon the grave of her father: the consciousness of her degradation, a sentiment which it was impossible to suppress, had stupefied all her senses. Her father, knowing what snares are laid in this deceitful world for female virtue, had often warned his daughter to beware of them, and had made her acquainted with the trials to which her innocence would be exposed. She was, therefore, fully sensible of her loss. Amid the impenetrable gloom in which she was enveloped, the times past appeared in lively colors before her eyes, unsusceptible of any external impression. She beheld her sick, her emaciated parent, with uplifted hands, conjuring her to preserve her innocence, if she would not destroy his repose, of which he had enjoyed so small a portion in this

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world, even beyond the grave. She imagined that she heard his dying voice, ascending from his tomb, and pronouncing these words: "Begone, wretch; leave a place where thou hast devoted thyself to infamy; thy innocence was sacrificed on the grave of thy father."

This imaginary denunciation of her departed father, together with the dreadful darkness of the night, and its spectre-like attendants, terrified to the highest degree, the already dismayed Maria. She fled as though infernal spirits were driving her from the church-yard. She had not proceeded far, when she was stopped by the watchmen, to whom she was a welcome prize, as they receive a piece of money, of about the value of a shilling, for every girl they find abroad after ten o'clock. It was midnight, and Maria was conveyed to the nearest watch-house.

Being carried the next day before the magistrate, a haughty and imperious man, he upbraided her in the harshest terms as a public prostitute. This unjust reproach had such an effect on the innocent creature, who, notwithstanding the last guilty night, had no reason to blush for any criminal propensity of her heart or will, as though she were seized by the icy hand of death. She swooned, and it was not without great difficulty that the officers of the police restored her to her senses. The magistrate having farther reprimanded her, dismissed her with the threat that the next time she should be brought

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before him, he would send her with a smart lecture into the house of correction.

Maria's heart torn by this cruel treatment, and by her own recollections, now formed a resolution which could not have arisen in her gentle mind, had it not been engendered by the contempt she felt for herself. The events of the past night; the harsh behavior of the magistrate; the disgraceful appellation which he applied to her, and which she thought she merited; her forlorn condition—all these contributed to inspire the resolution of drowning herself. With this design she hastened out of the town towards the river Pegnitz.

As she passed through the suburb of Wördt, she met a soldier's wife, who, in her father's lifetime, had assisted her in various domestic occupations that were too heavy for her strength. She was startled by the appearance of the girl, whom she addressed in a friendly tone, enquiring how she did, and what brought her so far from home. To a being driven about as she had been by the blasts of misfortune, the tone of tenderness was a cordial. These were the first words, sweetened with humanity that any human creature had spoken to her, since those of her expiring father. Her dormant sensibilities were awakened. With impassioned fervor she threw her arms around the woman, whose looks and words were so expressive of sympathy and affection. With difficulty she gave her an account,

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interrupted by sobs and tears, of her misfortunes, her sufferings, and her resolution. The good woman wept with her, pressed the wretched orphan to her heart, and intreated her in the tenderest manner, to relinquish her melancholy intention, as by taking away her own life, she would deprive herself of all hope of eternal felicity.

Maria was pliable, timid, and open to religious impressions; it required not much persuasion to induce her to abstain from an action at which her heart trembled, and which her religion condemned. She accompanied her guardian angel, whose name was Härlin, to her habitation, at no great distance.

This honest woman was, likewise, one of those whose whole existence is a continued series of affliction and distress; for whom the world has no other balm than sleep, no other physician than death. She was married to one of the city-soldiers, who had been long ill and confined to his bed. Two young children constituted all her riches; she maintained herself and family by washing, and a difficult task she found it to provide bread for four persons. She had several times, by want of work, and the cries of the hungry children been driven to the brink of despair, and had been on the point of putting one of her children to death, that she might herself be relieved from the burden of life. This she thought would be a remedy for all their wants; the remaining child would be placed in the or-

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phan house and her husband in the hospital, while her execution would reconcile her with God, and she should be happy with her murdered infant. These tragical ideas she communicated to Maria, on whose mind they made a deep impression. In a subsequent conversation on the same subject, she declared herself incapable of conceiving how it was possible to take away the life of any human creature, and in particular, of an innocent child. "And for that very reason, because it is innocent, I would send it before me out of the world, in which no pleasures await it. Do you suppose I would chuse to suffer for the sake of a bad child? On that account, too, I would take Nanny with me, because she was always so dutiful and so good; but as for Frank, he has already learned some tricks, and is fitter for the world." This answer frightened the tender Maria, who hugged the children closely in her arms, as though she would protect them from their mother.

The woman, whose poverty was equalled only by her hospitality, kept the forlorn orphan in her house. She redoubled her efforts to procure work, in which Maria was her faithful assistant. Thus these hapless mortals passed the summer; they were never in absolute want of the most necessary articles of subsistence, though their supply was indeed but scanty.

Winter arrived, and brought with it a season of dreadful affliction for this wretched family. Härlin herself fell ill: grief and hard labour had ex-

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hausted her strength, and symptoms of a consumption began to appear. Maria strained every nerve to support her friend and her family; but this far exceeded her ability. She neither possessed the boldness, nor the persuasive faculties that are requisite for the procuring of employment; and hence, with the best inclination in the world to work, she was often obliged to keep holiday. Every article of the least value was sold or pawned and the house was stripped as bare by the iron hand of necessity, as were the adjacent gardens and the neighbouring wood by the rigors of winter.

Spring was not far distant when Härlin began to amend. She wanted nothing but strength; she could not hold herself upright. The physician had directed her to take nourishing food, and a little wine daily, assuring her that if she adhered to this diet, her health would soon be restored. Maria was present when the physician gave her this consolatory intelligence; she rejoiced for the first time in her life; it was the first and the last pleasing illusion that her soul ever cherished. Her thoughts were wholly occupied in devising how to procure her friend the prescribed refreshments; but in vain did she rack her invention, no method, no opportunity of effecting this object could she discover.

Härlin gradually grew weaker, and at the same time more silent and pensive. When Maria observed her thus lost in thought, she conceived that her despairing friend was brooding over the

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plan of murdering her child, in order to put an end to her own life. This apprehension gave inexpressible pain to the excellent girl; and so much the more as the little creatures clung about her with the most childlike attachment, and the tender Maria felt a love and affection for them as strong as though she had herself been their mother.

Under these cruel circumstances, arrived the day pregnant with her fate. On that day none of the miserable family had a morsel to eat. Night came on and their teeth chattered with the cold. The children cried for bread. Maria sat beside the straw bed of her friend; who uttered not a syllable, no, not even a sigh. The sorrowful Maria grasped her hand; it was shrunk, cold and lifeless. She stroked her cheek, adown which trickled big, heavy tears. She asked, whether she was in much pain, but obtained no answer. Maria's heart was ready to burst; she was on the brink of despair. A courage not her own animated her soul. In this state, so contrary to her nature, she conceived the idea of saving her friend at the expence of her own person. She hastened, as if impelled by a supernatural power, to put it into execution.

She recollected that the ravisher of her innocence had been desirous of expiating his offence by the offer of money. Maria formed the painful resolution of seeking to earn something in the same way, and of relieving her friend with the produce of her guilt. It was now dark; she

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went into the city, but durst not venture to approach the church-yard in which her father was interred. She repaired to other lonely situations, but not a creature did she meet with. The weather was unfavourable; the snow fell fast, and a tempestuous wind howled through the streets. No night could have been more perfectly adapted to cool the passions of the debauchee. Poor Maria, how cruelly wast thou treated by froward fate! In pious simplicity thou kneltst at the grave of thy father, virtuous and pure, and thy innocence became the prey of a brutal ravisher. Thou sinnedst without inclination, without enjoyment, without resistance. Sorrow, hunger, and want had deprived thee of energy, and thy nerves of the power both of acquiescence and of resistance. Nature and man were leagued to affect the dishonor of the pure, of the spotless Maria.—Now, when the unfortunate creature, who thoroughly despised herself, was excited to a repetition of the guilty deed by the virtuous motive of saving four of her fellow creatures from starving, she could find no opportunity of committing this magnanimous crime. She continued to wander through the streets. The tempest howled with increased fury; the snow was now of considerable depth; breathless and fatigued she sought shelter beneath a shed. Into a corner of this building a watchman had crept for refuge from the rigors of the night. To him she was a welcome guest, and in a trice she found herself in the watch-house.

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The next morning she was carried before the same hard-hearted magistrate as had treated her so roughly on a former occasion. He sent her without any father ceremony to the house of correction, ordering at the same time that she should receive the usual welcome. On her arrival, she was directed to wait in the front court-yard. The master of the house appeared, tied her to a post, and prepared to inflict on her the severe discipline of the whip. She begged, she intreated, she screamed, she made all the opposition in her power—but in vain. Seeing no chance of escaping the disgraceful punishment she exclaimed in a fit of despair: 'Stop! I deserve a very different punishment; I have murdered an infant child." "That, to be sure, is a different affair;" said the man, unbinding her. He immediately sent an account of the circumstance to the city-judge. An officer presently appeared, examined the girl concerning the crime of which she accused herself, and as she persisted in her first declaration, she was conveyed as a murderer to prison.

In a few days she was brought up for a closer examination. It was represented to her that she could not have committed the crime alone, and without accomplices, as she could not have gone out immediately after her delivery to dispose of the child. She then acknowledged that Härlin was privy to the whole affair, that she had assisted her at the birth, and had buried the child in the wood. From the beginning of

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her confinement, Maria had cherished the idea of involving her friend in her fate. She wished to help her out of the world, and to spare her the necessity of perpetrating the crime of murder; and the present opportunity appeared too favorable to be neglected. Full of this thought she heartily rejoiced at the service which she should thus render to her friend.

Härlin was at this time too ill to be removed to the prison: an officer was therefore placed over her in her own house. When she was so far recovered as to be able to go abroad she was confronted with Maria; who repeated her former declaration in her presence. "For God's sake Maria, how have I deserved this treatment?" was all the reply that the astonished woman was able to make. She denied the whole, and to every question of the judge, she returned no other answer than—"I know nothing of the matter." The two prisoners were repeatedly examined in the presence of each other; the same scene was invariably exhibited, Maria persisting stedfastly in her declaration, and Härlin in her denial of the fact.

At the fifth examination, Härlin was threatened with the torture; the instruments were brought, and arranged by the executioner; and she was warned for the last time either to confess at once, or to prepare for inevitable torture. This menace terrified poor Maria in the highest degree: a convulsive agony shook her whole frame. She was desirous of releasing her friend

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from a life of misery, not to draw down upon her unavailing torment. She hoped to be her benefactress; she now looked upon herself as her executioner. She stepped hastily towards her, and presssing her bounden hands between her own: "Hannah! dear Hannah!" she exclaimed, "All will be provided for, and Nanny too will be put into the orphan-house!"

Maria's motive instantly flashed like lightning upon the mind of Härlin. She now saw with grateful emotion, the benevolent design of her friend, which, without the perpetration of guilt, would remove them into eternity. With cheerfulness and courage she now addressed herself to the judge. She acknowledged herself to blame in having so long denied the charge, and confessed that Maria's declaration was perfectly consistent with truth. As the prisoners adhered without variation to this confession, an early day was appointed for their trial, and they were both sentenced to be beheaded.

The day before the execution the two delinquents were allowed an interview, which gave occasion to an exceedingly affecting scene. The approaching catastrophe had changed the sentiments of Maria with respect to her friend. She now thought it cruel and inhuman in herself to devote her generous benefactress to death. She was on the point of disclosing the whole truth, but was restrained by the desire of death, by the invincible solicitude to quit the world.

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When she saw Härlin advancing towards her with a serene and cheerful countenance, she uttered a loud scream of anguish, and gave free scope to her sensations. She threw herself into the arms of her friend, and amid sobs and sighs incessantly implored her forgiveness. Her tears flowed without ceasing. Härlin pressed the afflicted girl with the most fervent affection to her heart; like a tender mother she dried the tears from her cheeks; assured her in the most friendly manner, that she had nothing to forgive her, but, that on the contrary, she was her only, her greatest benefactress, as she had spared her the commission of a grievous sin, and released her from a world of misery. Dreadful was the conflict of opposing sensations in the bosom of the wretched Maria. The soothing expressions of her tender, magnanimous companion; her solemn protestations that she would undertake to answer for them both before the judgment-seat of God, were incapable of alleviating the anguish she endured. There was no end to her tears and lamentations, and she wrung her hands like one reduced to despair.

The presence of the clergyman, and the preparations for the sacrament at length restored to her soul a degree of composure. "Come, Maria," said Härlin, "let us partake of this holy sacrament with cheerful reliance on God, and on the enjoyment of eternal happiness." These consolatory words, pronounced by the lips of affection, and accompanied with looks of tender-

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ness, recalled peace for a few minutes to her troubled soul. They communicated together, and parted in melancholy silence. The excellent woman once more pressed the desponding girl to her bosom, and said, "Be of good cheer, Maria; to morrow we shall be yonder above, and all our afflictions will remain here below." She then hastened from her; on reaching her cell, she heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed, with emphasis: "God be thanked that this is past; the anticipation of this scene alone embittered my confinement, otherwise the sweetest and most agreeable portion of my life!" She then thanked the gaoler for the indulgence with which he had treated her, took an affecting leave of her family, and her whole behavior displayed a heavenly serenity, as though they had already belonged to the beings of a better world.

On the day of execution she conducted herself with the same cheerfulness and equanimity. She heard the bell ring, and proceeded to the scaffold with an ease, fortitude, and intrepidity, equally remote from timid dejection, and audacious boldness. A sacred serenity that touched every spectator appeared in her whole behavior. She seemed to unite the simplicity of innocence, with the dignity of an exalted mind. Very different was the state of the wretched Maria. The desponding girl, who still accused herself of being the murderer of her friend, suffered inexpressible anguish, and nothing but the hope that she should still be able to save her innocent compa-

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nion by a frank confession of the truth, preserved her from total stupefaction and insensibility to all that was passing around her. She walked not, but was dragged more dead than alive to the place of execution. Härlin went first; frequently did she look back with love and compassion at her Maria. When their eyes met, she would turn hers joyfully towards heaven, as though she would have cheered her friend with the idea: "We shall soon be yonder."

They now stood at the foot of the scaffold. Härlin was to be executed first. She once more took leave of the half-dead and trembling Maria. "Dear Maria," said she tenderly at parting, "in a few moments we shall be together in heaven!" She then ascended the steps. Maria's eyes followed her. She beheld her friend surrounded by the assistants of the executioner, busily employed in binding up her hair, and uncovering her neck. This spectacle operated with the greatest violence on the girl; she saw her friend in the hands of the executioner, and she alone was the cause of her death, she alone was her murderer. It seemed as though this sight and this idea, transfused new life into her almost inanimate frame, and supplied every nerve with new energy. With a loud and piercing voice, she cried, "Stop, for God's sake, stop! she is innocent!" She then threw herself at the feet of the sheriff and the clergyman, imploring them to save Härlin, who was perfectly innocent:

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adding, that she had herself invented the whole story from disgust of life; that she had never borne, much less destroyed a child; she was ready to die; but she begged for heaven's sake that they would not load her with the crime of murdering her friend by her false evidence, and that the sentence might be executed on her alone for having forged such a charge. The sheriff asked Härlin if Maria's declaration were true, or if she adhered to her confession. She answered sorrowfully and with evident reluctance: "Most certainly what she says is true; I acknowledged myself guilty, because I wished to die; and it may, therefore, easily be supposed that now, when I am so near the object of my desire, this declaration of my innocence proceeds not from the motive, of preserving my life. My only object is to confirm the truth as disclosed by Maria, and to relieve her from the distress she feels for having accused me though innocent."

This explanation, together with the persuasions of the clergymen, and the murmur of compassion that proceeded from the people, induced the sheriff to send the town-adjutant, with a report of the circumstances to the town-house, to demand a reprieve of the members of the senate, assembled there. It should be observed that at Nuremberg, it is customary for the three oldest senators to remain together at the town-house, till an execution is over, that in case of an extraordinary exigency, they may give the neces-

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sary directions how to proceed, in the name of the whole senate.

During the interval that elapsed till the return of the messenger, one of the clergymen thought fit to reprimand Härlin severely on account of the first statement she had given. "I confess the truth," replied she, "not with a view to save my life. The murder was feigned by Maria, for the purpose of helping herself and me out of the world, of which we were both tired and disgusted. At first conscious of my innocence, and ignorant of the good intentions of my friend, I denied the murder. But of what avail was this? My protestations were branded as lies and shameless impudence. I was threatened with the torture, and my hands were already bound so tight, that my wrists still bear the marks of the cords. One of the gentlemen present threatened that I should be stretched till daylight might be seen through me, and then he imagined, I should be ready enough to confess my guilt. I had no inclination to await the fulfilment of this threat, and chose rather to acknowledge myself guilty immediately; and this I did the more cheerfully, as I was by this time apprised of the kind intention of my Maria."

Still the clergyman was so hard-hearted and unreasonable as to persecute her with farther reproaches, to which the magnanimous woman deigned not to reply. The only words she uttered besides, during this melancholy pause were

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addressed to the unhappy partner of her fate. "O Maria, Maria, said she, a few moments patience longer, and all had been well; it had all been over by this time, and we happy!" The wretched girl lay senseless on the steps of the scaffold. The last violent exertion had exhausted her strength; she was in the agonies of death.

The messenger returned. The answer directed the sheriff to proceed with the execution. This intelligence restored Härlin to her former serenity. Her head was struck off amidst the lamentations of the people. The executioner was incapable of dispatching more than one innocent person at a time. He felt unwell; his attendants were obliged to perform his office upon Maria. She had before expired; Death had employed his powerful scythe to cut down a flower which was already withered. Such was the end of two mortals, whose lives were not worth the enjoyment, and who appear to have been created merely for the purpose of dying a violent death.

JOHN RICHARDSON PIMROSE BOBEY.

THIS negro, who can scarcely be distinguished from any other black when dressed and with his hat on, may justly be considered as a very remarkable phenomenon of nature. Part of his

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forehead is white; the hair and skin from thence to the back part of his head are as white as the finest wool, and shine like silver, while the rest of his head and hair is black as jet. On other parts of his body, on his breast, arms, and legs, the black is likewise intermixed with white spots, equal in delicacy to the color of any European.

This extraordinary man was born at Guangaboo, in the parish of St. John, near Kingston, Jamaica, July 5, 1774, of black parents, who were slaves in the Rev. Mr. Pilkington's plantations. His mother, who had four children, besides, was so alarmed when she discovered this her youngest was spotted-skinned, that she could not be prevailed upon to give him the breast. Such an astonishing child soon excited the attention of his master, and other gentlemen in the plantations, but particularly of Mr. Blundell, an eminent merchant of Liverpool, who happened to be in Jamaica, when he was only a few months old, and declared him to be the greatest curiosity in nature he ever saw. As soon as he had completed his second year he was, (at the suggestion of Mr. Graham of Kingston and others) exhibited as a public show and a likeness of him was painted and sent to England. It was afterwards deposited in St. Andrew's college at Glasgow as a singular *lusus naturæ*.

On the death of the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, the plantations and slaves, including poor Bobey, his father and mother, were sold to Arthur Mackenzie, Esq. the present proprietor, and with whom

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his relations still remain. His former master having had several children, who were sent to England for their education, left to one of his sons (Henry Pilkington, who now resides at Birmingham) considerable property, together with this spotted negro, whom he was to take care of and keep as his servant; but the young man never possessed either the property or servant, through the treachery of those to whom the trust was committed.

Daniel Dale, Esq. uncle to Mr. Pilkington, is at present in the possession of many plantations in Jamaica, and likewise became the master of Bobey, who, at the age of 12 years was sent by him to England, and was christened at St. John's church, Liverpool, by the Rev. Mr. Hudson; the addition of Richardson was made to his name in honor of a gentleman, a very reputable merchant at Liverpool, who was very partial to him. He was then sent to London, where he arrived on the memorable day when his Majesty attended by the most distinguished of his subjects went in procession to St. Paul's cathedral to return thanks on his recovery in 1789. He was first exhibited in the Haymarket at 2s. 6d. each for about two months. Soon after his arrival in England, he was sent by Sir W. Bogle, of Bloomsbury-square, for the inspection of the university of Oxford. The gentlemen of science there, particularly Dr. Thompson, concluded that the extraordinary spots on his skin, being so beautifully variegated all over his body,

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could not have originated from a fright of the mother, as in such case they would have been confined to *one particular part:* nor could they in any degree account for so singular a work of nature.

Mr. Clarke, the then proprietor of the wild beasts, &c. at Exeter Change, visiting this curiosity at the Haymarket, purchased him as an apprentice, by indentures, of Mr. Dale for 100 guineas, and he was in consequence exhibited at Exeter Change. The principal nobility of the kingdom now visited the Spotted Negro, who was also presented for inspection at Buckingham-House to their Majesties by Mr. Tenant, of Pentonville. Prince William of Gloucester frequently came to see him at Exeter Change, and Bobey being then placed near an Arabian savage, which was particularly attached to him, the Duke would frequently pretend to beat Bobey, while the consequent rage of the savage afforded much mirth to the company.

In process of time Mr. Clarke sold his Menagerie by auction, and Bobey on this occasion assisted to bring forward the lots of monkeys, and other animals. As soon as they were disposed of, it came to poor Bobey's turn to be offered for sale, but having during his short stay in England acquired some notions of our free constitution—having already felt the blessings of liberty, and being convinced that mankind cannot be sold here like brutes, as in his native country, with honourable indignation he refused to come for-

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ward, and, declared he would not be sold like the monkeys. Mr. Pidcock, the purchaser of the wild beasts, however, bought the remainder of his time by indenture, of Mr. Clarke for 50 guineas.

Bobey, having enlarged the circle of his acquaintance, and learning from his friends that no apprentice in this country could be transferred without his own consent, agreeably to their advice, still refused his concurrence to the sale, but continued in the service of Mr. Clarke for some months after the auction. Not contented, however, with Mr. Clarke's situation, he engaged himself with Mr. Pidcock at Exeter Change at a more liberal salary than what he had hitherto enjoyed. He left Pidcock after about four months service, and became the husband of an English lady, whose brother is principal painter to the Circus. For some time they visited the fairs in company with the exhibitors of wild beasts and from the great encouragement they received, they now resolved to set up in business for themselves. By a proper application of their savings, they soon made up a good collection of monkeys, birds, beasts, &c, and notwithstanding the expence of travelling, and the maintenance of five horses and men, such are the exertions and industry of this couple, and the satisfaction they give at all the principal fairs, that there is little doubt but in a short time they will accumulate a decent fortune.

During their exhibitions Bobey has been fre-

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quently examined and rubbed by some ignorant people, who have imagined that his skin was painted; but they have been soon satisfied that there was no deception. He is about 5 feet 8 inches high, well proportioned, his features regular, and, for one of the African race, may be considered handsome. He has a remarkable manner of imitating singing birds, particularly the sky-lark, thrush, blackbird, nightingale, and various others; also the young pig, puppy, and other animals. He has been for some years a member of the first masonic societies in this kingdom, both of the ancient and modern orders. He very willingly submits, when required, to be examined by the curious, with respect to the reality of his spots. In conversation he is affable, and in his dealings so very correct, that we may venture to say there are many *white* characters who would be found more *black* and fuller of *blemishes* than this Spotted Negro.

ANNE GREEN.

THE extraordinary history of this woman, is related by Dr. Plot in his natural history of Oxfordshire. "In the year 1650, says that writer Anne Green, being a servant-maid of Sir Thomas Read of Duns Tew, in Oxfordshire, was with child by some servant or other of the family (as she constantly affirmed when she had little reason to lie,) and, through over-working herself in turning of malt, fell in travail about

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the fourth month of her time: but being young, and not knowing what the matter might be, she repaired to the privy, where the child (scarcely above a span long, of what sex could not be distinguished,) fell from her unawares. Presently after, there appearing signs of some such matter, and she having before confessed that she had been guilty of *what might occasion* her being with child, a search instantly was made, and the infant found.

" Whereupon, within three days after her delivery, she was conveyed to the castle at Oxford, where forthwith (an assize being purchased on purpose) she was arraigned before Serjeant Umpton Croke, then living at Marston, who sat as judge by a commission of oyer and terminer, and by him sentenced to be hanged; which was accordingly executed on the 14th of December, in the castle yard, where she hung about half an hour, being pulled by the legs, and struck on the breast (as she herself desired) by divers of her friends; and, after all, had several strokes given her upon the stomach with the but-end of a soldier's musket. Being cut down, she was put into a coffin, and brought away to a house to be dissected; where, when they opened it, notwithstanding the rope still remained unloosed, and straight about her neck, they perceived her breast to rise; whereupon one Mason, a tailor, intending only an act of charity, set his foot upon her breast and belly; and, as some say, one Orum, a soldier, struck her again with the but-end of his musket.

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Notwithstanding all which, when the learned and ingenious Sir William Petty, then anatomy professor of the University, Dr. Wallis, and Dr. Clarke, then president of Magdalen College, and Vice-chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived some small rattling in her throat; hereupon desisting from their former purpose, they presently used means for her recovery by opening a vein, laying her in a warm bed, and causing another to go into bed to her; also using divers remedies respecting her senselessness, head, throat, and breast insomuch, that within fourteen hours she began to speak, and the next day talked and prayed very heartily.

" During the time of this her recovering, the officers concerned in her execution would needs have had her away again to have completed it on her: but by the mediation of the worthy Doctors, and some other friends with the then governor of the city, Colonel Kelsey, there was a guard set upon her to hinder all further disturbance till he had sued out her pardon from the powers then in being; thousands of people in the mean time coming to see her, and magnifying the just providence of God in thus asserting her innocency of murder.

" After some time, Dr. Petty hearing she had discoursed with those about her, and suspecting that the women might suggest unto her to relate something of strange visions and apparitions she had seen during the time she seemed to be dead

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(which they already had begun to do, telling about that she said, she had been in a fine green meadow having a river running round it, and that all things there glittered like silver and gold) he caused all to depart the room but the gentlemen of the faculty who were to have been at the dissection, and asked her concerning her sense and apprehensions during the time she was hanged.

"To which she answered at first somewhat impertinently, taking as if she had been then to suffer. And when they spake unto her concerning her miraculous deliverance, she answered that she hoped God would give her patience, and the like: afterwards, when she was better recovered, she affirmed, that she neither remembered how the fetters were knocked off; how she went out of the prison; when she was turned off the ladder; whether any psalm was sung or not; nor was she sensible of any pains that she could remember: what is most remarkable is, that she came to herself as if she had awakened out of a sleep, not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether, beginning to speak just where she left off on the gallows.

"Being thus at length perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God and the persons instrumental in it, she retired into the country to her friends at Steeple Barton, where she was afterwards married and lived in good repute amongst her neighbours, having three children afterwards, and not dying till the year 1659."

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THOMAS ANELLO.

BIOGRAPHY contributes perhaps more than any other species of writing to a knowledge of the nature of the human mind. On an attentive observation of the characters it pourtrays, we cannot forbear admiring the dispensation of the supreme creator, and acknowledging the wisdom and bountiful providence he has displayed, in this portion of his works. It teaches us that there is scarcely an affliction incident to our nature, however severe, which we are not capable of enduring, and that when the accumulation of misery and misfortune threatens to overwhelm the wretched mortal, he is generally endued with a fortitude and resolution, which enable him to struggle against the storms of fate and the most painful vicissitudes of life. Very different is the picture, when the case is reversed. How seldom is it that men, suddenly raised from indigence or a low station, to the pinnacle of affluence or power, retain that equanimity, that moderation, and that prudence, which are necessary for the proper use of the one, or the due exercise of the other! How much more frequently do we observe them intoxicated with those gifts which fortune has thrown into their hands! How often has not their success operated with such destructive ef-

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fect on their minds, as to enervate and to hurry them into a thousand extravagancies, which can only be ascribed to absolute insanity!

Hence it would appear, that the mind of man is much more dangerously affected by the sunshine of prosperity, than by the bleak blasts of adverse fortune. When we reflect how many of our fellow-creatures have to encounter the latter to one who is exposed to the deleterious influence of the former, we shall confess that this is wisely ordered by him, in whose hands is the distribution of human happiness or misery.

These observations are suggested by the history of Thomas Anello, who about the middle of the seventeenth century, elevated himself from the lowest situation to the temporary sovereignty over the metropolis of the kingdom of Naples. Had his mind possessed sufficient firmness to support this exaltation, and had his ambition been equal to his success, he might undoubtedly have acted the same part in that country, as Cromwell was, about the same time, performing in England, and perhaps have founded a new dynasty in the southern division of the Italian peninsula.

Thomas Anello, by construction called Massaniello, was born in the year 1623, and at the time when he attracted the notice of the world, was about twenty-four years of age. He lived in a corner of the great market-place at Naples, and it was a singular circumstance, that under one of his windows were fixed the arms and name of the emperor Charles the Fifth. That mo-

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narch had granted to the people of Naples, a charter of privileges, which about this period, were greatly violated. Massaniello was robust, of a good countenance, and middle size. He wore linen trowsers, a blue waistcoat, and went barefoot, with a mariner's cap. His profession was that of a dealer in fish; which he either caught himself or purchased for the purpose of retailing. The discontents excited in the city did not escape the observation of Massaniello; nay, so alive was he to the cause of them, that, notwithstanding the meanness of his profession he began to form a project of effecting a reformation. Going home one day violently agitated, he met with the famous Banditto Perrone, and one of his companions, as he passed by a church to which they had fled for refuge. Being known to them, they enquired what ailed him: on which he replied, that he would be bound to be hanged, if he did not right the city. They laughed at the extreme improbability of such an event, but Massaniello swore that, if he had two or three of his own humour to join him, he would keep his word. They gave him a solemn promise of assistance, and he departed.

His resolution was soon afterwards strengthened by a circumstance in which he was personally interested. Some of the officers of the customs having met his wife carrying a small quantity of contraband flour, seized her, and carried her to prison; nor could Massaniello procure her release till he had sold the whole of his property

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to pay a fine of one hundred ducats as the price of her freedom. He now determined to avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the popular discontents, on account of the tax on fruit, which fell particularly heavy on the lower classes, and accordingly went round among the fruit-shops in his quarter, advising the keepers of them to go in a body the next day to the market, and tell the country-fruiterers that they would buy no more taxed fruit.

The market-place was frequented by a great number of boys, who assembled there to pick up such fruit as fell. Massaniello associated with them, taught them certain cries and clamors suited to his purpose, and collected such a number of them between sixteen and seventeen years of age, that at first they amounted to five hundred, and afterwards to five thousand. Of this youthful army, Massaniello acted as general, providing each of the individuals who composed it with a small cane. The shop-keepers complying with his instructions, a great tumult took place the next day between them and the fruiterers. An officer, named Anaclerio, was sent by the viceroy to quell this disturbance.

Among the fruiterers was a cousin of Massaniello, who seconding the views of the latter, endeavored as much as possible to inflame the people. He found that he could not sell his fruit, unless at a very low price, which, when the tax was paid, would be less than the prime cost. On this he fell into a violent rage, and threw two

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large baskets on the ground, exclaiming: "God gives plenty, and the bad government a dearth. I care not for this fruit, let those take it that will." The boys eagerly ran to pick up and eat the fruit. At this moment Massaniello rushed in among them crying out: "No tax! No tax!" Anaclerio threatened him with whipping and the gallies, on which not only the fruiterers but the rest of the people threw figs, apples, and other fruits with great fury in his face. Massaniello hit him on the breast with a stone; and encouraged his regiment of boys to follow his example: but Anaclerio saved his life by flight.

The people, by this time, flocked in multitudes to the market-place, loudly exclaiming against the intolerable grievances under which they groaned, and protesting their resolution to submit to them no longer. The uproar still increasing, Massaniello leaped upon the highest table among the fruiterers, and harangued the crowd. He compared himself to Moses, who delivered the Egyptians from the rod of Pharoah; to Peter who was a fisherman like himself, yet rescued Rome and the world from the slavery of Satan, promising them a similar deliverance from their oppressors by his means, and declaring his readiness to sacrifice his life in such a glorious cause. By harangues of this kind, Massaniello wonderfully inflamed the minds of the people, and disposed them to assist heartily in his design.

They commenced their operations by setting

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fire to the house next to the toll-house for fruit, both of which were burned to the ground, with all the books, accounts, and goods they contained. All the shops were by this time shut up, and the numbers increasing, many thousands of people went in bodies to those quarters of the city where all the other toll-houses were situated. These they plundered of all their books and writings, great quantities of money and many rich moveables, all of which were thrown into a great fire of straw, and burned to ashes in the streets. Meeting with no resistance, the people became still bolder, and proceeded towards the palace of the viceroy. First marched the corps of Massaniello, consisting of 2000 boys, every one holding up his cane with a piece of black cloth at the top, and with loud and doleful cries exciting the compassion, and intreating the assistance of their fellow-citizens.

On their arrival at the palace, they not only demanded, by loud cries, to be relieved from the fruit-tax, but that all others, especially the tax on corn should be suppressed. At length they entered the palace, which they rifled, in spite of the resistance of the guards, whom they disarmed. The viceroy endeavored to escape in his carriage, with the intention of securing himself in the church of St. Lewis, but being observed by the people, they stopped the coach, and surrounding it with drawn swords, threatened his life, if he refused to take off the taxes. By means of fair promises and assurances of redress,

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and by throwing money among the multitude, which they were eager to pick up, he, at length reached the church in safety, and ordered the doors to be shut. The people then applied to the Prince de Bisagnano, who was greatly beloved by them, to be their advocate. He promised to obtain what they desired; but, finding, after much labor and fatigue that it was impossible to restrain their licentiousness or to quell their fury, he availed himself of the first opportunity to escape from the labyrinth of popular commotion.

Finding themselves without a head, after the retirement of the prince, Massaniello was nominated by the people, to be their leader, which charge he accepted. They appointed Genoino, a priest of approved knowledge, temper, and abilities, to attend his person; and for a companion they added the above-mentioned famous Banditto Perrone. By his spirit, good sense, and resolution, Massaniello gained the hearts of all the people, who became willing to confer solemnly upon him the supreme command, and to obey him accordingly. A stage was, therefore, erected in the middle of the market-place, where, clothed in white, like the Neapolitan mariners of those days, he, with his counsellors, gave public audience, received petitions, and pronounced sentence in all cases both criminal and civil.

Massaniello now had no less than one hundred and fifty thousand persons under his command. An incredible multitude of women likewise ap-

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peared with arms of various kinds, like so many Amazons. A list was made out of above sixty persons who had farmed the taxes, or been in any manner concerned in the custom-houses. These, it was said, had enriched themselves with the blood of the people, and ought to be made examples to posterity. An order was, therefore, issued that their houses and goods should be burned; and it was executed with such regularity, that no one was suffered to carry away the smallest article. Many, for stealing mere trifles from the flames were hanged by the public executioner in the market-place, by the command of Massaniello.

The viceroy, who had left the church and shut himself up in the castle was meanwhile devising methods to appease the people, and to bring them to an accommodation. He applied to the archbishop of whose attachment to the government he was well assured, and of whose paternal care and affection for them the people had no doubt, to second his endeavors. He gave them the original charter of Charles the Fifth, which exempted them from all taxes, and on which they had all along insisted, confirmed by legal authority, and likewise a general pardon for all offences that had been committed. Furnished with these powers the archbishop prevailed upon Massaniello to assemble the principal leaders of the people, and great hopes of a happy accommodation were entertained.

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While this negociation was on foot, five hundred banditti, all armed and on horseback, entered the city under pretence that they came for the service of the people, but in reality, as it afterwards appeared, for the purpose of destroying Massaniello; for they discharged several shot at him, some of which narrowly missed him. This proceeding immediately put a stop to the whole business, and it was suspected that the viceroy was concerned in this treachery. The streets were barricaded and orders were issued, that the aqueduct leading to the castle in which were the viceroy and his family, together with all the principal officers of state, should be cut off, and that no provision exeept a small quantity of roots and herbs should be carried thither.

The viceroy again applied to the archbishop, charging him to assure the people of his good intentions towards them, of his abhorrence of the design manifested by the banditti, and of his resolution to exert all his authority to bring them to condign punishment. The treaty was renewed and soon concluded, after which it was judged proper that Massaniello should pay a visit to the viceroy in his palace. He directed that all the windows and balconies should be hung with the richest silks and tapestries, that could be procured. He threw off his mariner's habit, and dressed himself in cloth of silver, with a fine plume of feathers on his hat; and mounted on a beautiful charger, with a drawn sword in his

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hand, he went attended by fifty thousand of the choicest of the people.

During his interview with the viceroy in the balcony of the palace, he gave him surprizing proofs of the ready obedience of the people: whatever cry he gave out was immediately re-echoed by them, and when he put his finger to his mouth the most profound silence prevailed among the multitude. At length he ordered them all to retire, and was obeyed with such promptitude as if the crowd by whom he was attended had vanished away.

On the following Sunday the stipulations were signed and solemnly sworn to be observed in the Cathedral of the city. Massaniello having now accomplished his designs, declared his resolution to return to his former occupation. Had he adhered to it, he might justly have been reckoned among the greatest characters that any age or country has ever produced. But as it is variously reported, being either instigated by his wife and relations, induced by fear, or allured by the tasted sweets of power, he still retained his authority, and what was worse he exercised it in such a capricious and tyrannical manner that his best friends began to be afraid of him. It has been imagined that something was infused into his drink to take away his senses, or, what is still more probable, that he drank to such excess as to deprive himself of reason. Be the cause, however, what it might, his conduct

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was highly improper. He galloped through the streets like a madman, wantonly cutting and maiming every person without distinction. The natural consequence was, that instead of being followed by the people as before, they all avoided his presence. Fatigued and exhausted with this uncommon exercise, he took refuge in the church of the Carmelites.

The archbishop immediately sent information of this circumstance to the viceroy, and Massaniello was meanwhile taken care of by the religious belonging to the church, who provided him with refreshments, after the fatigue occasioned by his violent proceedings.

Some gentlemen now entered the church and thinking to ingratiate themselves with the viceroy, as they passed through the cloister, they cried out: " Long live the King of Spain, and let none henceforth on pain of death obey Massaniello! " The people, so far from opposing them in their search, made way for them and they proceeded to the convent of the church enquiring for Massaniello. The unfortunate man hearing his name pronounced, ran out to meet his foes, saying: " Are you looking for me, my people? Here I am. " The only answer he received was the discharge of four muskets on him at once. He instantly fell, and had only time to exclaim: " Ah! ungrateful traitors! " before he expired. One of his murderers then cut off his head which he carried to the viceroy, to the great terror of the populace, who had assembled

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to the number of eight or ten thousand in the church and market-place. A more remarkable instance of the inconstancy of popular favour can scarcely be produced from the records of history; for so far from avenging the death of their captain-general, they not only remained quiet spectators but even exhibited signs of satisfaction. Nay, no sooner was the breath out of his body, than those who had hitherto been his followers took his mutilated corpse and afterwards procured his head, dragged them through every kennel and gutter of the city and at length threw each of them into a different ditch. The same mutability of disposition was exemplified the succeeding day. The mangled relics of the unfortunate Massaniello were then carefully sought, and when found were washed from the filth by which they were defaced. A more sumptuous funeral was never seen in Naples than that prepared for Massaniello. His body was followed to the cathedral by five hundred priests, and forty thousand persons of all ranks composed the procession. The Spanish ensigns were lowered as it passed, and the viceroy sent out a number of attendants with torches to assist at the ceremony and to honor him in death. The commotion in Naples began 7th of July 1647, and was terminated on the 16th of the same month by the death of Massaniello, who thus ruled nine days, with more unlimited power than was perhaps ever enjoyed by any sovereign.

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FRANCES SCANAGATTI,

THIS lady was born at Milan, and baptized at the parish of St. Eusebius the 14th of September, 1781. In her infancy she made considerable progress in the German and French languages under the tuition of a native of Strasburg, named Madame Depuis. This lady having in her youth belonged to the company of the *Comedie Française*, possessed some information, and engaged her pupil to apply to study with pleasure, by the amusing means she employed of reciting and explaining, sometimes in one, and sometimes in another language, such small pieces of comedy and romance as were within her reach, and obliging her to repeat the same by degrees. It is not improbable, that in consequence of so many comic and romantic ideas arising from these amusing studies, this young lady insensibly conceived a passion for the military profession, and adopted the maxim, that women might run the course of glory and science as well as men, if they entered on it with equal advantages of instruction and education.

At ten years of age she was put under the care of the Nuns of the Visitation, an institution in high repute throughout Italy for the education of young ladies; and here she conducted herself so as to obtain and deserve the esteem and friend-

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ship of the whole house, for her sweet, amiable and engaging disposition. Such are the very expressions made use of by the venerable and distinguished superior, Madame de Bayanne, to convey her approbation, and the general sense of the nuns of this respectable establishment.

Towards the end of 1794 her father, Mr. Joseph Scanagatti, resolved to send his daughter to Vienna as a boarder with a widow-lady, in order to improve her in the knowledge of the German language, and to qualify her in the details of house-keeping. On the journey she was dressed in boy's clothes to avoid trouble and impertinence, and she was accompanied by one of her brothers, who intended to stop at Neustadt, in order to attend a course of military studies in the Academy of that town, which is esteemed the nursery of the best officers in the Austrian army. The pupils, to the number of four hundred, mostly officers' sons, are maintained and educated by the Imperial Court, and, besides the military exercises, are instructed in languages, mathematics, and the *belles-lettres*.

During the journey the brother fell sick, and acknowledged to his sister, what he had not had the courage to avow to his father, that he had neither taste nor inclination for a military life. His sister then strenuously urged him to return home with the servant to re-establish his health: and having obtained from him the letter of recommendation he was to deliver to M. Haller, surgeon on the staff of the Academy, and at

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whose house he was to have boarded, she had the courage to introduce herself, under its sanction to the gentleman as the recommended boy, and as such received the kindest welcome. In a short time she had the good fortune to gain the friendship of M. Haller, his wife, and two lovely daughters, so as to be considered as one of the family. Giving daily proofs of an amiable character and a docile disposition, she obtained from the Court permission to attend the lectures at the Academy, and so conspicuously distinguished herself by her exemplary conduct and her progress, that she bore away the principal prizes in both the years 1795 and 1796 that she remained there.

At this Academy she perfected herself in the knowledge of German and French, and also acquired a knowledge of the English language under Mr. Plunket, an Irish divine, one of the professors of the institution, who declares that he never had the smallest suspicion of young Scanagatti being a girl, but considered her as a very mild and accomplished boy, of uncommon prudence. Here also she applied with the greatest success to fencing and military tactics, as well as to the various branches of the mathematics.

In the month of February, 1797, she resolved to address the Supreme Council of War at Vienna to be admitted an officer in the army, supporting her application by the most honourable testimonies of conduct and talents, which the Academy could not refuse her, and accompany-

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ing these with more eloquent vouchers, namely the prizes awarded her during the two preceding years.

The Supreme Council being at this time particularly in want of good officers, to replace the great numbers who had fallen in the preceding campaigns, readily appointed her to an ensigncy in the regiment of St. George.

Her promotion being notified to her through the channel of the Academy, she immediately set out for Vienna, where she received orders to join a transport of recruits in Hungary, and proceed with it to the Upper Rhine, where the battalion lay to which she was appointed. This battalion was composed of Waradiners, and was commanded by Major Seitel. It was stationed on the right bank of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Kehl, and at the extreme outposts when she joined it; but shortly afterwards it was obliged to retire to the town of Manheim, the enemy having passed the Rhine between Kilstett and Diersheim.

At length the peace of Campo Formio put an end to the campaign, and Mademoiselle Scanagatti having passed about sixteen months in different cantonments in the Empire, Silesia, and Stiria, received an order to repair to Poland, to join the fourth battalion of the regiment of Wenzel Colloredo, then commanded by Major Deebor.

She was now stationed in the town of Sandomir; and here she experienced the most distres-

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sing inquietudes, through the dread of her sex being discovered. As she frequented the Cassino, where the most select company associated, some of the ladies who assembled there conceived doubts of her sex, either from her figure or her reserved manners, and communicated their suspicions. Accordingly one day a young gentleman belonging to the town said ingenuously to her "Do you know, Ensign, what these ladies observe of you?" She immediately suspected where the blow was directed; but, concealing her alarm, she answered, she should be glad to know in what respect she had attracted their notice. "Why, replied the gentleman, they observe in you the appearance and manner of a lady." On this she fell a laughing, and, with an arch and lively air, rejoined, "In this case, Sir, as the decision of the question is competent to a lady, I beg leave to select your wife for my judge." This proposal he did not think proper to accept, and, wishing to disengage himself, protested that he was far from believing any such thing, and only hinted at what the ladies whom he named had suspected. She withdrew earlier than usual that day, and passed rather an uneasy night. But, having fully meditated on her situation, she resolved to bear herself through, put on a good face, appear at the Cassino next day, and there converse in the most gallant and free manner with the ladies in order if possible to remove their suspicions. Accordingly, after the usual compliments she introduced the subject and declared

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that far from being offended, she was on the contrary highly flattered, in hopes that the opinion they entertained would render them less difficult to favour her with such a verification as would enable them to pronounce their judgment with greater certainty. This produced the effect she wished: the ladies, astonished by this military air of frankness, immediately retracted their opinion, saying, " You are too gallant, Ensign, for us to presume doing you any farther the injury of believing you a lady:" and thus the matter ended.

Some time after, having received orders to proceed to Chelm, she had the good fortune to escape the prying looks of the fair sex there, who obliged her to use uncommon circumspection. But she fell sick on the road, and was under the necessity of stopping at Lubin, the head-quarters of the battalion. On this occasion she was under much obligation to Captain Tauber, of the same regiment, who shewed her uncommon marks of humanity, attention and kindness, in a country where she was quite a stranger. Here also she had some difficulty to conceal her sex; for, being affected with a general debility, she was obliged to commit herself in all her wants to the care of a soldier who was her servant, but who, happily for her was a young man of such simplicity, that she ran no risk from his penetration.

She had scarcely recovered, when, having received notice that the Council of War had re-

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moved her to the regiment of Bannat she reported herself ready to join immediately; and, notwithstanding the advice of her commander to suspend her journey until she had sufficiently recruited her strength, she persisted in undertaking it, and arrived on the 6th of May, 1799, at Penezona, in the Bannat, where the staff were stationed.

Some promotions were at this crisis taking place in the regiment, and being one of the oldest ensigns, she expected to be promoted to a lieutenancy, but was no less surprized than hurt to find two younger ensigns preferred over her head. Being sure of her ground, in so far as to know that the conduct-list given in her favour by the regiments in which she had before served had left not the smallest room for reproach; notwithstanding her mild and patient character, she presented very sharp remonstrances, protesting that she should be ashamed to continue to wear the uniform of the regiment if the injury done her was not repaired. In answer to this remonstrance she received a rescript of the 18th of July, which entirely satisfied her; the regiment declaring that the mistake proceeded from not having known that Ensign Scanagatti had been transferred to it when the promotions were proposed, but that they would not fail to take the first opportunity of doing justice to his merit; and in fact she obtained a lieutenancy on the 1st of March following.

She was now placed in the battalion of re-

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serve, which generally remains inactive in cantonment, and was then under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Einsfeld. But anxious to share in the glory of the campaign, she solicited to be removed to one of the battalions of the same regiment which were then acting against the enemy in Italy, and she was in consequence appointed to the sixth, encamped on the mountains to the east of Genoa, which she joined without delay.

Here she encamped with her battalion, commanded by Major Paulich, with which sharp skirmishes and actions more frequently took place than at any other of the outposts. She fought under that officer particularly in two battles that took place on the 14th and 15th of December, 1799, in the neighbourhood of Scoffera, and at Torriglia, where she had the satisfaction of being the first that entered the enemy's intrenched redoubts, which they were then forced to abandon, but which they retook next day, through the superiority of force with which they renewed the attack.

In this unfortunate affair the brave Major Paulich being severely wounded and made prisoner, with a part of his battalion, the main body of the army in that neighbourhood, under the command of General Count Klenau, was obliged immediately to retire. Ensign Scanagatti was then directed to post himself at Barba Gelata, with a small detachment, to cover the retreat on that side; and on the 25th of the same month

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received orders to join the battalion lying at Campiano and Castelbardi, in the territory of the Duke of Parma.

Captain Golubowisch, and after him Captain Kliunowich, succeeded to the command of the battalion, which, about the end of February, 1800, was sent into quarters at Leghorn. At this time Ensign Scanagatti having been dispatched on the regimental business to Venice, Mantua, and Milan, had the satisfaction to revisit her family in passing through Cremona, of which town her father was then intendant.

Here she stopt a day and two nights. Her mother during all that time never suffered her out of her sight; and having remarked in the morning that, when dressed, she laced her chest very straitly, to efface every exterior sign of her sex, and that so strong a compression had already produced a certain degree of mortification and some lividity in that part, Madame Scanagatti commucated her fears to her husband, that their child would soon fall a victim to a cancer, if they delayed any longer to oblige her to quit the service.

The father, from the moment the news reached him that his daughter had introduced herself to the Academy as a boy, had never ceased to importune her to return to the avocations of her sex, but at the same time carefully concealed this transaction of a daughter of whom he received the most satisfactory reports, and from whose spirit he had also to expect some impru-

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dent resolution if counteracted by violent measures. He now seriously reflected on the most efficient means to be employed to calm the uneasiness of his wife, and, if possible, to withdraw his daughter without irritating her feelings. He renewed the attempt to engage her voluntary compliance, insisting strongly, among many other dangers to which she was exposed, on the discovery made by her mother, and offering to accommodate her in his house with every thing that could give her satisfaction.

This attempt was however fruitless. She answered respectfully, that she would not fail to pay attention to what her mother had remarked respecting her; nor would she hesitate a moment to fly to the bosom of her family (always dear to her,) as soon as peace should take place, and which could not be at a great distance; but she begged him to reflect, that she should lose the the little merit she had acquired in her career were she to quit it at that crisis. She concluded, that he might make himself perfectly easy on her account, as, in the course of three years and an half, she had been able to support her character in the midst of an army, and in a variety of critical situations. In this manner she took leave of her parents, and proceeded to execute the remainder of her commissions.

Meanwhile her father resolved to go to Milan, and in this dilemma to be guided entirely by Count Cocasteli, a nobleman who had much regard for him, and who, being Commissary Ge-

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neral of his Imperial Majesty in Lombardy, and near the Army of Italy, could be of service to him in an affair of such delicacy. In consequence of his advice, and through the medium of the Count, he addressed a memorial to his Excellency Baron Melas, disclosing the story of his daughter, and soliciting for her an honourable discharge.

The lady in the mean time having executed her commissions, while her father was, unknown to her engaged in this scheme, returned to her regiment, which she found at the outposts in the blockade of Genoa, encamped on Monte-Becco, and near Monte-Faccio. On the same day the latter place capitulated, she received notice that the Commander-in Chief had sent an order to the battalion of the same regiment to permit Lieut. Scanagatti to join his family at Milan. This permission, unsolicited by her, was equally disagreeable and unexpected. She immediately perceived that it must have come through her parents; but, cruelly disappointed, she consoled herself that her sex was not discovered, but that she was treated as an officer in the very order of the Commander-in-Chief; and what confirmed her in this flattering idea was, the next day being at dinner with General Baron de Gottsheim, commanding the division of the Imperial army in this neighbourhood, she was always addressed by the title of lieutenant, and nothing occurred that gave her the smallest suspicion that her sex was known.

Amidst these reflections she resolved, on the

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3d of June, 1800, to proceed on her Journey towards her paternal mansion, but on the 8th of the same month having learnt at Bologna that the enemy had just entered the Milanese, she thought it advisable to proceed to Verona, to which city the staff of the Austrian army was then removed. She there applied for and obtained a new route for Venice, where her father then was, and where she remained, tired of an inactive life, till the peace of Luneville permitted her to return with safety to her country. It was with no small regret she laid aside a uniform obtained through the most signal merit, and supported in an honourable and exemplary manner. To attest the truth of these particulars, and the well-merited opinion of her zealous and faithful services, the Commander-in-Chief, General Baron Melas, in a rescript of the 23d of May, 1801, announced to the supreme Council of War, that on the 11th of July, 1800, he had conferred her lieutenancy on her brother, who was then a cadet in the regiment of Belgiojoso.

It is only necessary to add, that this adventurous young lady, having resumed her sex in the bosom of her family, is no less a pattern now of female merit, than she formerly was of military conduct; fulfilling, with unexampled sweetness and equanimity of temper, the office of governess to her younger sisters, and otherwise assisting her venerable mother in the management of her domestic concerns.

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EDWARD NOKES.

THIS man was by trade a tinker, and followed that business till six weeks before his death. His apartments pourtrayed symptoms of the most abject poverty, though at his death he was found to be possessed of property to the amount of between five and six thousand pounds. He had a wife and several children, whom he brought up in the most parsimonious manner, often feeding them on grains and the offals of meat, which he purchased at reduced prices. He was no less remarkable in his person and dress: for, in order to save the expence of shaving, he would encourage the dirt to gather on his face, to hide in some measure the unseemly excrescence. He never suffered his shirt to be washed in water; but after wearing it till it became intolerably black, he used to wash it in urine to save the expence of soap. His coat, which time had transformed into a jacket, would have puzzled the wisest philosopher to make out its original color, so covered was it with shreds and patches of different colors, and those so diversified, that it resembled the trophies of the several nations of Europe, and seemed to vie with Joseph's "coat of many colors."

The interest of his money, together with all he could heap up from his penurious mode of living, he used to deposit in a bag, which was

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covered up in a tin pot, and then conveyed to a brick kitchen; one of the bricks was taken up, and a hole made just large enough to hold the pot; the brick was then carefully marked, and a tally kept behind the door of the sum deposited. One day, his wife discovered this hoard, and resolving to profit by the opportunity, took from the pot, one out of sixteen guineas, that were then placed there. Her husband soon discovered the trick, for when he came to count his money, and finding it not agree with the tally behind the door, which his wife did not know of, he taxed her with the theft; and, to the day of his death, even on his death-bed, he never spoke to her without adding the epithet "thief" to every expression.

In his younger days, he used at the death of any of his children, to have a little deal box made to put them in, and without any of the solemnities of a regular funeral, he would take them upon his shoulder to the place appropriated for their reception; where, once interred, he seemed to verify the old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind;" and went home as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

A short time before his death, which he evidently hastened by the daily use of nearly a quart of spirits, he gave strict charge that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which was actually the case, the lid being fastened with hinges made of cord: there was no plate on the coffin, but barely the initials E. N. cut on the lid. His

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shroud was made of a pound of wool; the coffin was covered with a sheet instead of a pall, and was carried by six men, to each of whom he left half-a-crown; and at his particular desire, not one who followed him to the grave wore mourning; but, on the contrary, each of the mourners seemed to try whose dress should be the most striking, the undertaker even being habited in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat. He died at Hornchurch, in Essex, aged 56 years, without a will, and his fortune was equally divided among his wife and family.

MARC CATOZZE.

MARC CATOZZE, called the *Little Dwarf*, was born at Venice, in the year 1741, of robust parents. He had several brothers, all of whom were tall and well made; his body was not deformed, and appeared to belong to a man of five feet six inches; but he had neither arms nor legs, the pectoral members consisting of a very prominent shoulder, and a perfect hand. The lower part of the body was very flat, terminating in a mis-shapen foot, but complete in all its parts.

This man was well known; he had spent the greatest part of his life in traversing almost all the states of Europe, exhibiting himself to the public curiosity. He attracted the multitude, not only by the singularity of his form, but like-

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wise by the astonishing strength of his jaws, and the dexterity with which he threw up into the air, sticks and other things with one of his hands, and caught them with the other.

As he could scarcely reach his mouth with the ends of his fingers, his greatest difficulty would have been to feed himself without assistance, if nature had not furnished him with the extraordinary power of protruding, and at the same time lowering his under jaw, as was discovered in dissecting his body after his death.

Though Catozze could walk and stand upright on his feet, yet he would have experienced great difficulty in reaching objects situated above, or at a certain distance from his hands. He had therefore contrived to lengthen them, as it were, by a very simple instrument which was to him of the utmost utility. This was a hollow piece of elder, about three feet in length, through which passed a cylindrical iron rod, fixed so as to slide up and down, terminating in a very sharp hook. If he wished to lay hold of an object at some distance from his hand; for instance to button his clothes, to take up or set down his metal goblet; to pull the clothes upon him in bed, he took his tube, which he always kept near him, in one hand and pushed it between his fingers, till he brought the hooked end towards the hand that was at liberty; then seizing the object that he wanted with the hook, he drew it, towards him, turning it any way he pleased, without letting go the stick, but drawing back the hooked piece of

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iron, as into a sheath. The habit of using this instrument had rendered him so dexterous, that, by means of it he has frequently been seen to take up a piece of money from a table, or from the ground.

It will scarcely be credited, that a man of this description should have met with several women whose affections he had the art to gain; at least, he frequently boasted to that effect.

In his youth, Catozze travelled on horseback; for this purpose, he procured a particular kind of saddle, and usually appeared in public, holding the reins, beating a drum, going through the military exercise with a musket, writing, winding up his watch, cutting his victuals, or performing other manœuvres. He possessed a very robust constitution; was of a disposition more than cheerful, and took a pleasure in relating his travels and adventures. He spoke very well, and wrote English, German, French and Italian. The vivacity of his disposition rendered his conversation extremely interesting; but he was addicted to wine and spirituous liquors, and was fond of good living. He was very obstinate, had much self-love, and a ridiculous haughtiness. When he went abroad for instance, he was drawn in a small vehicle, by a man whom he called his horse, and to whom he gave a few half pence; but he never suffered this man, whom he considered as his servant, to eat with him.

The lower extremities, as has been already observed, consisted only of his feet; yet he could

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use them for walking in an upright position. More than once he has been seen walking in the court of the hospital at Paris in which he resided during the last years of his life, and even to go nearly three quarters of a mile on foot. In order to rest himself, he turned out his toes as far as he could, supported himself before on his stick, and behind against any place that he happened to be near; and thus remained whole hours conversing with strangers who called to see him.

He expired at the age of 62, of an inflammation of the bowels; having for two years previous to his death, complained of violent pains of the cholic.

PETER KING.

FOR some years of the latter part of his life, this singular man displayed numerous peculiarities in his manner of living, which, while they were perfectly innocent, served, by the occupation they afforded his mind, to smooth the path he was travelling on to eternity. Mr. King was born of poor, but very reputable parents at Hammersmith, and was very early placed out by them as shop-boy to a hattter and hosier in the Strand. After having served his master, who was a kind and very indulgent man, for several years, with great diligence, credit, and honesty, and having on all

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occasions proved himself trust-worthy, he, married a very respectable young woman who lived in the neighbourhood, and had gained his affections. He very soon after, with his master's assistance, and by the help of the small fortune he had obtained with his wife, set up for himself in Holborn, where, by his modest deportment, frugality, and unremitting attention to his business, he in process of time acquired a very comfortable competency, which, enabled him to quit his business, and to live at ease, in decent respectability, for the remainder of his days. He retired to Islington, where he hired a small house for himself and wife, never having had any children. Not having the usual avocations to fill up his time, and the number of his acquaintance being rather scanty, he found this new mode of life, though more dignified, not altogether so consistent with his happiness as he expected it would have been. Other amusements failing him, he began, soon after his retirement, to bestow unusual care upon his dress. In his youth, when it was the fashion to wear laced clothes, he had frequently betrayed strong marks of admiration at the happiness that he conceived must accompany the being so finely dressed; but he was prevented from indulging himself in this way by the narrow state of his finances. In old age this passion for dress returned upon him with redoubled vigour; and he began soon after his retirement from business, to indulge himself in fine clothes to a most immoderate extent. At

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first he used to walk out in the town in his laced clothes: but this attracted the attention of idle boys, who, upon his appearance gathered in crowds about him, to admire his laced clothes, the want of which would, not many years ago, have been almost equally an object of singularity. He at length found it necessary to confine himself to his own territories; chusing rather to deprive himself of his accustomed perambulations, than to part for a moment, with any of his finery. He was now almost unceasingly occupied in devising new modes of adorning his person, his wife never attempting to check this propensity, but rather encouraging him in it, seeing how great was the satisfaction he derived from it, and that their finances could bear it without inconvenience.—Decked in his gold-laced clothes, slashed sleeves, and highly powdered perriwig, he walked about his house, changing his dress several times in the course of the day. While not occupied with his dress, two favourite Tom cats were a grand source of amusement to him: these had been his constant and faithful companions for several years, and were rather looked upon by him as friends and equals than as brutes, and had their places at table regularly assigned them every day. Finding so much satisfaction from dress himself, he was disposed to extend this source of amusement to his friends the cats, and and laced habits were accordingly provided for them and the poor pusses generously bore the incumbrance with which they were loaded, as if

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to make some atonement to their kind master, for the care he bestowed upon them. Thus almost secluded from the world, Mr. King lived for several years happy in the society of his own adorned person, his now almost superannuated wife, and his cats, and admitted but two or three friends, now and then to see him; and as he was kindly indulged in his peculiarities, he was always affable and obliging to them. The death of his wife was so severe a shock to him, that he, the day after took to his bed, and survived her not more than a week. His passion, however, for fine clothes forsook him not on his death-bed; for such part of the day as he could sit up he was regularly attired in them. Having no relations living, Mr. King left the whole of his property to an old servant, who had been his careful and constant nurse, accompanied, however, with the most earnest injunctions to support, his old friends the cats in a manner suitable to the friendship he entertained for them. He died at Islington, at the beginning of the year 1806, aged 75.

BENJAMIN POPE.

THIS gentleman was nearly as remarkable a character as Mr. Elwes, of penurious memory. He was originally a tanner in Southwark, and his dealings were so extensive, that his stock in

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trade was, for many years, supposed to be worth sixty or seventy thousand pounds. He had been long in business, and was reputed to be worth a *plumb*. Mr. Pope at length became a money-lender, and launched into discounting and buying annuities, mortgages and other transactions of a like nature. He was not, however, so successful in this branch of business as he had been in his former dealings; for the name of Pope, the *Usurer*, frequently appears in the proceedings of our courts of law, when the venerable sages on the bench thought very differently from Mr. Pope, of his practices in this line of business. The most remarkable, and the last instance of this sort was, when he was cast in 10,000*l.* damages for some usurious or illegal practices, in some money transactions with Sir Alexander Leith. This was generally thought a severe sentence, and, perhaps, the well-known character of the man contributed not a little towards it. Mr. Pope himself thought it so oppressive and unjust, that he complained of it without ceasing, and even printed a case, setting forth the particulars of his grievance. To be even with his adversary Mr. Pope went with all his effects and property to France; where a man of his advanced age and ample fortune, without any family but his wife, who was a most worthy woman, might certainly have lived very comfortably: but Mr. Pope abroad, was removed from his friends and customers. His money being idle, which was always considered by him as a great

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misfortune, he resolved to return home, and, to shew his resentment to his oppressors, as he termed them, he preferred a residence in prison, to the payment of the money. Such was his constancy and resolution, in this particular, that he actually suffered confinement for eleven years and a quarter. Mr. Pope, at one time, might have got his liberty for one thousand pounds, but he remained inflexible, and said, that his compliance would be an acknowledgment of the justness of the debt, and he would forfeit his life rather than make any such admission. In prison, Mr. Pope had many opportunities of indulging those propensities for which he had ever been remarkable; he always looked at the pint of small-beer, before he paid for it, to see that the pot was full: for this he was in some degree excusable, as the pint generally lasted him two days, that and water been his only beverage. He has indeed being known to drink a little strong beer, with some of his fellow prisoners at their apartments, but this was very rarely practised, and he never ordered any for himself. He purchased his three-farthing candle by weight, and chose the heaviest of six, eight, or ten for his money.

During the whole time of his confinement he never had a joint of meat on his table; a fourpenny plate of meat from a cook's shop was his greatest luxury, and that generally served him for two meals. But his family, though living at a distance, frequently sent him a comfortable

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and proper supply; and on these occasions, Mr. Pope sometimes gave some leavings to his errand-girl, or to some distressed object.

It must indeed, be admitted, that Mr. Pope, upon some occasions, sometimes so far departed from himself, as to be liberal. When young in trade, he gave away upwards of a stone of meat every week, among his workmen and poor neighbours; and this practice he never discontinued not even when he was every day weighing his candle, or looking after the measure of his small-beer. In money transactions he suffered great frauds and impositions in prison; as he had not the choice of customers in his confined state, and always endeavoured to make the most of his money, he was more easily imposed upon. By such means, he is supposed to have lost more money than would have paid his whole damages and costs. He died in the Fleet Prison in the month of July 1794, aged 66 years.

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JOHN OVERS.

BEFORE the metropolis had any bridge over the Thames, the conveyance was by a ferry, which used to carry passengers, from Southwark to the city by boats; which ferry was rented of the city by John Overs, who enjoyed it for many years. This man, though he kept many servants, was of so covetous a disposition, that he would not, even in his old age, spare his feeble body, nor abate any thing of his unnecessary labour, only to add to his wealth. He had always been accustomed to put his money out to use, and in time it increased to such a degree that he was almost as rich as the first noblemen in the land; notwithstanding, his habit, housekeeping, and expences, indicated the most abject poverty.

This Charon had one daughter, both pious and beautiful; and he took care enough to have her liberally educated; but when she grew up, and fit for marriage, he would suffer no man (by his good will) to have any access to her. However, a young gentleman took the opportunity, when he was picking up his penny fares, to get admitted to her company. The first interview

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pleased well, the second better, and the third concluded the match. Meanwhile, the silly, rich ferryman, not dreaming but things were as secure by land as they were by water, continued in his former course, which was as follows.—He was of so penurious a disposition, that, when he would not be at the charge of a fire, he roasted, or at least, warmed, a black pudding in his bosom, and ate it; and gave his servants their portion out of his bosom, heated by his rowing over the water. Puddings were then a yard for a penny; and whenever he gave them their allowance, he used to say, "There, you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating!"

He would scarcely afford his poor neighbours permission to light a candle, lest they should impoverish him, by taking some of the light. In the night he went to scrape upon the dung-hill, and if he could find any bones, he would bring them home in his cap, and have them stewed for pottage; and instead of oatmeal, he would buy the siftings of coarse meal, and with this make the poor servants their broth. He bought his bread at the market, not caring how mouldy or stale it was; and when he brought it home, he cut it into slices, and laid it in the sun, that it might be the harder to be eaten. Meat he would not buy, unless it were tainted, and therefore would go further in the family; and when his dog refused it, he said, he was a dainty cur, and better fed than taught, and then ate it himself. He needed no

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cats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left his house, as there were no crumbs left by his servants to feed them.

It is farther reported of him, that, to save one day's expences, he first feigned himself sick, and the next day counterfeited death, for no other purpose than to save one day's provisions; apprehending that, whilst his body was above ground, his servants would not be so unnatural as to take any manner of food till they had seen him in the earth, purposing to recover the next morning after the charge was saved; and with this he acquainted his daughter, who, against her own will, consented to satisfy his humour. He was then laid out for dead, and wrapt up in a sheet, for he would not be at the expence of a coffin. He was laid out in his chamber with one candle burning at his head, and another at his feet; which was the custom of the time. His apprentices hearing of the glad tidings, came to see the joyful spectacle, and supposing him really dead, began to dance and skip about the corpse. One ran into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the brown loaf; another fetched out the cheese; and the third drew a flagon of beer. They immediately began filling their empty bellies having been before almost starved, and rejoicing among themselves in the expectation of future comfort, and deliverance from the hard usage they had endured. The old man lay quaking all this time to see the waste, and thinking he should be undone, he could endure it no

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longer. Stirring and struggling in his sheet, he stalked forth like a ghost, and taking a candle in each hand, was going to rout them for their boldness, when one of them, thinking it was the devil, in his likeness, in amazement caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains. Thus he, who thought only to counterfeit death, actually lost his life, through his own contrivance, and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as the deceased was the prime occasion of the accident.

The daughter's lover hearing of her father's death, instantly posted away to town, but, with more haste than good speed, for in riding fast, his horse unfortunately threw him, just at his entrance into London, and broke his neck. This, and her father's death, had such had an effect on her spirits as to bereave her of her senses. The father, who, for his usury, extortion, and the sordidness of his life, had been excommunicated, was not allowed christian burial; but the daughter, for money, prevailed upon the friars of Bermondsey abbey, in the absence of the abbot, to get him buried.

When the abbot came home, seeing a new grave, he enquired who had been buried there, in his absence. On being truly informed, he caused the body to be taken up, and commanded it to be laid on the back of his own ass, for it was the custom of the times for the heads of religious houses to ride upon asses, then making a short prayer, he turned the beast with his burden out

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at the abbey-gates, desiring of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass went with a solemn pace, unguided by any, through Kent Street, till he came to St. Thomas-a-watering, which was then the common execution place, and then shook him off, just under the gallows; where a grave was instantly made, and, without any ceremony, he was tumbled in, and covered with earth. Such was the remarkable end of his infamous and abominable avarice!

These disasters coming on the daughter in such rapid succession, and being troubled with a number of new suitors, she resolved to retire into a cloister of religious nuns; and determined, that whatever her father had left her at his death, she would dispose of as nearly as she could to the honour of her Creator, and the encouragement of his religious service. Near to the place where her father lived, and where she was born, she therefore caused the foundation of a famous church to be laid, which was finished at her own charge, and dedicated by her to the blessed Virgin Mary. In memory of this pious act, and that her name might live to all posterity, the people added her name to that given by her, and called it St. Mary Overs, which title it bears even to this day. To the public spirit of the priests of St. Mary Overs, London Bridge owed its origin. Before, there had been a ferry left by her parents to their only daughter Mary, who founded a nunnery, and endowed it with the money received from the

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profits of the boats. This house was afterwards converted into a great college of priests, who not only built the bridge, but kept it in repair. The first bridge it should be observed was of timber, the materials of which it was constructed were at hand, and most probably were rudely put together.

EDWARD PRATT.

THIS relative of the noble family of the same name, being half brother to the late venerable and illustrious Earl Camden, was a man of singular character and affords a remarkable instance of unconquerable taciturnity, and tenacious accuracy of memory. Though by no means an avaricious man, he always preferred the upper floor of a house for his residence, on account of its tranquillity; and regularly, while on shore, dined in a room by himself at a tavern, where he daily drank a solitary bottle of wine, without intoxication. He was seldom heard to speak, but no circumstance, however urgent, could prevail on him to *break silence at whist*, the favourite amusement, or rather occupation, of his life; and, at the conclusion of each rubber, he could correctly call over the cards in the exact order in which they were played, and enumerate various instances of error or dexterity in his associates, with practical remarks.

But taciturnity was the favourite, the habitual

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or the affected pleasure of his life: he chose to forego many little satisfactions and comforts, rather than be at the trouble of asking for them. The endearing chit-chat of friendship or affection, the familiar small-talk of domestic life, the lively intercourse and spirited conversation of polished circles, which the votaries of solitude sometimes relish, he sedulously avoided. In his voyages to the east, he often doubled the Cape of Good Hope without opening his lips. On a certain occasion, the ship had been detained by a long and troublesome calm, more distressing to a sailor, than a tempestuous sea. The anxious and dispirited crew were at last revived by the wished-for breeze, which sprung up and wafted them to the place of their destination. A shabby seaman proclaimed the welcome tidings of land from the top-mast.—While the officers and ship's company were congratulating each other on the approaching comforts of *terra firma*, the features of Mr. Pratt were observed somewhat to alter, and unbend. "I knew, said he, you would enjoy the sight of land; I saw it an hour before the careless raggamuffin aloft."—And these were the first, the last, and the only words he uttered during the voyage. This unsocial and reserved behavior probably originated from ill-treatment on his first voyage, a hasty unfavourable opinion of his associates, the boisterousness of the waves, or an ill-founded and ungenerous prejudice, in which he was supported by a learned writer.—"I prefer a prison to a ship," said Dr. Johnson;

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"for you have always more room, and generally better company." This illiberal sarcasm, from a man who knew and taught better things, seems highly reprehensible.

CHRISTOPHER PIVETT.

OF the origin of this eccentric artist who followed the trade of a carver and gilder at York, with considerable reputation, nothing farther is known, than that he was born in the year 1708. He seems in the early part of his life to have embraced the military profession, and to have been one of the retinue of his Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland. He fought under the Earl of Stair at the battle of Dettingen, and under the Duke of Cumberland in the battle of Fontenoy; was at the siege of Carlisle, and at the battle of Culloden.

He settled at York at the latter end of the year 1746. His habitation having been burnt down, he took the singular resolution of not lying in a bed, which he had not done for the last thirty-eight years of his life. He used to sleep on the floor or upon one or more chairs with his clothes on. During the whole of this period he lived alone, cooked his victuals himself, and seldom admitted any person into his habitation carefully concealing the place of his birth or to whom he was related. It was supposed that he

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was born in or near London, and that he had relations resident there at the time of his death. He appeared to have had a liberal education, and was fond of being styled Sir Christopher Pivett. He was also remarkable for many other singularities. Among other uncommon articles which composed the furniture of his apartment were a human skull and some old swords and armor on which he set a great value. He retained his faculties to the last, declined the indulgence of a bed or even of a mattrass, and refused all medical assistance. He was an ingenious artist, and an honest man, and died in York, in 1796, at the advanced age of 93 years.

JOHN KELSEY.

NO stimulus has ever been found to operate with greater power upon the human mind than religious enthusiasm. Under the influence of this passion which perhaps more thoroughly subdues the reason and understanding than any of the others implanted in the bosom of man, the misguided fanatic braves every danger and there is no enterprize too preposterous and extravagant for him to undertake. Such was the principle that reigned with unlimited dominion in the heart of John Kelsey.

This man, likewise distinguished by the ap-

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pellation of John the Quaker, was born of low parents and lived during the reign of Charles the II. He conceived no less a design than that of converting the Grand Signior to the christian faith, and for this purpose absolutely went to Constantinople. He placed himself at the corner of one of the streets of that city, and preached with all the vehemence of a fanatic; but speaking in his own language, a crowd of people gathered round him, and stared with astonishment, without being able to guess at the drift of his discourse. He was soon considered to be out of his senses, and at length was taken to a madhouse, where he was closely confined for six months. It happened that one of the keepers knew a little of English, and discovered him to be an Englishman. Lord Winchelsea, who was then ambassador to the Porte, was informed that a mad countryman of his was then under confinement. His Lordship immediately sent for him, and he appeared in an old dirty hat, very much torn, which no persuasion could induce him to take off. The ambassador thought that a little of the Turkish discipline might be of some service to him, and accordingly gave orders that he should receive the bastinado. This had the desired effect, and caused a total change in his behaviour, and he even confessed that the drubbing had a *good effect upon his spirit*. Some letters were found upon him, addressed to the Great Turk, in which he told him, that he was a scourge in the hand of God to chastise the wicked; and that he

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sent him not only to denounce, but to execute vengeance. Soon after he was put on board a ship for England, but artfully found means to escape in his passage, and got back again to Constantinople. He was soon discovered, and sent on board of another ship, and means were taken to prevent the possibility of his making a second escape.

MARLOW SIDNEY ESQ.

THIS remarkable and eccentric character, died on the 23d of January, 1804, at Cowpen, in Northumberland in the 99th year of his age. For many years he had such an antipathy against medical men, that even in his last illness, he would not suffer any to attend him. He was very partial to the dress and company of the fair sex, but never had the pleasure of tying the hymeneal knot. When seventy years of age, his thirst for innocent and childish amusements was such, that he actually went to the dancing school, where he regularly attended, and appeared highly gratified with his youthful associates. About two years before his decease a sister, who resided in London, was at the trouble of paying him a visit; and during her short stay, he *generously* allowed her milk and lodging; but with bread and other necessaries she was obliged to provide herself. When he had any money to send to his

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banker at Newcastle, three of his most trusty servants were well mounted and armed with pistols; his principal man rode in the middle with the cash, and the other two at proper distances from him, in his van and rear. In this defensive manner they marched along, the better to resist any attack that might be attempted by daring highwaymen. Though so singular in his manner, no person deserved better the name of a good man.

WILLIAM ANDREW HORNE.

AMONG the many instances of the remarkable judgments of Heaven against persons guilty of the atrocious crime of murder, the following is not the least extraordinary. It affords an additional and striking demonstration that though the day of retribution may long be delayed, the murderer seldom escapes, even in this world, the punishment decreed by society for his offence.

William Andrew Horne was the eldest son of a gentleman who possessed a good estate in the parish of Pentridge, in Derbyshire. There he was born on the 30th of November, 1685. By his father who was reputed the first classic scholar in the county, he was taught Latin and Greek, in neither of which he made much progress. Being a favorite with the old gentleman he was indulged at an early age with a horse and money,

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which enabled him to ramble from one place of diversion to another. In this course of dissipation, he gave a loose to his vicious inclinations, and particularly to his passion for women. Not content with debauching his mother's maid servants, he afterwards acknowledged in a paper written with his own hand, that he had been the occasion of the murder of a servant girl who was with child by him, and that he had a criminal connection with his own sisters.

In the month of February 1724, one of his sisters was delivered of a fine boy. Three days afterwards he went at ten o'clock at night, to his brother Charles, who then lived with him at his father's, and told him he must take a ride with him that night. He then fetched the child, which they put into a long linen bag, and taking two horses out of the stable, rode away to Annesly in Nottinghamshire, five computed miles from Butterley, carrying the child by turns. When they came near the place, William alighted, and asked whether the child was alive. Charles answering in the affirmative, he took it in the bag, and went away, bidding his brother stay till he should return. When Charles asked him what he had done with it, he said, he had laid it by a hay-stack, and covered it with hay.

After his condemnation, he declared that he had no intention the child should die; that to preserve its life, he put it into a bag lined with wool, and made a hole in the bag to give it air; that the child was well dressed, and was designed

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as a present for Mr. Chaworth of Annesly, and was intended to be laid at his door: but on taking it from his brother, and approaching the house, the dogs made such a constant barking, that he durst not go up to the door for fear of a discovery, there being a light in one of the windows; that upon this disappointment, he went back to some distance, and at last determined to lay it under a warm hay-stack, in hopes of its being discovered early next morning, by the people who came to fodder the cattle. The child was indeed found, but it was dead, in consequence of being left there all night in the cold.

Not long afterwards, Charles, having some difference with his brother, mentioned the affair to his father, who enjoined him never to speak of it again. It was, accordingly, kept a secret till the old gentleman's death, which happened about the year 1747, when he was in his 102d year. Charles having occasion, soon after this event, to call on Mr. Cooke an attorney of Derby, on parish business, related to him the whole affair. Mr. Cooke said he ought to go to a magistrate, and make a full discovery. He accordingly went to Justice Gisborne, but that gentleman told him, it would be better to be silent, as it was an affair of long standing, and might hang half the family. After this Charles mentioned it to several other persons.

Charles at this time, was far from being in easy circumstances. He kept a little ale-house at a gate leading to his brother's habitation; and

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though he used frequently to open the gate for him, pulling off his hat at the same time, yet William would never speak to him. Not only his brother, but the whole country round had reason to complain of his churlishness and rigor; he would scarcely suffer a person, who was not qualified, to keep a dog or a gun, so that he was universally feared and hated.

About the year 1754, Charles being very ill of a flux, sent for Mr. John White of Ripley, and said he was a dying man, and could not go out of the world without disclosing his mind to him. He then acquainted him with the incest and murder. Mr. White said it was a delicate business, and he knew not what to advise. A few days afterwards, Mr. White seeing him surprisingly recovered, asked him to what it was owing, to which Charles replied, it was in consequence of his having disclosed his mind to him.

A short time previous to this circumstance, William Andrew Horne threatened one Mr. Roe for killing game, and meeting him at a public house, an altercation arose on this subject, in which Roe called Horne an incestuous old dog. For these words he was prosecuted in the ecclesiastical court at Litchfield, and being unable to prove the charge, he was obliged to submit, and to pay all expences. Roe being afterwards informed that Charles Horne had informed some persons that his brother William had starved his natural child to death, went to them, and found his intelligence to be true. Upon this he applied,

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about Christmas 1758, to a justice in Derbyshire, for a warrant to apprehend Charles, that the truth might come out. The warrant was granted; but as the justice did public business on Mondays only, the constable took Charles's word for his appearance on the Monday following.

Meanwhile, William being informed of the warrant, endeavoured to prevail on his brother Charles to perjure himself, promising to be a friend to him. Charles refused to comply, saying that he had no reason to expect any favour from him, but as he was his brother, if he would give him five pounds to carry him to Liverpool, he would immediately embark for another country. William, however, refused to part with the money.

The justices of Derbyshire, discovering some reluctance to sift the affair to the bottom, an application was made about the middle of March, 1759, to a justice of the peace in Nottinghamshire, who granted a warrant for apprehending William. It was soon endorsed by Sir John Every, a gentleman in the commission of the peace for the county of Derby. About eight at night the constable of Annesly, went to Mr. Horne's house at Butterley, and knocked at the door, but was refused admittance. He then left the above mentioned Roe and two others to guard the house, and came again the next morning. He was told by a servant man that Mr. Horne was gone out. They insisted he was in the house, and threatened to break open the door,

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on which they were admitted. They searched all over the house, but could not find Mr. Horne. Roe pressed them to make a second search. In one of the rooms they observed a large old chest, in which Horne's wife said there was nothing but table linen and sheets. Roe insisted on inspecting the contents, and was about to break the lid, when Mrs. Horne opened it, and her husband started up in a fright, bareheaded, exclaiming, "It is a sad thing to hang me, for my brother Charles is as bad as myself; and he cannot hang me without hanging himself."

He was carried before two justices of Nottingham, and after an examination of some hours, was committed to Nottingham gaol, to take his trial at the assizes. Soon after his commitment he made application to the court of King's Bench, to be removed by Habeas Corpus, in order to be bailed. For this purpose he went to London in the custody of his goaler, but the court denied him bail, so that he was obliged to return to Nottingham, where he remained in confinement till the summer assizes, held on the 10th of August 1759, before Lord Chief Baron Parker. After a trial which lasted nine hours, the jury having withdrawn for half an hour, pronounced a verdict of Guilty. Thirty-five years the justice of heaven had lingered, but now it descended with redoubled weight on the head of the hoary sinner. On this occasion the very persons who found the child appeared and corrobo-

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rated the brother's evidence. He immediately received sentence to be hanged the Monday following, but in the evening, at the intercession of some gentlemen who thought the time too short for such an old offender to search his heart, the judge was pleased to respite the execution of the sentence for a month; at the expiration of which he obtained another respite till farther orders.

This time he spent chiefly in fruitless applications to persons in power for a pardon, manifesting little sense of the crime of which he had been convicted, and often saying it was doubly hard to suffer on the evidence of a brother for a crime committed so many years before. A day or two previous to his execution, he solemnly denied many atrocious things which common report laid to his charge, and said to a person, "My friend, my brother Charles was tried at Derby twenty years ago, and acquitted; my dear sister Nanny forswearing herself at that time to save his life, which you see was preserved to hang me."—He told the clergyman who attended him, "that he forgave all his enemies, even his brother Charles; but that at the day of judgment, if God Almighty should ask him how his brother Charles behaved, he would not give him a good character." He was exactly 74 years old the day he died, being executed on his birth-day. This he mentioned several times after the order for his execution was signed, saying, he always used to have plumb-pudding on his birth-day,

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and would again, if he could obtain another reprieve.

He was of such a penurious disposition, that it is said he never did one generous action in the whole course of his life. Notwithstanding his licentious conduct, his father left him all his real estate, having some time before his death given all his personal property by a deed of gift to Charles. The father died on a couch in the kitchen, and had, at the time, about twelve guineas in his pocket, which undoubtedly belonged to Charles. William, however, took the cash out of the pocket of his deceased parent, and would not part with it, till Charles promised to pay the whole expence of burying the old man. This he did, and afterwards insisting on his right, the elder brother turned him out of doors, and though he knew he was master of such an important secret, he refused to afford him the least assistance; or to give a morsel of bread to his hungry children, begging at the door of their hard-hearted uncle.—Besides his incest, and the murder of the young woman, who was with child by him, he confessed that he broke with a violent blow, the arm of one Amos Killer, which occasioned the poor fellow's death.

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THOMAS DAY, ESQ.

IT is matter of just regret that Mr. Day, left behind him no friend able or willing to present the public with a complete account of his life. The particulars which have been given concerning this original and truly eccentric character seem to justify the presumption that such a narrative would have afforded equal instruction and entertainment. From such scanty materials as can be procured, the following facts are gleaned; but justice obliges the compiler to acknowledge, that, for most of them, he is indebted to the interesting account of Mr. Day, given by the ingenious Miss Seward, in her "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin."

Thomas Day was born in London in 1748. He was educated at the Charter-house, and from that institution was removed to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. His father died during his infancy, leaving him an estate of twelve hundred pounds per annum. Soon after that event Mrs. Day married a gentleman of the name of Philips, one of those ordinary characters who seek to supply an inherent want of consequence by an officious interference in circumstances with which they have no real concern. Mrs. Philips, with a jointure of three hundred pounds a year

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out of her son's estate, had been left his guardian, in conjunction with another person, whom she influenced. Being herself under the influence of her husband, the domestic situation of her son, a youth of high spirit and no common genius, was often rendered extremely uncomfortable. It may easily be supposed that he impatiently brooked the troublesome authority of a man whom he despised, and who had no claim upon his obedience, though he considered it his duty to treat the husband of his mother with some exterior deference and respect. She often repined at the narrowness of her jointure, and still more frequently expressed her anxiety lest Mr. Philips who had no fortune of his own, should, by losing her, be deprived in the decline of life, of a comfortable subsistence. No sooner had Mr. Day come of age and into possession of his estate, than he augmented his mother's jointure to four hundred pounds, and settled it on Mr. Philips during his life. Such bounty to one who had needlessly embittered so many years of his infancy and youth, affords incontestible evidence of a truly noble and elevated mind.

Mr. Day was a phenomenon rarely seen in these latter times, especially among persons of his rank in society. Even at that period "when youth, elate and gay, steps into life," he looked quite the philosopher. Powder and elegant clothes were at that time the appendages of gentlemen, but Mr. Day wore neither. In person he was tall, and stooped in the shoulders; he was

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full made, but not corpulent; and in his pensive and melancholy air were blended awkwardness and dignity. Though his features bore the traces of a severe small-pox, yet they were interesting and agreeable. A kind of weight hung upon the lids of his large hazle eyes, but when he declaimed

> .....Of good and evil,
> Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,

the expression that flashed from them was highly energetic.

His moral character was moulded after the antique model of the most virtuous citizens of Greece and Rome. He proudly imposed on himself rigid abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow any action to be virtuous that was performed from the hope of a reward here or hereafter. This severity of principle had, however the effect of rendering him rather sceptical towards the doctrines of revealed religion. Strict integrity, active friendship, openhanded bounty, and diffusive charity, greatly over-balanced the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society, which marked his character. For such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections, Mr. Day had no sympathy; but he evinced genuine compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the pleasure of relieving these he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life and all the gratifications of luxury. For po-

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lished society he expressed supreme contempt, and cherished a particular aversion for the modern plans of female education, ascribing to their influence the disappointment he experienced from the fickleness of a young lady to whom he had paid his addresses. He, nevertheless, thought it his duty to marry; he indulged systematic ideas of the powers of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and took great delight in moulding the mind of infancy and youth.

The distinctions of birth and the advantages of wealth were ever regarded by Mr. Day with contempt. He resolved that the woman whom he should chuse for his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. She would thus be a fit companion in that retirement to which he had destined himself, and might assist in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He likewise resolved, that in her dress, her diet, and her manners she should be simple as a mountain-girl, fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines. The most romantic philosopher could not expect to find such a creature ready made to his hands, and Mr. Day was soon convinced of the necessity of moulding some infant into the being his fancy had pictured.

To the accomplishment of this plan he proceeded in the following manner. When he came of age, he procured credentials of his moral probity, and with these he travelled to Shrewsbury, accompanied by his friend the late

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Mr. Bicknel, then a barrister in considerable practice, to explore the hospital for foundling girls in that town. From among the little inmates of this institution, Mr. Day, in the presence of his friend, selected two of twelve years. They were both beautiful; the one, fair, with flaxen locks and light eyes, he called Lucretia; the other, a clear, auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom and chesnut tresses, he named Sabrina. The written conditions on which he obtained these girls were to this effect: that, within a year he should place one of them with some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice, and maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married or began business for herself, in either of which cases he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of keeping and educating the other, with a view to make her his wife; solemnly engaging never to violate her innocence, and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her in some creditable family till she married, when he promised to give five hundred pounds as her wedding portion. For the performance of this contract Mr. Bicknel was guarantee.

With these girls Mr. Day immediately went to France, and that they might imbibe no ideas but such as he chose to communicate, he took with him in this excursion not a single English servant. Notwithstanding all his philosophy, his young companions harassed and per-

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plexed him not a little; they were perpetually quarrelling and fighting, and at length, falling sick of the small-pox, they chained him to their bed-side by crying and screaming if they were left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in their native language. Their protector was therefore not only obliged to sit up with them many nights, but also to perform for them the lowest offices that are required of a nurse or a domestic. Health returned, and with it all their former beauty. Soon after the recovery of his wards, Mr. Day was crossing the Rhone with them, on a tempestuous day, when the boat overset. Being an excellent swimmer he saved them both, though not without considerable difficulty and danger to himself.

After a tour of eight months, during which his patience and perseverance had been abundantly exercised, Mr. Day returned to England, heartily glad to separate the little squabblers. Sabrina having become the favourite, he placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber milliner; she behaved well, and afterwards married a respectable linen-draper in London. He committed Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, while he settled his affairs at his own mansion-house, Bear-hill, in Berkshire, from which filial tenderness would not permit him to remove his mother.

About this time the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents induced Mr. Day to visit Lichfield. Thither in the spring of 1770 he conducted the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and took

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for twelve months a pleasant mansion in the little green valley of Stowe. Here he resumed his endeavours to implant in the mind of his charge the characteristic virtues of Arria, of Portia, and Cornelia, but his experiments were not attended with the desired success. He found it impossible to fortify her mind against the dread of pain and the sense of danger; when he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms she did not endure it without flinching, and when he fired at her petticoats pistols which she believed to be charged with balls, she could not forbear starting, and expressing her apprehensions by violent screams. More than once when he tried her fidelity in keeping pretended secrets, he discovered that she had communicated them to the servants and to her playfellows. She manifested an aversion to study and books, which afforded little promise of ability that should one day be responsible for the education of youths who were to emulate the Gracchi.

In these experiments Mr. Day persisted, to his uniform disappointment, during the year he spent in the neighbourhood of Lichfield. The difficulty consisted in giving Sabrina a motive for exertion, heroism, and self denial. His plan rejected the usual sources—pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, and vanity. His vigilance had kept her in total ignorance of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and the love of dress. The only inducement which she could have to subdue the natural preference of

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ease and sport to pain and the labour of thinking, was the desire of pleasing her protector, and in this desire fear had a much larger share than affection. At length, discouraged by so many fruitless trials, he renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being he had so fondly imaged, and relinquishing his intention of making her his wife, he placed her at a boarding-school in Warwickshire.

His confidence in the power of education began to falter and his aversion to modern elegance subsided. During his residence in the vale of Stowe he had enjoyed daily opportunities of conversing with the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd, of Lichfield, the object of the inextinguishable passion of the gallant and unfortunate Major André. The mental and personal accomplishments of this lady made such a deep impression on the heart of Mr. Day, that he made her an offer of his hand. She admired his talents, respected his virtues, but found it impossible to love him, and candidly told him so. He now transferred his heart to her sister Elizabeth, a very engaging young lady, though far inferior to Honora, and she, with equal candor, acknowledged that she could have loved him, had he acquired the manners and habits of society, instead of those austere singularities for which he was remarkable.

To these our philosopher now began to ascribe all the disappointments he had hitherto experienced in love. He told Elizabeth, that, for her

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sake, he would renounce his prejudices against external refinements, and endeavour to acquire them; for which purpose he would go to Paris, and place himself for a year under the tuition of dancing and fencing masters. This he actually did, but, notwithstanding the many painful restraints to which he submitted, and the incessant assiduity with which he studied to acquire in his air, manners, and address, the graceful ease and polished exterior of a man of the world, he was unable entirely to conquer habits to which time had given such strength.

He now returned to England, but only to endure fresh disappointments. The attempts he made with visible effort to assume the polish of fashionable life, and the showy dress in which he presented himself to his fair one, appeared infinitely more ungraceful and unbecoming than his natural simplicity of manners and of garb. She confessed that Thomas Day, blackguard, as he jestingly styled himself, was much less displeasing to her eye than Thomas Day, fine gentleman.

After such sacrifices and such efforts, it is easy to conceive what must now have been his mortification. Relinquishing his hopeless suit, he resumed his accustomed plainness of attire, and neglect of his person. He again visited the continent, where he passed another year, and returned to England in 1773. From that period Mr. Day resided chiefly in London, where amid the select circle to which he confined himself, he often met the elegant Miss Esther Mills, of Der-

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byshire. Brought up amid the luxuries, and possessing the accomplishments suited to her large fortune, this lady had cultivated her understanding by books, and her virtues by benevolence. She soon discovered his talents and his merit, and in her eyes the unpolished stoic possessed irresistible charms. Her regard for him manifested itself in the most unequivocal manner; but repeated disappointment had caused Mr. Day to look with distrust on all female attention, however flattering. It was not till after years of modest, yet tender devotion, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills, if, for his sake, she could renounce all the pleasures, all the luxuries, all the ostentation of the world; if, after procuring the ordinary comforts of life, she could resolve to employ the surplus of her fortune in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; if she could bury herself with him in the country, and shun, through the rest of her life, the infectious taint of society.

Had not the heart of Miss Mills been influenced by the most devoted attachment, she could scarcely have assented to such proposals. They were, however, gladly accepted; but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted that her whole fortune should be settled upon her, totally out of his controul, that if ever she grew tired of such a system of life, she might return to that to which she had been accustomed, whenever she pleased.

Having, upon these conditions, made Miss

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Mills his wife, Mr. Day retired with her into the country about the year 1780. Mrs. Day had no carriage, no servant of her own, no luxury of any kind. Music, to which she was strongly attached, was deemed trivial, and she accordingly banished her harpsichord and music books. Mr. Day made frequent experiments on her temper and her affection; and never did the most dependent wife make such absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, as did this lady, who was in secure possession of an affluent independence, and of whom nothing was required as a duty.

It was not long after his marriage that Mr. Day began to compose the History of Sandford and Merton, a work on which it is unnecessary to pass any eulogium here. Its general adoption as a book of education by enlightened parents and instructors of youth, sufficiently attests the merits of Mr. Day's labours. He was likewise the author of two noble poems, which appeared previous to Sandford and Merton. These were *The Devoted Legions* and *The Dying Negro*. The third edition of the latter he dedicated to Rousseau, in language replete with energy and every grace of eloquence.

The useful life of Mr. Day was cut short in its meridian. He fell a victim in the year 1789 to one of his uncommon systems. He thought so highly of the gratitude and sensibility of horses, that whenever they were vicious or unruly, he conceived it to be owing to previous ill usage.

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Having reared a favourite foal, he resolved to accustom him to the bit and the burden himself, without the assistance of a horse-breaker. He accordingly mounted the animal, which, disliking this new kind of treatment, plunged, threw his master, who was not a good horseman, and with his heels, struck him a blow on the head which instantly proved fatal.

So deeply was Mrs. Day affected by his loss, that it is said she never afterwads saw the sun; but, confining herself to her bed, within the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, she rose only at night, and wandered alone in her garden, amid the gloom that was congenial to her sorrows. She survived her adored husband two years, and expired of a broken heart. Mr. and Mrs. Day left no issue.

The reader will not be displeased to find a few farther particulars relative to the fortune of Sabrina, subjoined to this account of her patron. We left her at school at Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire. There Sabrina remained three years, grew elegant and amiable, and gained the esteem of her instructress. On her leaving school Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds per annum. She resided some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport in Shropshire, securing herself friends by the strict propriety of her conduct and her virtues. In her twenty-sixth year, two years after Mr. Day's marriage, his friend Mr. Bicknel offered his hand to Sabrina She accepted his addresses, rather from motives

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of prudence than of passion, but became one of the best and most affectionate of wives. On her asking Mr. Day's consent to this match, his reply was; "I do not refuse my consent to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not asked my advice." Faithful to his promise he gave her on this occasion a portion of five hundred pounds.

The issue of this marriage was two boys, the eldest of whom was five years old when Mr. Bicknel was removed from his family by the hand of death. As he had no patrimonial fortune, and had always lived up to his income, his widow was left without any provision for herself and her infants. In this situation Mr. Day allowed her thirty pounds a year, in aid, as he said, of the efforts he expected her to make for the maintenance of her children. A subscription was made among the gentlemen of the bar, and the sum of 800l. was raised for the use of Mrs. Bicknel and her sons. This excellent woman has lived many years with Dr. Burney of Greenwich, as his house-keeper and assistant in the cares of his academy, where she is treated with every mark of esteem and respect that is due to her virtues. Mrs. Day continued the allowance made by her husband to Mrs. Bicknel, and bequeathed its continuance from her own fortune during the life of the latter.

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JEFFERY HUDSON.

THIS celebrated dwarf, was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and about the age of seven or eight years, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up at table in a cold pye, which, when cut open, presented to the astonished royal visitors the dimunitive Jeffery armed cap-a-pee. This pye was purposely constructed to hold our little hero, who, when the dutchess made an incision in his castle of paste, shifted his situation until sufficient room was made for his appearance. The queen expressing herself greatly pleased with his person and manners, the dutchess presented him to her majesty, who afterwards kept him as her dwarf. From the age of seven years till thirty, he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed.

Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court, and Sir William Davenport wrote a poem on a battle between him and a turkey-cock, which took place at Dunkirk, where a woman rescued him from the fury of his antagonist. In 1638, was published a very small and curious book called "The New Year's Gift," presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus (commonly called Little Jeffery), her majesty's servant, &c. written by Microphius, with a portrait of Jeffery prefixed.

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Before this period, our hero was employed in a negociation of great importance. This was, to procure a midwife for the queen, but on his return with a lady of that profession and her majesty's dancing-master, with many rich presents to the queen from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers; and besides what he was bringing for the queen, he lost to the value of two thousand five hundred pounds, that he had received in France, on his own account, from the queen's mother, and ladies of that court. This happened in the year 1630.

Jeffery lost little of his consequence with the queen on this misfortune, but was often teazed by the courtiers and domestics with the story of the turkey-cock, and trifles of a similar description; his temper was by no means calculated to put up with repeated affronts, and at last being greatly provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued. Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them more on a level, Jeffery at the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles.

He was afterward taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold for a slave in Barbary; but did not remain long in captivity, for at the beginning of the civil war he was made captain in the royal army; and in 1644, attended the queen again into France, where he remained till the re-

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storation. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the popish plot, he was taken up in 1664, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life, at the age of 63.

THE REV. DR. HOWARD.

THIS gentleman of facetious memory was chaplain to the late Princess Dowager of Wales, and rector of Saint George, Southwark. Delighting much in the good things of this world, he so far indulged his hunger and thirst after delicacies, that he found himself much in arrear to many of his trading parishioners. Fortunately for himself he lived in the rules of the King's Bench, which shielded him from the rude intrusion of clamorous creditors. The Doctor, however, was a man of humour, and frequently hit upon expedients to keep them in good temper. He once preached a sermon to them, from the following text—"Have patience and I will pay ye all." He expatiated at great length on the virtue and advantage of *patience*. "And now, my brethren," said he, "I am come to the second part of my discourse, which is—And I will pay you all—*but that I shall defer to a future opportunity.*"

Another anecdote of him may tend to elucidate his character. Passing by a peruke-maker's shop in Leicester-fields, he saw a canonical wig in the window, which took his fancy, and entering the shop he gave orders for one in the same pompous style, and of the same colour. In order to obtain credit, he informed the master that he was Rector of St. George's Southwark,

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and chaplain to the Princess Dowager of Wales. Happy in the acquisition of such a customer, the hair-dresser finished the peruke with the utmost dispatch; but before he sent it home, he had heard some whispers about the reverend doctor which did not perfectly please him, and therefore ordered his journeyman, whom he sent with the wig, not to deliver it without the money.—"I have brought your wig, sir," said the journeyman to his reverence. "Very well, put it down."—"I can't, sir, without the cole."—"Let me try it, however, to see whether it will fit me." This the man thought so reasonable a request, that he consented to it. The consequence was, that the doctor ordered him instantly out of the room without the peruke, protesting that if he touched it after he had sold and delivered it, he would prosecute him for a robbery; a regular transfer had been made, and it was now his property.

The Doctor, when collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he enquired if he was not some trifle in his debt: on referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favor of the tradesman. The Doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulled out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea; the grocer eying the latter, with a degree of surprise exclaimed, "Good God, Sir, you have got a *stranger* there!" "Indeed I have, Mr. Brown," replied the wit, returning it into his pocket, "*and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*"

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CHEVALIER DESSEASAU.

AMONG the eccentric characters who, about half a century ago, attracted public notice in the British metropolis was the Chevalier Desseasau. He was a native of Prussia, of French extraction and early in life bore a commission in the Prussian service. This he found himself under the necessity of quitting abruptly. A disagreement between him and a brother officer was carried to such a height that a duel ensued, in which his antagonist was dangerously wounded. Uncertain of the event and dreading the consequences should the wound prove fatal, he ensured his safety by fligh

The chevalier sought a refuge in England, and contracted so great a partiality for this country, that he resolved to pass in it the remainder of his days. The singularity of his dress and character soon drew the attention of the curious. He was well acquainted with Foote, Murphy, Goldsmith, Johnson, and most of their contemporaries, eminent for genius and talent in the walks of literature and the drama: nor was there a bookseller of any note who did not know the Chevalier Desseasau. His chief places of resort were Old Anderton's Coffee-house in Fleet Street, the

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Barn, in St. Martin's Lane, and various coffee-houses in the vicinity of Covent Garden. His originality and good-nature caused his company to be much courted.

He either had, or fancied that he possessed a talent for poetry, and used to recite his compositions among his friends. On these occasions his vanity often got the better of his good-sense, and led him to make himself the hero of his story. As an instance of this he frequently repeated the following lines with an emphasis which indicated the most self-complacent satisfaction:

Il n'y a au monde que deux heros,
Le roi de Prusse, et Chevalier Desseasau.

which may be thus rendered:—

In all the world but heroes two I know,
Prussia's fam'd King, and Chevalier Desseasau.

He never submitted any of his performances to public view, but confined them to the circle of his friends. He would often rehearse them himself before select company, and during the last years of his life, he derived his principal means of subsistence from the presents made him in return.

At this period he was reduced by misfortunes and perhaps also by the infirmities of age, to a residence within the rules of the Fleet prison; but such was the confidence placed in his honor, that he was suffered to go wherever he pleased

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He appeared in the streets in the singular dress and accoutrements delineated in our engraving. His clothes were black, and their fashion had all the stiff formality of those of an ancient buck. In his hand he generally carried a gold-headed cane, a roll of his poetry, and a sword, or sometimes two. The reason for this singularity was, according to his own expression, that he might afford an opportunity to his antagonist, whom he wounded in the duel, to revenge his cause, should he again chance to meet with him. This trait would induce a belief that his misfortunes had occasioned a partial derangement of the chevalier's intellects.

With respect to his figure, he was short in stature, slender in the lower extremities and not very unlike the lady, who was said to be a natural daughter of Prince Henry of Prussia and was well known in London, where she appeared in male attire, by the name of the Chevalier de Verdion.

Desseasau died at his lodgings in Fleet Market, aged upwards of 70, in February 1775, and was interred in St. Bride's Church-yard. The Gentleman's Magazine of that month, contained the following notice concerning him:" Died, the Chevalier Desseasau, commonly called the French Poet; he has left a great personage, a curious sword, a gold medal and a curious picture." Whether these articles were ever disposed of conformably to his bequest we are not informed.

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JOSEPH CAPPUR.

NO place can afford a fairer field for the exertion of talents, or honest industry, than the capital of the British empire. How many instances might be adduced of persons there raising themselves by those recommendations from the most abject indigence to prosperity and wealth! Of many of these, however, it is to be regretted that so little is known. "It would be amusing," says the Rev. Mr. Granger, "to trace the progress, of a lord mayor from the loom or the fishmonger's stall to the chair of the chief magistrate; to be informed with what difficulty he got the first hundred pounds, with how much less he made it a thousand, and with what care he rounded his plumb." Mr. Cappur though he did not attain to such honors or such opulence affords, however, an example of the truth of these observations.

He was born in Cheshire, of humble parents; his family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, to shift for himself, as he used to say, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Cappur soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it.

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Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Cappur commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-Lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to decline all business whatever.

Mr. Cappur therefore resolved to retire from the bustle of life. This best suited his disposition; for although he possessed many amiable qualities yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns at Kennington, took a chop and spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner, when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. Cappur was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the *growling fellow*, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered a customer only for the

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day. For many years he talked about quitting this residence the next day.

His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to his knives and forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the news-papers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon-peel, and porter, mixed together; the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this œconomical plan he never deviated.

He called himself the Champion of Government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British Constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair, and there he would often amuse himself with satirising the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it whenever he could say any thing illnatured. Mr. Cappur's conduct to

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his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would enquire; when being answered in the affirmative, he would add, "Tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they want; and if ever I hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling."

Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan:—"I wish, "said he," to serve you, Townsend; you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done. I have sworn never to lend, I must therefore give it thee;" which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every comfort the house would afford; and what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Mr. Cappur was elected steward of the parlour fire, and if any persons were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time, a favourite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane: but as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would

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produce among the company present, he would with great ingenuity introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room. From this fly-killing propensity he acquired the name of *Domitian*, among the customers who frequented the house.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of seventy-seven, in excellent health, and it was not until the Tuesday morning before his decease that a visible alteration was perceived in him. Having risen at an earlier period than usual, he was observed to walk about the house, exceedingly agitated and convulsed. Mr. Townsend pressed him to suffer medical assistance to be sent for, to which Mr. Cappur then, and at all times, had a great aversion. He asked for a pen and ink, evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townsend, apprehending his dissolution nigh, endeavoured, but in vain, to get permission to send for Mr. Cappur's relations, and tried to obtain their address for that purpose. He refused, saying that he should be better. On the second day, seeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townsend called in four respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and had seals put upon all Mr. Cappur's property. One of the four gentlemen recollected the address of Mr. Cappur's two nephews, of the name of Dutton,

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who were immediately sent for. They resided in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane.

On searching his apartment after his death, his relations found a will curiously worded, and made on the back of a sheet of banker's checks. It was dated five years back, and the bulk of his property, which was then upwards of 30,000l. he left equally among his poor relations. He died on the 6th of September 1804.

HARRY PAULET.

THIS singular character, commonly called "Duke of Bolton, King of Vine-street, and Governor of Lambeth Marsh," died lately in that neighbourhood, and his remains were attended to the grave by a great number of persons whom his bounty had made comfortable.

Parsons, the comedian, speaking of the subject of the following particulars, frequently declared with the greatest gravity, that he would rather expend a crown, to hear Harry Paulet relate one of Hawke's battles, than sit gratis by the most celebrated orator of the day. "There was," (said Parsons), "a manner in his heart-felt narrations that was certain to bring his auditors into the very scene of action; and when he described the moments of victory, I have seen a dozen labouring-men at the Crown public-house,

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rise together, and moved by an instantaneous impulse, give three cheers, while Harry took breath to recite more of his exploits."

This man, whose love for his country cannot be excelled, was, in the year 1758, master of an English vessel in North America, and traded up the river St. Lawrence; but being taken by the enemy, he remained a prisoner under Montcalm at Quebec, who refused to exchange him, on account of his extensive knowledge of the coast, the strength of Quebec and Louisburg, with the different soundings. They therefore came to a resolution to send him to France to be kept a prisoner during the war, and with this intent he was embarked on board a vessel ready to sail with dispatches to the French government. Being the only Englishman on board, Harry was admitted to the cabin, where he took notice one day, that the packet hung in an exposed situation in a canvas bag, for the purpose of being thrown overboard on any danger of being taken: this he marked as the object of a daring enterprise; and shortly after, in consequence of the vessel being obliged to put into Vigo for provisions and intelligence, he put his design into execution. There were two English men of war lying at anchor, and Mr. Paulet thought this a proper opportunity to make his meditated attempt; he therefore one night, when all but the watch were asleep, took the packet out of the bag, and having fixed it in his mouth silently let himself down to the water, and, to prevent being

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discovered, floated on his back to the bows of one of the English ships, where he secured himself by the cables, and calling for assistance was immediately taken on board with the packet.

The captain, charmed with this bold attempt, treated him with great humanity, and gave him a suit of scarlet clothes trimmed with blue velvet and gold, which he retained to the day of his death. The dispatches being transcribed proved to be of the utmost consequence to our affairs in North America, and Harry was sent with a copy of them post over land to Lisbon, from whence he was brought to Falmouth in a sloop of war, and immediately set out for London. Upon his arrival in town, he was examined by proper persons in the administration, and rewarded agreeably to the nature of his service; but what is most remarkable, an expedition was instantly formed upon a review of these dispatches, and our successes in North America, under Wolfe, and Saunders, are in some degree to be attributed to the attachment of Paulet to the interests of his country.

For his services the government rewarded him with the pay of a lieutenant for life, which, with other advantages, (for Harry had ever been prudent) he was enabled to purchase a vessel. Here fame takes some liberty with his character, and asserts that he used to run to the French coast, and then take in a cargo of brandy; but be that as it may, Harry was one morning returning, when the French fleet had stolen out of Brest under Conflans, while admiral Hawke was hid

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behind the rock of Ushant to watch the motions of the enemy. Mr. Paulet, loving his country better than his cargo, soon ran up to the British admiral, and demanding to speak with him, was ordered to make his vessel fast, and come on board; upon his telling Hawke what he knew of the enemy, the admiral told him, if he was right, he would make his fortune; but if he had deceived him, by G--d he would hang him upon the yard-arm. The fleet was instantly under weigh, and upon Paulet's direction to the master (for he was an excellent pilot) the British fleet was presently brought between the enemy and their own coast; and now the admiral ordered Paulet to make the best of his way; but Harry begged of the admiral, as he had discovered the enemies of his country, that he might be allowed to assist in beating them. This request was assented to by the commander; and Paulet had his station assigned, at which no man could behave better; and when the battle was over, this true born Englishman was sent home covered with commendations, and rewarded with that which enabled him to live happy the remainder of his life.

Mr. Paulet possessed a freehold estate in Cornhill, London: and, respecting the good he did with his income, there is not a poor being in the neighbourhood of Pedlar's Acre, who does not testify with gratitude, some act of benevolence performed for the alleviation of his poverty, by this humane and heroic Englishman.

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JOSEPH CLARK.

THIS man was a very extraordinary posture-master who resided in Pall Mall. Though well-made, and rather gross than thin, he exhibited, in a most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, by sending for one of them to take measure of him, and would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of the shoulders: when the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder; upon which the tailor asked pardon for the mistake, and altered the garment as expeditiously as possible: but, upon a third trial, he found him perfectly free from blemish about the shoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. He dislocated the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of the body, in such a manner that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his cure. He often passed for a cripple among persons with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before. Upon these occasions he would not only change

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the position of his limbs, but entirely alter the figure of his countenance, The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He would assume all the uncouth grimaces that he saw at a quaker's meeting, the theatre, or any other public place. He died about the beginning of King William's reign. It appears from Evelyn's Numismata that he was not living in 1697.

EDWARD ALLEYN, ESQ.

EDWARD ALLEYN, a celebrated actor in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, and founder of the college at Dulwich in Surry, was born in London, in the parish of St. Botolph, Sept. 1, 1566, as appears from a memorandum in his own writing. Dr. Fuller says, that he was bred a stage-player; and that his father would have given him a liberal education, but that he was averse to a serious course of life. He was, however, a youth of excellent capacity of a chearful temper, a tenacious memory, a sweet elocution, and in his person of a stately port and aspect; and was a man of great benevolence and piety; so devout, that when he received his quarterly accounts, he acknowledged it all to be the gift of God, and resolved to dedicate it to the use of his fellow creatures. From various authorities it appears that he must have

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been on the stage some time before 1592; for he was then in high favour with the town, and greatly applauded by the best judges, particularly by Ben Jonson.

It may seem surprising, how one of Mr. Alleyn's profession should be enabled to erect such an edifice as Dulwich college, and liberally endow it for the maintenance of so many persons. But it must be observed that he had some paternal fortune, which, though small, might lay a foundation for his future affluence; and, it is to be presumed, that the profits he received from acting, to one of his provident and managing disposition, and who by his professional excellence drew after him such crowds of spectators, must have considerably improved his fortune. Besides, he was not only an actor, but master of a playhouse in White-Cross-street, built at his own expence, by which he is said to have amassed considerable wealth. He was also keeper of the king's wild beasts, or master of the royal bear garden, which was frequented by vast crowds of spectators; and the profits arising from these sports, are said to have amounted to five hundred pounds per annum. He was thrice married; and the portions of his two first wives, who left him no issue to inherit, might probably contribute to this benefaction.

Donations such as Mr. Alleyn's, have been frequently thought to proceed more from vanity and ostentation than real piety; but Mr. Alleyn's has been ascribed to a very singular cause; for

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the devil is said to have been the first promoter of it. Mr. Aubrey mentions a tradition, "that Mr. Alleyn playing a demon with six others, in one of Shakespear's plays, was, in the midst of the piece, surprized by an apparition of the devil; which so worked on his fancy, that he made a vow, which he performed by building Dulwich college." He began the foundation of this college, under the direction of the famous Inigo Jones, in 1614; and on the buildings, gardens, &c. finished in 1617, he is said to have expended about 10,000l.

After the college was built, he met with some difficulty in obtaining a charter for settling his lands in mortmain; for he proposed to endow it with 800l. per annum, for the maintenance of one master, one warden, and four fellows, three of whom were to be clergymen, and the fourth a skilful organist; also six poor men, and as many women; besides twelve poor boys, to be educated till the age of fourteen or sixteen, and then put out to some trade or calling. The obstruction he met with, arose from the lord chancellor Bacon, who wished King James to settle part of those lands for the support of two academical lectures; and he wrote a letter to the marquis of Buckingham, dated August 18, 1618, intreating him to use his interest with his majesty for that purpose. Mr. Alleyn's solicitation was however at last complied with, and he obtained the royal licence, giving him full power to lay the foundation of his intended hospital

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at Dulwich, called "The College of God's Gift. The rules prescribed for this foundation are, that all future benefactions are excluded; and visitors are to be the churchwardens of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and St. Saviour's, Southwark; who, upon any difference arising between them, are to refer the decision of it to the archbishop of Canterbury. He was himself the first master of his college, so that to use the words of Mr. Haywood, one of his contemporaries, "He was so mingled with humility and charity, that he became his own pensioner, humbly submitting himself to that proportion of diet and clothes, which he had bestowed on others." There is no reason to think he ever repented of this distribution of his substance, but on the contrary, that he was entirely satisfied, as appears from the following memorial in his own writing found among his papers: "May 26, 1620, my wife and I acknowledged the fine at the common pleas bar, of all our lands to the college: blessed be God that he has given us life to do it." His wife died in the year 1623, and about two years afterwards he married Constance Kinchtoe, who survived him, and received remarkable proofs of his affection, if we may judge of it by his will, in which he left her considerable property. He died Nov. 25, 1626, in the 61st year of his age, and was buried in the chapel of his new college.

In this college, by the statutes, the warden succeeds the master, and takes upon him the

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office immediately on the master's death. The founder directed that the master and warden shall both be of the name of Allen, or Alleyn, and every person of that name is eligible to become a candidate. Celibacy is a *sine qua non*. The election is in the surviving fellows, who choose two persons. Two rolls of paper are then put into a box, and each candidate takes one, and the person who takes the paper upon which the words "God's Gift" are written, is the warden elected. The late master, William Allen, Esq. enjoyed his situation upwards of fifty two years. The revenues of this college are large and increasing. The master's apartments in the college are extremely grand; at his taking possession of the place, he is obliged to purchase the furniture, which is as elegant as can be imagined; and being lord of the manor, he lives in all the state of a mitred abbot. Notwithstanding the singular severity of the rules, by which both he and the warden are to remain unmarried, yet there is always a sufficient number of candidates for the office, among those of the name of Alleyn. The library is well furnished with classical and modern books, and behind the college is a good garden, where there are pleasant walks and fruit trees.

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JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

A MOST extraordinary instance of native genius was afforded by this man, who was born in 1705 at Elmeton in Derbyshire. His father was a schoolmaster, and yet from some strange neglect or infatuation, Jedediah was taught neither to write nor read. So great, however, were his natural talents for calculation, that he was remarkable for his knowledge of the relative proportions of numbers, their powers and progressive denominations. To these objects he applied all the powers of his mind, and his attention was so constantly rivetted upon them, that he was often totally abstracted from external objects, and when he did take notice of them, it was only with respect to their numbers. If any space of time happened to be mentioned before him, he would presently inform the company that it contained so many minutes, and if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it even though no question were asked him.

Being required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product by mental arithmetic, as soon as a person in company had completed it in the common way. Being requested to work it audibly that his method might be known, he first multiplied 456 by 5, which produced 2280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the

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product 45,600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100. This product he again multiplied by 3, which gave 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300. It remained therefore to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2280, or the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5 by 15, as 5 times 15 is 75. This product being 34,200, he added to 136,800 which gave 171,000, being the amount of 375 times 456. To complete his operation therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3 which produced 1368, and this being added to 171,000 yielded 172,368, as the product of 456 multiplied by 378.

From these particulars it appears that Jedediah's method of calculation was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules of arithmetic as to multiply first by 5, and the product by 20, to find the amount when multiplied by 100, which the addition of two cyphers to the multiplicand would have given at once.

A person who had heard of these astonishing efforts of memory, once meeting with him accidentally, proposed the following question, in order to try his calculating powers. If a field be 423 yards long and 383 broad, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product, 162,009 yards, in the space of two minutes; for the proposer observed by his watch how long each operation took him. The same person asked, how many acres the

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said field measured, and in eleven minutes he replied 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches, 20 yards and a quarter. He was then asked how many barley-corns would reach eight miles. In a minute and a half he answered 1,520,640. The next question was: Supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of that wheel to be six yards? In thirteen minutes he answered 59,840 times.

On another occasion a person proposed to him this question: In a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,752 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubic eighths of an inch? In about five hours Jedediah had accurately solved this intricate problem, though in the midst of business and surrounded by more than a hundred laborers.

Though these instances which are well authenticated are sufficient proofs of Jedediah's strength of mind, yet for the further satisfaction of the curious, the following facts are subjoined. Being asked how long after the firing of one of the cannons at Retford, the report might be heard at Houghton Park, the distance being five miles, and supposing the sound to move at the rate of 1142 feet in one second? In a quarter of an hour he replied—in 23 seconds, 7 thirds and that 46 remained. He was then asked: Admit that 3584 brocoli-plants are set in rows, four feet asunder, and the plants 7 feet apart in a rectan-

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gular plot of ground, how much land will these plants occupy? In nearly half an hour he said: 2 acres, 1 rood, 8 perches and a half.

This extraordinary man would stride over a piece of land, or a field, and tell the contents of it as accurately as if he had measured it by the chain. In this manner he had measured the whole lordship of Elmeton, consisting of some thousands of acres, belonging to Sir John Rhodes, and brought him the contents not only in acres, roods, and perches, but even in square inches. After this he reduced them for his own amusement into square hair-breadths, computing about 48 to each side of an inch which produced such an astonishing number as appeared almost incomprehensible.

Next to figures, the only objects of Jedediah's curiosity were the king and royal family. So strong was his desire to see them, that in the beginning of the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but returned disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington just as he arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *Folk of the Sixty court*. The gentlemen present asked him several questions in arithmetic to try his abilities and dismissed him with a handsome present.

During his residence in the metropolis he was taken to see the tragedy of King Richard the Third performed at Drury Lane. It was expected that the novelty of every thing in that

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place, together with the splendor of the surrounding objects would have filled him with astonishment; or that his passions would have been roused in some degree by the action of the performers, even though he might not fully comprehend the dialogue. This certainly was a rational idea; but his thoughts were far otherwise employed. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps; after a fine piece of music he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments, perplexed him beyond measure, but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick, in the whole course of the entertainment, and declared that in this part of the business he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune and educated to no particular profession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labor of his hands. His talents, had they been properly cultivated might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he nevertheless pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, and procure a daily sustenance for himself and family.

When he was asked to calculate a question, he would sit down, take off his old brown hat, and resting upon his stick, which was generally a very crooked one, in that attitude he would fall to work. He commonly wore on his head a linen or woollen cap, and had a handkerchief carelessly thrown round his neck.

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If the enjoyments of this singular man were
, they seem at least to have been fully equi-
ent to his desires. Though the powers of his
nd raised him far above his humble compa-
ons, who earned their bread in like manner by
e sweat of their brow, yet ambitious thoughts
ver interrupted his repose, nor did he, on his
urn from London, regret the loss of any of the
easures he had left behind him.

Buxton was married and had several children.
e died in the year 1775, aged seventy years.

ANTHONY MAGLIABECHI,

LEARNED Florentine, and librarian to the
and duke of Tuscany, was born in Florence,
ctober the 29, 1633. His parents were of so
w and mean a rank, that they were very satis-
d when they had procured him a service with
man who sold herbs and fruit. He had never
rned to read, and yet he was perpetually por-
g over the leaves of old books, that were used
waste paper in his master's shop. A booksel-
who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had
ten observed this, and knew the boy could not
ad, asked him one day, "What he meant by
ring so much on printed papers?" He said,
That he did not know how it was, but that he
red it of all things; that he was very uneasy in
e business he was in, and should be the happi-

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est creature in the world, if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him." The bookseller was astonished, and yet pleased with his answer; and at last told him, that he should not be disinclined to take him into his shop, if his master would be willing to part with him. Young Magliabechi thanked him with tears of joy; and his happiness was highly increased when his master, on the bookseller's desire, gave him leave to go where he pleased. He went therefore directly to his new and much desired business; and had not been long in it, before he could find out any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller could himself.

Some time after this he learned to read, and, no sooner had he made this acquisition, than he employed every leisure moment in reading. He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. A passion for reading was his ruling passion; and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book almost indiscriminately as they happened to come into his hands: he went through them with surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense of what he read, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling them, if there was any thing peculiar of that kind in any author.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini, and Marmi, librarians of the grand duke of Tuscany. He was by them introduced into the conversation of the learned, and made known at court, and began

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to be looked upon every where as a prodigy, particularly for his vast and unbounded memory. It is said, that a trial was made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman at Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi; and, some time after it had been returned with thanks, came to him again with a melancholy face, and told him of some invented accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed almost inconsolable for the loss of his work, and intreated Magliabechi, whose character for remembering what he read was already very great, to try to recollect as much as he possibly could, and write it down for him, against his next visit. Magliabechi assured him he would, and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript, without missing a word, or even varying any where from the spelling.

By treasuring up every thing he read in so strange a manner, or at least the subject, and all the principal parts of all the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintance expressed it, "An universal index both of titles and matter." He was so famous for the vast extent of his reading, and his amazing retention of what he had read, that it began to grow common among the learned to consult him, when they were writing on any subject. He would tell them not only who had treated of their subject designedly, but of such also as had

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touched upon it only accidentally, in writing on other subjects, both which he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book, the words, and often the very number of the page in which their observations were inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that at last he was looked upon almost as an oracle, for the ready and full answers that he gave to all questions, that were proposed to him, in any faculty or science whatever.

It was his great eminence this way, and his vast knowledge of books, that induced the grand Duke, Cosmo the Third, to confer on him the appointment of librarian: and what a happiness it must have been to Magliabechi, who delighted in nothing so much as in reading, to have the supreme command and use of such a collection of books as that in the Great Duke's palace, may be easily conceived. He was also very conversant with the books of the Lorenzo library; and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo and Francesco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany; and yet even all this did not satisfy his extensive appetite.

To read such vast numbers as he did, he latterly made use of a method as extraordinary as any thing hitherto mentioned of him. When a book first came into his hands, he would look the title-page all over, then dip here and there in the preface, and advertisements, if there were any, and cast his eyes on each of the divisions, the different sections, or chapters, and then he would

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be able for ever to know what that book contained; for he remembered as steadily as he conceived rapidly. It was after he had taken to this way of reading, that a priest who had composed a panegyric on one of his favourite saints, brought it to Magliabechi, as a present. He read it over the very way above mentioned, and then thanked him very kindly for his excellent treatise. The author, in some pain, asked him, "Whether that was all he intended to read of his book?" Magliabechi coolly answered, "Yes, for I know very well every thing that is in it."

Magliabechi had also a local memory of the places where every book stood, and seems to have carried this farther than only in relation to the collection of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day the Grand Duke sent for him, after he was his librarian, to ask him, whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "It is impossible, for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in." Though Magliabechi must have lived so sedentary a life, with such an intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he attained to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, on July 14, 1714.

By his will he left a very fine library, of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a

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fund to maintain it; and whatever should remain to the poor. He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was quite negligent, or rather quite slovenly in his dress. His appearance was such, as must have been far from engaging the affection of a lady, had he addressed himself to any; and his face in particular, as appears by the several representations of him, whether in his busts, medals, pictures, or prints, would rather have prejudiced his suit then advanced it. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him on any points of literature, in a civil and obliging manner, though in general he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it, together with a cynical or contemptuous smile, which scarcely rendered his look the more agreeable.

In his manner of living, he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, were his usual repast. When any visitors went to see him, they usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all round him; and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest piles of books, by a number of cobwebs. At their entrance, he commonly used to call out to them not to hurt his spiders. An old cloak served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night: he had one straw chair for his

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table, and another for his bed, in which he continued fixed among his books till he was overpowered by sleep.

GEORGE MANLY.

THIS wretched culprit, if we may judge from the concluding scene of his life was a man of no ordinary powers of mind and no common way of thinking. He was executed for the crime of murder at Wicklow, in Ireland, in 1738. On this occasion he behaved in a strange but undaunted manner, and just before the sentence of the law was carried into execution, he made the following remarkable speech:—

"My friends, you assemble to see—What?—A man take a leap into the abyss of death. Look, and you shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius when he leapt into the gulph to save his country from destruction. What then will you see of me?—You say that no man without virtue can be courageous. You will say, I have killed a man.—Marlborough killed his thousands, and Alexander his millions. Marlborough and Alexander, and many others who have done the like, are famous in history for great men: but I killed one solitary man—ay, that's the case—one solitary man! I'm a little murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries—they were great men. I ran in debt

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with the ale-wife—I must be hanged! Now, my friends, I have drawn a parallel between two of the greatest men that ever lived and myself; but these were men of former days. Now I'll speak a word of some of the present days. How many men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine, during the last war, for setting a king in Poland! But both sides could not be in the right: they are great men; but I killed a solitary man, I'm a little fellow. The King of Spain takes our ships, plunders our merchants, kills and tortures our men; but what of all that? what he does is good; he's a great man; he is cloathed in purple; his instruments of murder are bright and shining, mine was but a rusty gun; and so much for comparison. Now I would fain know, what authority there is in scripture for a rich man to plunder, to torture, and ravage whole countries; and what law it is that condemns a poor man to death for killing a solitary man, or for stealing a solitary sheep to feed his family. But bring the matter closer to our own country: what is the difference between running in a poor man's debt, and by the power of gold, or any other privilege, preventing him from obtaining his right, and clapping a pistol to a man's breast, and taking from him his purse? yet the one shall thereby obtain a coach, and honours, and titles, &c. the other—what?—a cart and a rope. From what I have said, my brethren, you may, perhaps, imagine I am hardened; but believe me, I am fully convinced of my follies, and acknowledge the just

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judgment of God has overtaken me. I have no hopes but from the merits of my Redeemer, who I hope will have mercy on me, as he knows that murder was far from my heart, and what I did was through rage and passion, being provoked thereto by the deceased. Take warning, my dear comrades: think! O think!—What would I now give, that I had lived another life!"

M. OSTERVALD.

MR. Ostervald, a well-known French banker, died at Paris in December 1790, literally of want. This man, originally of Neufchatel, felt the violence of the disease of avarice, (for surely it is rather a disease than a passion of the mind) so strongly, that, within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat for the purpose of making a little soup. "'Tis true," said he, "I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite for the meat; what then is to become of that?" At the time that he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied round his neck a silken bag, which contained 800 assignats of 1000 livres each. At his outset in life, he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper, every night at a house much frequented, from which he carried home all the bottle-corks he could come at,

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Of these, in the course of eight years, he had collected as many as sold for 12 louis-d'or, a sum that laid the foundation of his fortune, the superstructure of which was rapidly raised by his uncommon success in stock-jobbing. He died possessed of three millions of livres, or 125,000l. sterling.

Another extraordinary instance of avarice, and of a still more miserable death was exhibited in the same country in the person of M. Foscue. This man, one of the farmers-general of Languedoc, under the former government had amassed considerable wealth by grinding the poor within his province, and every other means, however low, base or cruel; by which he rendered himself universally hated. He was one day ordered by the Government to raise a considerable sum: on which, as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing lest some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved to hide his treasure in such a manner, as to escape the most rigid examination. He dug a kind of cave in his wine-cellar, which he made so large and deep, that he used to go down with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a spring lock on it, which, on shutting, would fasten of itself. Soon afterwards, Mons. Foscue was missing: diligent search was made after him in every place; the ponds were drawn, and every method which human imagination could suggest, was taken to find

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him, but in vain. In a short time after his house was sold, and the purchaser beginning either to rebuild, or to make some alterations in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened. On going down they found Mons. Foscue lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but the candle he had eaten; and on searching farther they discovered the vast wealth that he had amassed. It is supposed, that when Mons. Foscue went into his cave, the door, by some accident shut after him, and being out of call of any person, he perished for want of food. He had gnawed the flesh off both his arms, as is supposed for subsistence. Thus did this miser die of want, in the midst of his useless heaps of hoarded treasure!

THOMAS ROBERTS.

THIS man, a native of Kirkmond in Lincolnshire, was a most extraordinary *lusus naturæ*. He was perfect to his elbows and knees, but without either arms or legs. Above one of his elbows was a short bony substance, like the joint of a thumb, which had some muscular motion, and was of considerable use to him.

Nature, however, compensated for his want of limbs, by giving him a strong understanding, and bodily health and spirits. When Sir George

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Barlow, the last baronet of that ancient family, rented of Edmond Turnor, Esq. the manor and lordship of Kirkmond, he kept a pack of hare-hounds. Tom was for many years employed as his huntsman, and used to ride down the hills, which are remarkably steep, with singular courage and dexterity. His turn for horses was so great, that, on leaving the service of Sir George Barlow, he became a farrier of considerable reputation, and, indulging in his propensity to liquor, seldom came home sober from the neighboring markets. He, however, required no other assistance from the parish, till hebecame infirm, than a habitation, and the keeping of a horse and cow.

What is perhaps more remarkable, he married three wives! By the first, who was an elderly woman, he had no children; but by the second he left two sons, who at his death were in good situations as farmers' servants, and buried him in a decent manner. He died May 16, 1797, aged 85.

ROBERT FORSTER,

SURNAMED the *Flying Barber*, of Cambridge, was many years hair-dresser to Clare-hall. He was eccentric in his manners, but respected as an honest man. The gentlemen of the University, bought him a silver bason by subscription; and it was no small honour for a stranger to say, that he had been shaved out of Forster's bason. The

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celerity with which he almost "annihilated both space and time," to attend his masters, which procured him his title, as well as the dispatch he made with their beards when he got at them, were very extraordinary; and, in fact, in his walk, or rather run, his feet moved somewhat like the spokes of a chariot wheel. With the utmost glee did this poor fellow follow a gentleman to the rooms of his friend the present Bishop of Cloyne, to shew him the many comical letters that had been sent, but post paid, from London and elsewhere, addressed to *Robert Fly Forster, Esq.* and replete with fun and drollery, in verse and prose. But more particularly he brought him his famous silver Mambrino's helmet, decorated in its centre with *the barber's arms*, which were said to be the device of the late ingenious George Stevens, Esq. On showing this great curiosity, he said, "They tell me, sir, that I am to have a razor set in gold to shave his majesty when he comes to Cambridge; such fun do the gentlemen make of me, sir." His meagre figure, his apology for a wig, his gait and shaving attitude, are admirably expressed in a humorous carricature print, published at Cambridge some years ago. The print consists of two compartments, which may very properly be intituled "Forster passant" and "Forster rampant;" the one representing him as scudding the streets, and the other in the attitude of levelling the first stroke at a gentleman 's beard. He died at Cambridge January 25, 1800.

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ALICE.

THOUGH the republicans of America manifest the utmost contempt for every other country when placed in the scale with their boasted land of freedom, yet it is well known that Slavery, clad in all her horrors, there brandishes her inhuman scourge and pollutes this pretended country of liberty and equality with the most barbarous atrocities. Among the unfortunate beings whose lot subjected them to her dominion, but who experienced comparatively a small portion of her rigor, was the venerable female known by the name of Alice.

She was a native of America, being born in Philadelphia, of parents who came from Barbadoes, and lived in that city until she was ten years old, when her master removed her to Dunk's Ferry, in which neighbourhood she continued to the end of her days. She remembered the ground on which Philadelphia stands, when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians (its chief inhabitants) hunted wild game in the woods, while the panther, the wolf, and the beasts of the forest, were prowling about the wigwams and cabins in which they lived.

Being a sensible, intelligent woman, and having a good memory, which she retained to the last, she would often make judicious remarks on the population and improvements of the city and

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country; hence her conversation became peculiarly interesting, especially to the immediate descendants of the first settlers, of whose ancestors she often related acceptable anecdotes. She remembered William Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, Thomas Story, James Logan, and several other distinguished characters of that day. During a short visit which she paid to Philadelphia, in 1801, many respectable persons called to see her, who were all pleased with her innocent cheerfulness, and that dignified deportment, for which, though a slave and uninstructed, she was ever remarkable.

In observing the increase of the city, she pointed out the house next to the episcopal church, to the southward in Second-street, as the first brick building that was erected in it; and it is more than probable she was right, for it bears evident marks of antiquity. The first church, she said, was a small frame that stood where the present building stands, the ceiling of which she could reach with her hands from the floor. She was a worthy member of the episcopal society, and attended their public worship as long as she lived. Indeed, she was so zealous to perform this duty, in proper season, that she has often been met on horseback, in full gallop, to church, at the age of 95 years. The veneration she had for the bible induced her to lament that she was not able to read it; but the deficiency was in part supplied by the kindness of many of her friends, who, at her request, would read it to

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her, when she would listen with great attention, and often make pertinent remarks.

She was temperate in her living, and so careful to keep to the truth, that her veracity was never questioned; her honesty also was unimpeached, for such was her master's confidence in it, that she was trusted at all times to receive the ferriage money for upwards of forty years.

This extraordinary woman retained her hearing to the end of her life, but her sight began to fail gradually in the ninety-sixth year of her age. At one hundred she became blind, so that she could not see the sun at noon day. But her last master kindly excused her from her usual labour; being habituated from her childhood to constant employment, she could not be idle, for she afterwards devoted her time to fishing, at which she was very expert, and even at this late period, when her sight had so entirely left her, she would frequently row herself out into the middle of the stream, from which she seldom returned without a handsome supply of fish for her master's table. About the one hundred and second year of her age, her sight gradually returned, and improved so far, that she could perceive objects moving before her, though she could not distinguish persons. Before she died, her hair became perfectly white, and the last of her teeth dropt sound from her head at the age of 116 years. At this age she died, in 1802, at Bristol, in Pennsylvania.

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MR. ANDREWS

THIS gentleman was born to an independent fortune, but commencing life at a time that he was incapable of judging of the world, or of himself, he was led by a single passion, for he was not actuated by any other. He devoted himself entirely to the blind goddess, and worshipped her incessantly under the form of two ivory balls. He was remarkably thin, not very tall, though above the middle size: his face was a perfect vacuum, with respect to every possible idea except billiards. So infatuated was he in pursuing this game, that to attain the summit of excellence he sacrificed to it days, nights, weeks, months, and years. At length he arrived at such a degree of perfection, as well in the theoretical, as the practical part of the game, that no player in Europe could equal him, except one, who was the celebrated Abraham Carter, who kept the tables at the corner of the Piazzas, Russel-street, Covent Garden. Mr. Andrews was the most devoted adept at this game that ever nature produced: he seemed but to vegetate in a billiard-room, and indeed he did little more in any other place. He was a perfect billiard valetudinarian, in the most rigid signification of the expression. He ate, drank, slept, walked, nay, talked but to promote the system of the balls. His regimen was tea, and toast and butter, for

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breakfast, for dinner, and for supper. It might reasonably be imagined, that so regular a professor would obtain all the advantages that could result from the science. He won considerable sums, but knew not the value of money; and when playing for only five or ten pounds, he took no pains, but seemed perfectly indifferent about winning or losing. There was a latent finesse in this, but it did not operate to his advantage: he was laying by for bets, but as they were seldom offered, the strength of his play being very well known, he often lost by repeated small sums very considerable ones. It is generally believed, however, that he has played for more money at billiards than any other person ever did. The following is a remarkable circumstance: he one night won of a Colonel W——e upwards of 1000l. and the colonel appointed to meet him the next day, to go with him into the city, to transfer stock to him to the amount of the sum lost. Being in a hackney-coach, they fussed up who should pay for it—Andrews lost; and upon this small beginning he was excited to continue, till he lost the whole sum he won the night before at billiards. When the coachman stopped to set down, he was ordered to get up again, and drive them back, as they had no occasion to get out. By these pursuits he lost very large sums which he had won at billiards; and in a few years, hazard, and other games of chance, stripped him of every shilling he could command. He had still left a small an-

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nuity, which he endeavoured to dispose of, but it was so securely settled upon himself that he could not sell it; otherwise it is probable that it would soon have been transferred at the gaming-table. He was living within these few years in a retired manner in Kent, where he declared to an intimate, old acquaintance, that he never knew contentment while he was rolling in money; but since he was obliged to live upon a scanty pittance, he thought himself one of the happiest men in the universe.

JOSEPH STRONG.

THE propensity of persons who have had the misfortune to be denied the blessing of sight to cultivate the science of music, is notorious to every person of the least observation. With this propensity is not seldom combined an extraordinary genius for mechanics, but few have possessed both in a greater degree than Mr. Joseph Strong.

He was a native of Carlisle and was blind from his birth. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, he displayed even in his infancy astonishing skill in mechanics. He attached himself early to the study of music, and was a good performer on the organ. The following circumstance affords a striking instance of his ingenuity and perseverance, by means of which he contrived to pro-

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duce every thing he thought worth possessing: At the age of fifteen he one afternoon concealed himself in the cathedral of Carlisle, during the time of divine service. When the congregation had retired and the doors were shut, he proceeded to the organ-loft, and examined every part of the instrument. He was thus occupied till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting the general construction, he began to try the tone of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other. This experiment could not however be concluded in so silent a manner as the business which had before engaged his attention. The neighbourhood was alarmed; various were the conjectures as to the cause of the nocturnal music, at length some persons mustered courage sufficient to go and see what was the matter, and Joseph was found playing the organ. Next day he was sent for by the dean, who after reprimanding him for the method he had taken to gratify his curiosity, gave him permission to play whenever he pleased.

He now set about making himself a chamber-organ, which he completed without any assistance whatever. This instrument he sold to a merchant, and it is now in the possession of a gentleman of Dublin, who preserves it as a curiosity. Soon afterwards he made another, on which he used to play both for amusement and devotion.

At the age of twenty he could make himself almost every article of wearing apparel; and all

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his household furniture with few exceptions, was of his own manufacture. Besides these he constructed various pieces of machinery, and among the rest a model of a loom, with a figure representing a man working in it. The first pair of shoes he made, was for the purpose of walking from Carlisle to London, to visit Mr. Stanley, the celebrated blind organist of the Temple Church. This visit he actually paid, and was highly gratified with the jaunt.

Though he indulged his fancy in the manner described above, yet these amusements did not prevent him from following with great assiduity the business of a diaper weaver, at which he was accounted a good workman.

Till within a few months of his death, he was a constant attendant at the cathedral; but not being able to accompany the choir in chaunting the psalms, he composed several hymns which corresponded with the music, and which he substituted as an act of private devotion during the performance of that part of the public service. It is not known whether any person was ever attentive enough to copy these pious effusions, which were certainly respectable from the motive by which they were dictated, and for the obtaining of which he afforded ample opportunity as they generally made a part of his musical performance before strangers, and indeed that part in which he seemed to take the greatest pleasure.

Mr. Strong was married at the age of twenty five, and had several children. He died at Carlisle in March 1798 in his 66th. year.

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JOHN ZEPHANIAH HOLWELL ESQ.

THE name of this gentleman is principally rendered remarkable by the sense of distress, almost unparalleled, in which he was involved, and of which he gave to the world a horribly faithful picture.

Mr. Holwell went from England to the East-Indies in the civil service of the company, and in 1756 was next in authority, at Fort William, in Calcutta, to the governor Mr. Drake. The nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowla, was then engaged in a war with the East-India company, and the conduct of governor Drake, who had among other things unjustly imprisoned Omychund, a considerable Gentoo merchant of the country, drew his resentment upon the English factory at Calcutta. He marched against it in person, and laid siege to the fort. Drake, the cause of this misfortune, no sooner beheld it approach, than he deserted his station, leaving the gentlemen of the factory, and the garrison, to shift for themselves.

On the departure of the governor, Mr. Holwell took the command upon himself, and resolved to defend the place as long as he was able. This voluntary opposition incensed the nabob against him, and conceiving that he would not from disinterested motives have undertaken a work of

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supererogation attended with such fatigue and danger, he concluded that there were very great treasures in the fort, in which Mr. Holwell was deeply concerned as a proprietor. He therefore pushed the siege with great vigor, and on the 20th of June 1756, made himself master of the place. Of the events that followed a most interesting account is given by Mr. Holwell in the subjoined letter to his friend Mr. Davis.

"*Dear Sir.*

"BEFORE I conduct you into the Black Hole, I must acquaint you that the Suba, named Surajah Dowla, viceroy of Bengal Bahar, and Orixa, and his troops were possessed of the fort before six in the evening, with whom I had in all three interviews; the last in durbar, or council, before seven, when he repeated his assurances to me, on the word of a soldier, that no harm should come to us; and indeed, I believe he only ordered, that we should, for that night, be secured, and that what followed was the result of the revenge of the lower jemmaatdars, or serjeants, to whose custody we were delivered, for the number of their order killed during the siege. However this be, as soon as it was dark, we were all, without distinction, directed by our guard to sit down quietly under the arched veranda or piazza, to the west of the Black Hole prison; and just over against the windows of the governor's easterly apartments.

"The factory was at this time in flames; to the right of us the armory and laboratory, and to

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the left the carpenter's yard; though we now imagined it was the cotto, or the company's, cloth-warehouses. Various were our conjectures on this appearance, but it was the general opinion that they intended to suffocate us between two fires; which was confirmed about half an hour after seven, when some officers and people with lighted torches in their hands went into all the apartments to the right of us, as was then imagined, to put their scheme in execution. We hereupon, presently resolved to rush upon the guard, seize their scymetars, and attack the troops upon the parade, rather than be tamely roasted to death; but it was, upon enquiry, discovered that they were only searching for a place to confine us in, the last they examined being the barracks of the court of guard behind us.

Here I cannot omit doing honor to the memory of a man to whom I had in many instances been a friend; this was Leech, the company's smith, as well as clerk of the parish; who, having made his escape, when the Moors entered the fort, returned, as soon as it was dark, to inform me that he had provided a boat, and would ensure my escape, if I would follow him through a secret passage, through which he had then entered. Having thanked him in the best terms I was able, I told him I could not prevail on myself to take such a step, as I should thereby very ill repay the attachment the gentlemen and the garrison had shewn to me; but I pressed him to lose no time in securing his own escape; to

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which he gallantly replied, that he was then determined to share my fate and would not leave me.

" We were no sooner all within the barracks, than the guard advancing to the parapet wall, with their muskets presented, ordered us to enter the room at the southernmost end of the barracks, commonly called the Black hole; while others, from the court of guard, pressed upon those next them, with clubs and drawn scymetars in their hands. This stroke was so sudden, and the throng and pressure upon us next the door of this prison so great, that, as one agitated wave impels another, we were obliged to give way and go into the room; the rest followed like a torrent, few of us, except the soldiers having any idea of the dimensions of a place we had never seen; for if we had, we should rather have rushed on the guard, and chosen, as the less evil, to be cut to pieces.

" Among the first that entered were myself, Messrs. Baillie, Jenks, Cook, T. Coles, Ensign Scott, Revely, Law, Buchanan, &c. I got possession of the window nearest the door, and Messieurs Coles, and Scott into the window with me, they being both wounded (the first I believe mortally.) The rest of the above mentioned gen. were close round about me. It was now about eight o'clock.

" It is impossible fully to describe the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and action, crammed

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Governor Holwell, confined in the Black Hole.

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together in a cube of eighteen feet, in a close sultry night, in Bengal, shut up to the westward and southward (the only quarters from whence air could reach us) by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarce any the least circulation of fresh air.

"What must ensue, appeared to me in lively and dreadful colours, the instant I cast my eyes round and saw the size and situation of the room. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to force the door; for having nothing but our hands to work with, and the door opening inward, all endeavours were vain and fruitless.

"I observed every one giving way to the violence of their passions, wherefore, I entreated, in the most pathetic terms, that, as they had readily obeyed me in the day, they would now for the sake of themselves, and their friends, regard my advice. I assured them that the return of day would give us air and liberty, and that the only chance we had of surviving the night, was a quiet resignation to our fate, earnestly beseeching them, as much as possible to restrain their passion, the giving a loose to which would only hasten their destruction. This remonstrance produced a short interval of peace, which afforded me a few minutes for reflection; though it was not a little interrupted by the cries and groans of the many wounded, and especially of my two companions in the window.

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"Among the guards posted at the windows, I observed an old Jemmautdaar near me, who seemed to carry some compassion for us in his countenance. I called him to me, and pressed him to endeavour to get us separated, half in one place and half in another, and that he should in the morning receive a thousand rupees for this act of tenderness. He withdrew; but in a few minutes returned, and told me it was impossible. I then thought I had been deficient in my offer, and promised him two thousand; he withdrew a second time, but returned soon, and (with, I believe, much real pity and concern) told me, that it could not be done but by the suba's order, and that no one dared awake him.

"We had been but a few minutes confined before every one fell into a perspiration so profuse, you can form no idea of it. This brought on a raging thirst, which increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture.

"Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. To obtain the former, it was moved to put off their clothes; this was approved as a happy motion, and in a few minutes, I believe every man was stripped (myself, Mr. Court, and the two young gentlemen by me excepted.) For a little time they flattered themselves with having gained a mighty advantage; every hat was put in motion to produce a circulation of air, and Mr. Baillie proposed that every man should sit down on his hams. This expedient was several times put in practice, and at each time many

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of the poor creatures, whose natural strength was less than that of others, or who had been more exhausted and could not immediately recover their legs, as others did when the word was given to rise, fell to rise no more; for they were instantly trod to death, or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together that they were obliged to use many efforts, before they could put themselves in motion to get up again.

"Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Efforts were made again to force the door, but in vain. Many insults were used to the guard to provoke them to fire in upon us; which I afterwards learned, were carried much higher, when I was no longer sensible of what was transacted. For my own part, I hitherto felt little pain or uneasiness, but what resulted from my anxiety for the sufferings of those within. By keeping my face between two of the bars I obtained air enough to give my lungs easy play, though my perspiration was excessive, and thirst commencing. At this period, so strong an urinous volatile effluvia came from the prison, that I was not able to turn my head that way, for more than a few seconds at a time.

"Every one, excepting those situated in and near the windows, began to grow outrageous, and many delirious; *Water, water,* became the general cry. And the old Jemmautdaar before mentioned, taking pity on us, ordered the people

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to bring some skins of water. This was what I dreaded. It foresaw it would prove the ruin of the small chance left us, and essayed many times to speak to him privately to forbid its being brought: but the clamour was so loud, it became impossible. The water appeared. Words cannot paint to you the universal agitation and raving the sight of it threw us into. I flattered myself that some, by preserving an equal temper of mind, might out-live the night; but now the reflection, which gave me the greatest pain, was, that I saw no possibility of one escaping to tell the dismal tale.

"Until the water came, I had myself not suffered much from thirst, which instantly grew excessive. We had no means of conveying it into prison, but by hats forced through the bars; and thus myself and Messieurs Coles and Scott (notwithstanding the pains they suffered from their wounds) supplied them as fast as possible. But those who have experienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will be sufficiently sensible it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation; the cause subsisted. Though we brought full hats within the bars, there ensued such violent struggles, and frequent contests to get at it, that before it reached the lips of any one, there would be scarcely a small tea-cup full left in them. These supplies, like sprinkling water on fire, only served to feed and raise the flame.

"It is out of my power to convey to you an

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idea of what I felt when I heard the cries and ravings of those in the remoter parts of the prison, who could not entertain a probable hope of obtaining a drop, yet could not divest themselves of expectation, however unavailing; and calling on me by the tender considerations of friendship and affection, and who knew they were really dear to me! Think, if possible, what my heart must have suffered at seeing and hearing their distress, without having it in my power to relieve them; for the confusion now became general and horrid. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life) to force their way to the water, and the throng and press upon the window was beyond bearing; many forcing their passage from the further part of the room, pressed down those in their way who had less strength, and trampled them to death.

"From about nine to near eleven, I sustained this cruel sense and painful situation, still supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broken with the weight against them. By this time I myself was nearly pressed to death, and my two companions, with Mr William Parker, (who had forced himself into the window,) were really so.

"For a long time they preserved a respect and regard to me, more than indeed I could well expect, our circumstances considered: but now all distinction was lost. My friend Baillie, Messrs. Jenks, Revely, Law, Buchanan, Simpson, and several others, for whom I had a real esteem and

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affection, had for some time been dead at my feet; and were now trampled upon by every corporal or common soldier, who by the help of more robust constitutions, had forced their way to the window, and held fast by the bars over me, till at last I became so pressed and wedged up, that I was deprived of all motion.

"Determined now to give every thing up, I called to them, and begged, as the last instance of their regard, they would remove the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window, to die in quiet. They gave way; and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the center of the prison, where the throng was less by the many dead, (then I believe amounting to one third) and the numbers who flocked to the window; for by this time they had water also at the other window.

"In the black hole there is a platform corresponding with that in the barrack. This platform was raised between three and four feet from the floor, open underneath; it extended the whole length of the east side of the prison, and was above six feet wide. I repaired to the further end of it, and seated myself between Mr. Dumbleton, and Captain Stevenson, the former just then expiring. I was still happy in a calmness of mind; death I expected as unavoidable, and only lamented its slow approach, though the moment I quitted the window, my breathing grew short and painful. Here my poor friend Mr. Edward Eyre came staggering over the dead to me, and

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with his usual coolness and goodnature, asked me how I did; but fell and expired before I had time to make him a reply. I laid myself down on some of the dead behind me, on the platform; and, recommending myself to heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration.

"My thirst grew now insupportable, and the difficulty of breathing much increased; and I had not remained in this situation, I believe, ten minutes, when I was seized with a pain in my breast, and palpitation of heart, both to the most exquisite degree. These roused and obliged me to get up again; but still the pain, palpitation, thirst, and difficulty of breathing increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding; and had the grief to see death not so near me as I hoped; but could no longer bear the pains I suffered without attempting a relief, which I knew fresh air alone would and could give me. I instantly determined to push for the window opposite to me; and by an effort of double the strength I had ever before possessed, gained the third rank at it, with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained the second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window.

"In a few moments the pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud for *Water for God's sake*. I had been concluded dead; but as soon as they found me amongst them, they still

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had the respect and tenderness for me, to cry out, *Give him water, give him water!* nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drunk. But from the water I had no relief; my thirst was rather increased by it; so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event, and kept my mouth moist from time to time by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell, like heavy rain, from my head and face; you can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth.

"I came into the prison without coat or waistcoat; the season was too hot to bear the former, and the latter tempted the avarice of one of the guards, who robbed me of it when we were under the veranda. Whilst I was at this second window, I was observed by one of my miserable companions on the right of me, in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt-sleeves. He took the hint, and robbed me from time to time of a considerable part of my store; though after I detected him, I had the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer I found afterwards was a worthy young gentleman in the service, * Mr. Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death, and who has since paid me the compliment of assuring me

* Sir Stephen Lushington, late one of the Directors of the East India Company, who died in January, 1807.

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that he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeves. Before I hit upon this happy expedient, I had in an ungovernable fit of thirst, attempted drinking my urine; but it was so intensely bitter, there was no enduring a second taste, whereas no Bristol water could be more soft or pleasant than what arose from perspiration.

"By half an hour past eleven, the much greater number of the living were in an outrageous delirium, and the others quite ungovernable; few retaining any calmness, but the ranks next the windows. They all now found, that water, instead of relieving, rather heightened their uneasinesses; and *Air, air,* was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard, all the opprobrious names and abuse that the subas, Monickchund, could be loaded with, were repeated to provoke the guard to fire upon us, every man that could, rushing tumultuously towards the windows, with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. Then a general prayer ascended to heaven to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and left of us, and put a period to our misery. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted, laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows; others who had yet some strength and vigour left, made a last effort for the windows, and several succeeded by treading and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks; and got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them.

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Many to the right and left sunk with the violent pressure, and were soon suffocated; for now a steam arose from the living and the dead, which affected us in all its circumstances, as if we were forcibly held by our heads over a bowl of strong volatile spirit of hartshorn, until suffocated; nor could the effluvia of the one be distinguished from the other; and frequently, when I was forced by the load upon my head and shoulders, to hold my face down, I was obliged, near as I was to the window, instantly to raise it again, to escape suffocation.

"I need not, my dear friend, ask your commiseration, when I tell you, that in this plight, from half an hour after eleven till near two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees on my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head; a Dutch serjeant, who had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a Topaz or black christian soldier bearing on my right: all which, nothing could have enabled me long to support, but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all around. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above stuck fast, and, as he held by two bars, was immoveable.

"When I had endured this conflict above an hour, despairing of relief, my spirit, resolution, and every sentiment of religion gave way. I found I could not long support this trial, and abhorred the dreadful thought of retiring into the in-

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neral part of the prison where I had before suffered so much. Some infernal spirit, taking advantage of this extremity brought to my remembrance my having a small clasp pen-knife in my pocket, with which I determined instantly to open my arteries to put an end to my misery. I had got it out, when heaven restored me to fresh spirits and resolution, with an abhorrence of the act of cowardice I was just going to commit; but, the repeated efforts I made to dislodge this insufferable incumbrance upon me, at last quite exhausted me, and towards two o'clock, finding I must quit the window, or sink where I was, I resolved on the former, having borne, truly for the sake of others, infinitely more for life, than the best of it is worth.

" In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships, whose name was Carey, and who behaved with much bravery during the siege, (his wife, a fine woman though country born, would not quit him, but accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived.) This poor wretch had been long raving for water and air; I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting, he made an attempt to get at my place; but was supplanted.

" Poor Carey expressed his thankfulness, and said, he would give up life too; but it was with the utmost labour we forced our way from the window, several in the inner ranks appearing to me dead standing, unable to fall by the throng

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and equal pressure around. He laid himself down to die: and his death, I believe, was very sudden, for he was a short, full, sanguine man: his strength was great, and I imagine had he not retired with me, I should never have been able to have forced my way.

"I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the reverend Mr. Jervas Bellamy, who lay dead with his son the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison. When I had lain there some little time, I still had reflection enough to suffer some uneasiness in the thought, that I should be trampled upon, when dead, as I myself had done to others. With some difficulty I raised myself and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation: the last trace of sensibility that I have been able to recollect after my lying down, was, my sash being uneasy about my waist, which I untied and threw from me. Of what passed in this interval to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account; and indeed the particulars mentioned by some of the gentlemen who survived were so excessively absurd and contradictory as to convince me that very few of them retained their senses; or at least, lost them soon after they came into the open air, by the fever they carried out with them.

"In my own escape from death the hand of heaven was manifestly exerted. The manner of it was as follows:

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"When the day broke, and the gentlemen found that no intreaties could prevail to get the door opened, it occurred to one of them (I think to Mr. Secretary Cooke) to make a search for me, in hopes I might have influence enough to gain a release from this scene of misery. Accordingly Messrs. Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by my shirt discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me from thence, and imagining I had some signs of life, brought me towards the window I had first possession of.

"But as life was equally dear to every man, (and the stench arising from the dead bodies was grown so intolerable) no one would give up his station in or near the window: so they were obliged to carry me back again. But soon after Captain Mills, who was in possession of a seat in the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentlemen and placed in the window.

"At this juncture the suba, who had received an account of the havock death had made among us, sent one of his Jemmautdaars to enquire if the Chief survived. They shewed me to him; told him I had some appearance of life remaining: and believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the suba, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning.

"The fresh air at the window soon brought

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me to life, and restored me to my sight and senses: but I will not attempt to describe what my soul suffered, on the review of the dreadful destruction around me; and indeed tears, a tribute I shall ever pay to the remembrance of these brave and valuable men, restrain my pen.

"The little strength remaining among the most robust of the survivors rendered it difficult to remove the dead piled up against the door; so that I believe it was more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time.

"I was soon convinced that the particular enquiry made after me did not result from any dictate of favor, humanity, or contrition. When I came out, being in a high putrid fever and unable to stand, I threw myself on the wet grass, without the veranda, when a message was brought me, signifying that I must immediately attend the suba. They were obliged to support me under each arm, and on the way, one of the jemmautdaars advised me, as a friend, to make a full confession where the treasure was buried in the fort, or that, in half an hour, I should be shot off from the mouth of a cannon, a sentence of death, common in Indostan. This intimation gave me no concern at all, for I should now have esteemed death the greatest favour the tyrant could have bestowed upon me.

"Being brought into his presence, he soon observed the wretched plight I was in, and ordered a large folio volume, which lay on a heap of plunder, to be brought for me to sit on. Twice or

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thrice I endeavored to speak, but my tongue was dry and without any motion. He ordered me water, and as soon as I could speak, I began to recount the dismal catastrophe of my miserable companions; but, interrupting me, he acquainted me that he was well informed of a great treasure being buried or secreted in the fort, that I was privy to it, and must discover it, if I expected favour.

"I said all I could to convince him there was no truth in the information, or, that if any such thing had been done, it was without my knowledge. I reminded him of his repeated assurances to me the day before; but he resumed the subject of the treasure, and all I could urge seeming to gain no credit with him, he gave orders for my being a prisoner under Mhir Muddon, general of the household troops.

"I was ordered to the camp, to Mhir Muddon's quarters, within the outward ditch, something short of Omychund's garden, which is above three miles from the fort; and with me Messrs. Court, Walcot, and Burdet. The rest who survived the fatal night, gained their liberty, except Mrs. Carey who was too young and handsome. The dead bodies were promiscuously thrown into the ditch of an unfinished ravelin, and covered with the earth.

"My being treated with this severity, I have sufficient reason to affirm, proceeded from the suba's resentment, for my defending the fort after the governor had abandoned it; his prepossession touching the treasure; and, thirdly, the in-

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stigations of Omychund, in revenge for my not releasing him out of prison, as soon as I had the command of the fort; a circumstance which, in the heat and hurry of action, never once occurred to me, or I had certainly done it, because I thought his imprisonment unjust. But, that my hard treatment may be truly attributed in a great measure to his suggestions and insinuations, I am well assured, from the whole of his subsequent conduct; which was farther evident from the three gentlemen selected to be my companions, against each of whom he had conceived particular resentment.

"We were conveyed in a hackery (a coach drawn by oxen) to the camp, the 21st of June in the morning, being so loaded with fetters, and stowed all four in a seapoy's tent, about four feet long, three wide, and three high; so that we were half in and half out. All night it rained severely; but it was, however, a paradise compared with our lodging the preceding night. Here I became covered from head to foot with large, painful boils, the first symptom of my recovery; for till these appeared my fever did not leave me.

"On the morning of the 22d, they marched us to town in our fetters under the scorching beams of an intensely hot sun, and lodged us at the dock-head, in the open small veranda fronting the river, where we had a strong guard over us, commanded by Bundo Sing Hazary, an officer under Mhir Muddon; and here the other gentlemen broke out likewise in boils all over

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their bodies—a happy circumstance, which, as I afterwards learned, attended every one who came out of the Black Hole.

"On our arrival here, we were soon informed that we should be sent to Muxadabad; and on the 24th, in the afternoon we were embarked in a large boat, which bulged ashore, a little after we set off: however, they pushed on, though she made so much water that she could scarcely swim. Our bedstead and bedding were a platform of loose, unequal bamboos, laid on the bottom timbers: we had scarcely any clothes, and nothing but a piece of mat, and one or two pieces of old gunny-bag to defend us from the sun, rains and dews. Our only food was rice, and the water along-side.

"Though our destresses were very deplorable, the grateful consideration of our being so providentially a remnant of the saved, made every thing else appear light to us. Our rice and water-diet, designed as a grievance, was certainly a preservation; for, could we have been indulged in flesh and wine, we had undoubtedly died.

"When we arrived at Hughly Fort, I wrote a short letter to Governor Bisdom, informing him of our miserable plight; who had the humanity to dispatch three several boats after us with fresh provisions, liquors, clothes, and money, none of which reached us. But "whatever is, is right:" our rice and water were more salutary and proper for us.

"When we came opposite to Santipore, they

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found that the boat would not be able to proceed for want of water in the river, and one of the guard was sent ashore to demand of the zemindar of that district, light boats to carry the prisoners of state under their charge to Muxadabad; but the zemindar, giving no credit to the fellow, drove him away.

"This produced a most terrible commotion; our jemmautdaar ordered his people to arms, in order to take the zemindar and carry him bound a prisoner to Muxadabad. They accordingly landed, when it occurred to a mischievous mortal among them, that the taking me with them would be a proof of their commission, and of the high offence of the zemindar.

"Being immediately lugged ashore, I urged the impossibility of my walking, covered as my legs were with boils, and several of them in the way of my fetters: and intreated, if I must go, that they would for the time take off my irons, as it was not in my power to escape from them; but I was constrained to crawl, under a scorching sun near noon, for more than a mile and a half; my legs running in a stream of blood from the irritation of my irons, and myself ready to drop every step with excessive faintness and unspeakable pain.

"When we came near the cutcherry of the district, the zemindar was ready to receive us; but as soon as they presented me to him as a prisoner of state, estimated and valued to them at four lacks of rupees (50,000l.) he confessed his mistake, and made no farther resistance. The

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jemmautdaar gave orders to have him bound and sent to the boat; but on his farther submission, matters were accommodated, and he was released.

" I became so very low and weak from this cruel travel, that it was some time before they would venture to march me back; and the stony-hearted villains, for their own sakes, were, at last, obliged to carry me part of the way, and support me the rest, covering me from the sun with their shields.

" We departed immediately in expectation of boats following, but they never came; and the next day, I think the last of June, they pressed a small open fishing dingy, and embarked us on it, with two of our guard only; for in fact any more would have sunk her. Here we had a bed of bamboos something softer, I think, than those of the great boat; but we had so little room, that we could not stir without our fetters bruising our own or each other's boils, and did not arrive at Muxadabad till the 7th of July in the afternoon. However, by the good-nature of Shaik Bodul, we now and then latterly got a few plantains, onions, parched rice with jaggree (molasses), and the bitter green, called curella; all which made the rice go down deliciously.

" On the 7th of July we came in sight of the French factory. I had a letter prepared for Mr. Law, the chief; and prevailed on my friend Bodul to bring to there. On the receipt of my letter, Mr. Law, with much politeness and humanity, came down to the water-side, and remained

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near an hour with us; he gave the shaik a handsome present for his civilities, and offered him a considerable reward and security, if he would permit us to land for an hour's refreshment; but he replied, that his head would pay for the indulgence. After Mr. Law had given us a supply of clothes, linen, provisions, liquors, and cash, we left his factory with grateful hearts.

"We could not, as may easily be imagined, long abstain from our stock of provisions: though, however temperate we thought ourselves, we were all more or less disordered by this first indulgence. A few hours after, I was seized with a painful inflammation in my right leg and thigh; but about four in the afternoon we landed at Muxadabad, and were deposited in an open stable; not far from the suba's palace, in the city.

"I will freely confess that thus led, like a felon, a spectacle to this populous city, my soul could not support itself with any degree of patience. The pain too, arising from my boils, and the inflammation of my leg, added not a little, I believe to the depression of my spirits.

"Here we had a guard of Moors placed on one side of us, and a guard of Gentoos on the other, and being destined to remain here until the suba returned to the city, the immense crowd of spectators so blocked us up from morning till night, that I may truly say, we narrowly escaped a second suffocation, the weather proving exceedingly sultry.

"The first night after our arri val in the stable, I was attacked by a fever; and that night and

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next day, the inflammation of my leg and thigh greatly increased; but all terminated the second night in a regular fit of the gout in my right foot and ancle, the first and last fit of this kind I ever had. How my irons agreed with this new visitor, I leave you to judge; for I could not by any intreaty obtain liberty for so much as that poor leg.

"During our residence here we experienced every act of friendship and humanity from Messrs. Law and Vernet, the French and Dutch chiefs of Cossimbuzar, who left no means unessayed to procure our release. Our provisions were regularly sent us from the Dutch tanksall (mint) in Corimabad, and we were daily visited by Messrs. Ross and Ekstone, the chief and second there; and indeed received such instances of commiseration and affection from the former, as will ever claim my most grateful remembrance.

"The whole body of Armenian merchants too were most kind and friendly to us, particularly Aga Manuel Satoor; and we were not a little indebted to the obliging behavior of Messrs. Hastings and Chambers, who gave us as much of their company as they could. They had obtained their liberty by the French and Dutch chiefs becoming bail for their appearance, which security was often tendered for us, but without effect.

"The 11th of July the suba arrived in the city, and with him Bundoo Sing, to whose house we were removed that afternoon in a hackery; and here we were confirmed in a report, which

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had before reached us, that the suba, on his return to Hughly made inquiry for us, with intention to release us; and that he had expressed some resentment at Mhir Muddon, for having so hastily sent us up to Muxadabad.

"Though we were here lodged in an open bungulo only, yet we once more breathed the fresh air, and were treated with much kindness and respect by Bundoo Sing, who entertained us with hopes of being soon released.

"The 15th, we were conducted in a hackery to the kella or residence of the suba, in order to have an audience, and were kept above an hour in the sun opposite the gate; but receiving advice that we should have no admittance that day, we were remanded to the stable, where we had the mortification of passing another night.

"Towards five, the shaik waked me with notice that the suba would presently pass by to his palace of Mooteejeel: we roused, and desired the guard would keep the view clear for us. When the suba came in sight, we made him the usual salaam, and when he came opposite to us he ordered his litter to stop, and directed that we should be called to him. We advanced, and I addressed him in a short speech, setting forth our sufferings, and petitioned for our liberty. The wretched spectacle we exhibited, must, I think, have made an impression on the most brutal breast; and if his heart were capable of pity or contrition he must have felt it then. He gave me no reply, but ordered two inferior officers immediately to see our irons cut off, to conduct

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us wherever we chose to go, and to take care we received no molestation or insult. Having repeated this order distinctly, he directed his retinue to proceed. As soon as our legs were free, we took boat and arrived at the tanksall, where we were received and entertained with real joy and humanity."

It was probably the effects of these dreadful sufferings endured by Mr. Holwell that obliged him to leave the East Indies. He returned soon afterwards to England in the Syren sloop, and penned the above account during the passage.

Mr. Holwell was the author of several pieces on India affairs, and died at an advanced age, in the year 1798.

THOMAS MILBOURNE.

THIS man, during the early part of his life was a farmer's servant, in which honest and laborious vocation he contrived to save 200*l*. With this and a sum which he borrowed he purchased a small farm at Carnbridge in Cumberl and, and thenceforward resided upon his little estate. He never married, nor hired a servant into his house, but lived alone, and principally cultivated his land with his own hands.

His great object was to save money; and, to that end, he denied himself not only the conveniences, but what, by most, are considered the necessaries of life. His food was of the most homely kind, and used sparingly: the contents of his wardrobe were scarcely sufficient to clothe his shivering limbs, or to hide his nakedness;

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and, being covered with dirt and vermin, were consigned to the flames immediately after his death. A razor had not been applied to his face for many years, nor a brush nor a broom to his house. His bed was half filled with chaff and straw, and a fleece of wool supplied the place of a pillow. This with a few other miserable articles of household furniture, when drawn from the wilderness of streaming cobwebs, which had been accumulating for the last twenty years, were sold at a public sale for less than ten shillings.

By a continued observance of the most rigid parsimony, Milbourne soon cleared himself of his pecuniary incumbrances, and, in the end, had scraped together property in land, money and cattle, to the amount of near 1000*l*. His love of money did not desert him even on his death-bed; lying in a very languid state, his friends, by his desire, where searching for some concealed treasure. They drew forth a large bunch of promissory notes, on which he exerted his remaining strength in a loud exclamation of "There, you see, now!" But, although Thomas was the great banker of the neighbouring villages, he had no idea of usury; and few of his neighbours, who deserved any credit, asked his assistance in pecuniary matters in vain; sometimes even his too great confidence in the honesty of others was imposed on by artful knaves. He died at Carrabridge, in the parish of Cumwhitton, near Carlisle, 1800, aged between 70 and 80.

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JANE SHORE.

But Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd the King.

THESE lines of the great English moralist would lose none of their truth if applied with the alteration of the name, to the interesting Shore, whose personal accomplishments, added to those of her mind, raised her to an elevation which must have rendered her subsequent calamities still more poignant and severe.

Jane Shore was the daughter of a citizen of London, who, anxious to obtain an eligible establishment for his daughter, insisted on her marrying a rich jeweller in Lombard Street, for whom she felt neither affection nor esteem. Such were the charms of her person, that their fame reached the ears of King Edward the Fourth, who frequently visited the shop of her husband, for the purpose of feasting his eyes on her beauty. When she was present, he bought any trinkets that were shewn him, but if he did not see her, he disapproved of every article and bespoke others, that he might have a pretext for repeating his visits.

These interviews at length produced the effect he desired. Jane, though possessing a most

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amiable disposition, had not virtue sufficient to resist the persuasions of the King; and the indifference she felt for her husband led her with less reluctance to throw herself into the arms of the monarch.

"Frailty thy name is woman!"—exclaims the prince of Denmark. When we farther recollect the testimony of a contemporary historian, "that Edward was the goodliest personage that ever his eyes beheld, exceeding tall of stature, fair of complexion, and of the most princely presence," we shall be the less surprised that Jane Shore was unable to resist the entreaties of her royal seducer. Nor was she the only female of her time, on whom Edward's manly beauty was calculated to make a powerful impression. On this subject the following curious anecdote is recorded by Baker. In the fourteenth year of his reign a contribution was raised among his subjects in aid of the expence incurred by his wars in France. A rich widow was among others called before him, and he merrily asked what she would willingly give him towards his great charges. "By my troth," replied she, "for thy lovely countenance thou shalt even have twenty pounds." The King, who expected scarcely half that sum, thanked her and lovingly kissed her; which so wrought on the old widow that she immediately protested he should have twenty pounds more, and counted out the sum with the greatest pleasure.

Edward loved his mistress with unbounded affection; his purse as well as his heart was entirely

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at her command, but she made no improper use of his munificence; her greatest happiness consisting in feeding the hungry and relieving the wants of the distressed. Though the power of her charms was irresistible, yet her courtly behaviour, facetious conversation and ready wit, were far more attractive than her person. It is recorded of her that she could read and write, qualifications very uncommon in that age. She employed all her interest with the King in relieving the indigent, redressing wrongs and rewarding merit. With Edward she continued to share all the advantages that royalty can bestow, till his death in 1483. The affection she had felt for the King, naturally attached her to his children. This circumstance probably paved the way to that connection, which after his decease was formed between her and the accomplished Lord Hastings. The known partiality of both to the young princes, rendered them equally obnoxious to the ambitious protector, Glocester, who immediately took measures for removing such powerful obstacles to the attainment of his ambitious views. He accused them at the council-board of witchcraft and conspiring against his life, exposing his withered arm and declaring that it had been reduced to such a state by the incantations of Shore. Hastings was dragged from the council-table by the order of Richard, who swore he would have his head before he dined. The council was held in the apartment still called the council-chamber in the Tower, and such was the

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haste of the tyrannic Glocester to dispatch a man whose sole crime was his fidelity to his own nephews, that the unfortunate Hastings had only time to make a short confession to a priest who was accidentally passing, and his head was taken off on a log which happened to lie on the Green, before the Chapel.

Having lost her protector, Jane Shore next fell a helpless victim to the malice of Richard. She was committed by his order, to the Tower, and tried on the ridiculous charges he had advanced against her. Being disappointed, by her excellent defence, of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover to destroy him, he attacked her on the weak side of frailty. This was undeniable. He seized her house and fortune, and consigned her to the severity of the church. She was carried clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, to the palace of the bishop of London and thence conducted to the cathedral and to St. Paul's Cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. "Every other virtue," says Mr. Pennant, in his Account of London," bloomed in this ill fated fair in the fullest vigor. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death she was reduced to necessity, scorned by the world and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings."

The account of her penance is given by Ho-

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linshed with all the simplicity and truth which characterize the more early of our modern historians. " In her penance, " says he," she went, in countenance and pace demure, so womanly, that albeit she were out of all array, save her kirtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namely while the wondering of the people cast a comely red in her cheeks, (of which she before had most miss) that her great shame won her much praise among those, who were more amorous of her body than curious of her soul. And many good folks who hated her living, and glad were to see sin corrected, yet pitied they more her penance, than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous affection."

Rowe who has worked up a most interesting piece from her history, has thrown this part of it into the following poetical dress:

Submissive, sad and lovely was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheeks a faintish flush was spread;
Feeble she seem'd and sorely smit with pain,
While, barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.
Yet silent still she pass'd and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,
And beg that mercy man denied her here.

The poet has adopted the fable of her being

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denied all sustenance and perishing of hunger. Popular tradition has favoured the idea that she expired in a ditch, and that from this circumstance the street called Shoreditch derived its appellation: but the fallacy of this opinion has been demonstrated by respectable antiquaries.

All historians agree in asserting that this unfortunate female lived to a great age, but in great distress and miserable poverty; deserted even by those, for whom she had, in prosperity, performed the most essential services. She dragged a wretched life even to the time of Sir Thomas More, who introduces her story into his life of Edward the Fifth. "Proper she was and fair;" says the chronicler who has been already quoted, "nothing in her body that you would have changed, but you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say they that knew her in her youth. Now is she old, lean, withered and dried up; nothing left but rivelled skin and hard bone; and yet, being even such, whoso well advise her visage, might guess and devise, which parts how filled would make it a fair face."

The writers who have noticed the extraordinary vicissitudes of the life of Jane Shore, are silent with respect to the time and place of her death. It is impossible to peruse the story of the royal favourite without lamenting the severity of the fate she was destined to endure, yet while we sympathize in her misfortunes it must not be forgotten that they were the consequences of indiscretions, which cannot fail to call forth the reprobation of every virtuous mind.

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MATTHEW HOPKINS.

THE frequency of accusations of witchcraft and executions for that supposed crime, during the seventeenth century, may be traced back to the publication of our weak and-witch-ridden monarch James I. entitled *Dæmonologia* or a discourse on witchcraft. Fortunately for the present age, the belief in the arts of necromancy, magic, and sorcery is now exploded from the enlightened classes of society, and confined only to individuals the most illiterate and the most credulous. Of the mischiefs resulting from such notions, the subjoined account of the havock committed by one person only, affords ample evidence. The reader while he peruses it with astonishment and horror, will not fail to discover in it a signal example of the retributive justice of Providence.

Matthew Hopkins resided at Manningtree, in Essex, and was witch-finder for the associated counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire. In the years 1644, 1645, and 1646, and accompanied by one John Stern, he brought many to the fatal tree as reputed witches. He hanged in one year no less than sixty reputed witches of his own county of Essex. The old, the ignorant and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of this wretch's cru-

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dulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, that frequently grow large and pendulous in old age; but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps. His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming, upon this experiment, was deemed a sufficient proof of guilt; for which King James (who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it) assigned a ridiculous reason; that "as some persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices, were tied neck and heels, and tossed into a pond: "if they floated or swam they were consequently guilty, and therefore taken out and burnt; if they were innocent they were *only* drowned. The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins himself, in his own way, and he was upon the event condemned, and, as it seems, executed as a wizzard. Dr. Zach. Grey says that he had seen an account of between three and four thousand persons, who suffered death for witchcraft in the king's dominions, from 1643 to the restoration of Charles II. In a letter from Serjeant Widdrinton to Lord Whitelocke, mention is made of another fellow of the same profession as Hop-

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kins. This wretch received twenty shillings a-head for every witch that he discovered, and thereby obtained rewards amounting to thirty pounds. Dr. Grey supposes, with great reason, that Hopkins is the man meant in the following lines by Butler:—

"Has not the present parliament
"A ledger to the devil sent?
"Fully empower'd to treat about
"Finding revolted witches out?
"And has not he within a year,
"Hang'd *threescore* of them in one shire?
"Some only for not being drown'd:
"And some for sitting above ground
"Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
"And feeling pain were hang'd for witches;
"And some for putting knavish tricks
"Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
"Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd
"Of griefs unnat'ral as he guess'd,
"Who after prov'd himself a witch
"And made a rod for his own breech."

Hudib. P. II. Cant. 3.

In an old print of this execrable character he is represented with two witches. One of them named Holt is supposed to say: My Impes are 1. Ilemauzyr; 2. Pye-wackett; 3. Pecke in the Crown; 4. Griezell Griedigutt." Four animals attend; Jarmara, a black dog; Sacke and Sugar, a hare; Newes, a ferret; Vinegar Tom, a bull-headed greyhound. This print is in the Pepysian library.

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BERONICIUS.

THE history of this extraordinary poet, which involves a considerable degree of mystery, affords a singular example of the truth of the observation that genius is not always allied to the more useful qualities of prudence and discretion.

The origin of Beronicius is buried in profound obscurity, and it is even unknown of what country he was a native. In 1672, a small book was printed at Amsterdam, the fourth edition of which appeared in 1716, in 12mo. 204 pages, with five copper-plate engravings, entitled, *P. J. Beronicii, Poetæ incomparabilis, quæ extant, P. Rabus recensuit et Georgarchontomachiæ notas addidit. Editio quarta emendatius curata.* "Battle between peasants and magistrates (in 1672), or the taking of Middelburg; in heroic verse, written immediately from the extempore recitation in Latin, and contained in two books, by an eye-witness, (meaning likewise ear-witness); freely translated into Dutch prose, by P. Rabus."

The whole poem consists of 920 lines; and at the end are eight odes, and a satire, together with 514 lines, likewise in Latin; —two congratulatory odes on the arrival of the prince of Orange in Vlissingen, 1668; on the death of Jacob Michielse, M. D. 1671; one congratulatory on the election of a Burgomaster; on the Polyglot Bible; an Epithalamium on the nuptials of Pro-

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fessor John de Raay; a Complimentary Ode to William the III. Prince of Orange and Nassau; and a Satire on a Philosopher.

The following account of the author is taken from a small book of Lectures, in Latin, by Ant. Borremans, printed at Amsterdam in 1676; and from a Dutch preface to the Poem, by P. Rabus.

Besides this volume, no other works of Beronicius are to be found; because this most wonderful poet, and the most extraordinary ever heard of, never wrote his verses, but recited them extempore; and when he was once set a going, with such celerity, that a swift writer could with great difficulty keep up with him, and thus a great number of his verses are lost.

In the year 1674, the celebrated Dutch poet, Antonides Vander Goes, (who died in 1684), being in Zealand, happened to be in company with a young gentleman who spoke very highly in praise of the wonderful quickness and incredible memory of his language-master, Beronicius. Antonides, and others who were present, expressed a desire to see such an extraordinary genius. They had scarcely spoken, when there entered a little, black, round, thick fellow, with hardly a rag to his back, like a blackguard. But on closer examination, something uncommon and lofty appeared in his carriage, and the expression in his countenance was serious, and blended with a majestic peculiarity. His eyes glowed like fiery coals, and his arms and legs were in a perpetual nimble motion Every one eagerly

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eyed him, welcomed him, and asked him if it were all true, that his pupil had been telling them. "True?" said that singular creature, "yes; 'tis all perfectly true." And when they answered that they could not so lightly believe such incredible things, the man grew angry, and reviled the whole company, telling them they were only a parcel of beasts and asses.

He had at that time, as was his daily custom, drunk a glass too much, and that was the cause of his bullying them and bragging of his own wonderful powers by which he could make all manner of verses extempore. But those to whom he told this, looked on him as a mad man, out of whose mouth the wine spoke. Upon which he continued to tell them, that he was the man who had added eight hundred words to the great dictionary of *Calepini*; that he could immediately versify correctly any thing on any subject he had only once heard; and lastly, that he had many times, standing or walking, translated the weekly newspapers into Greek or Latin verses.

Nobody appearing willing to believe him, he ran out of the house, cursing and swearing as if he had been possessed. The same company met the next day at the principal tavern in Middleburg; and after dinner, the conversation happened to turn on a sea fight which had lately been fought by the Hollanders and Zealanders against the English. Among others who were killed, was a captain *de Haze*, a Zealand naval

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hero, and on whom Antonides had composed an epitaph, in Dutch verse.

The point turns on the name, *de Haze*, signifying *the hare*, and the poet says, the Zealand hares turned to lions. He had a written copy of this for one of the company, when Beronicius entered accompanied by his pupil. He excused himself for his extravagances of the day before, and begged pardon, hoping they would attribute his misbehaviour to the liquor, and forgive him. He then directly began to talk of his poetical powers, and offered to give them a specimen if they chose it.

As they now found that, being sober, he repeated what he had bragged of when drunk, they undertook to try him so as to get at the truth.—A fair opportunity offered, as Antonides had just shewn him his verses, and asked his opinion of them. Beronicius read them twice, praised them, and said, "What should hinder me from turning them into Latin instantly?" They viewed him with wonder, and encouraged him by saying, "well, pray let us see what you can do." In the mean time the man appeared to be startled. He trembled from head to foot as if possessed by Apollo. However, before he began his work, he asked the precise meaning of two or three Dutch words, of which he did not clearly understand the force; and requested that he might be allowed to Latinize the Captain's name of *Hare*, in some manner so as not to lose the pun. They agreed; and he immediately said,

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"I have already found it, I shall call him *Dasypus:*" which signifies an animal with rough legs, and is likewise taken by the Greeks for a hare. "Now, read a couple of lines at a time to me, and I shall give them in Latin." Upon which a poet, named Buizero, began to read to him, and Beronicius burst out in the following verses:—

Egregia *Dasypus* referens virtute leonem
In bello, adversus Britonas super æquora gesto,
Impavidus pelago stetit, aggrediente molossûm
Agmine, quem tandem glans ferrea misit ad astra,
Vindictæ cupidum violato jure profundi.
Advena, quisquis ades, Zelandæ encomia gentis
Ista refer, lepores demta quod pelle leonem
Assumant, quotquot nostro versantur in orbe.
Epitaphium Herois Adriani de Haze, ex Belgico versum.

When our poet had finished, he began to laugh till his sides shook, jeering and pointing at the persons in company, who appeared surprised at his having, contrary to their expectations, acquitted himself so well; every body highly praised him, which elated him so much that he began to scratch his head three or four times; and fixing his fiery eyes on the ground, repeated without hesitation, the same epigram in Greek verse, calling out, "There ye have it in Greek." Every one was astonished, which set him a laughing and jeering for a quarter of an hour.

The Greek he repeated so rapidly, that no one

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could write from his recitation. John Frederick Gymnich, professor of the Greek language at Duisburg, was one of the auditors, and said he thought the Greek version surpassed the Latin. Beronicius was afterwards examined in various ways, and always gave such proofs of his wonderful learning as amazed all the audience.

Beronicius spoke several languages so perfectly that each might have passed for his mother tongue; especially Italian, French, and English. As to his Latin, the celebrated Gronovius was fearful of conversing with him in that language. But Greek was his hobby-horse; Greek was the delight of his life, and he spoke it as correctly and as fluently as if he sucked it in with his mother's milk. He conversed with the above-named professor Gymnich, in Greek, and ended with these words: "I am quite weary of talking any longer with you in Greek, for, really, my pupils who have been taught a twelvemonth by me, speak it much better than you do." This was not very polite, but he was not to be restrained; and he often spoke his mind so freely, that he was threatened with a thrashing: on such occasions he was the first to step forward and to show that he was not at all averse to a battle, Saying,

"Age, si quid habes, in me mora non erit ulla,

He gave excellent accounts of all the ancient Greek and Roman authors; his opinions of

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whose writings were always correct, complete, and delivered with great judgment, and without hesitation. He could immediately distinguish genuine writings, and was a perfect master in the knowledge of the various styles, measures, and idioms. His memory was prodigious. He knew by heart the whole of *Horace* and *Virgil*, the greatest part of *Cicero*, and both the *Plinys*; and would immediately, if a line were mentioned, repeat the whole passage, and tell the exact work, book, chapter, and verse, of all these, and many more, especially poets. As to *Juvenal*, his works were so interwoven in his brain, that he perfectly retained every word, nay every letter.

Of the Greek poets he had Homer so strongly imprinted in his memory, together with some of the comedies of Aristophanes, that he could directly turn to any line required, and repeat the whole sentence.---His Latin was full of words selected from all the most celebrated writers.

The reader will probably be desirous of knowing what countryman our extraordinary poet, Beronicius, was; but this is a secret which he never would discover. When he was asked which was his country, he always answered, "that the country of every one was that in which he could best live comfortably." Some said he had been a professor in France, others a Jesuit, a Monk; but this was merely conjecture. It was well known that he had wandered about many years in France, England, and particularly the Netherlands, carrying, like a second *Bias*, his whole

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property about with him. He was sometimes told he deserved to be a professor of a college; he replied, that he did not delight in such a worm-like life. Notwithstanding which, poor man! he gained his living chiefly by sweeping chimnies, grinding knives and scissars, and other mean occupations. But his chief delight was in pursuing the profession of juggler, mountebank, or merry-andrew, among the lowest rabble. He never gave himself any concern about his food or raiment; for it was equal to him whether he was dressed like a nobleman or a beggar; nature was always satisfied with very little. His hours of relaxation from his studies were chiefly spent in paltry wine-houses, with the meanest company, where he would sometimes remain a whole week, or more, drinking without rest or intermission.

His miserable death afforded reason to believe that he perished whilst intoxicated, for he was found dead at Middleburg, drowned and smothered in mud, which circumstance was mentioned in the epitaph which the before-named poet, Buizero, wrote upon him, as follows literally translated:—

Here lies a wonderful genius,
He liv'd and died like a beast;
He was a most uncommon satyr,
He liv'd in wine, and died in water.

This is all that is known about Beronicius. As to his translating, or rather reading, the Dutch newspapers off hand in Greek or Latin verse, the

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poet Antonides often witnessed his exertion of this wonderful talent; and so did professor John de Raay, who was living at the time of Beronicius's death, which was in 1676, and had been acquainted with him above twenty years. There were still living at Rotterdam, in 1716, two gentlemen who knew him in Zealand, one of whom he had taught the French language.

He is slightly mentioned in *Le Nouveau Dictionaire Historique*, in a few lines from Borreman's Latin book, from which most part of the above account is taken. He is not mentioned by Bayle. Moreri has slightly noticed him; and the new Biographical Dictionary, in 15 vols. 8vo. 1798, has likewise half a dozen lines about him.

MARY BAKER.

THE inhabitants of Connecticut in New England, are to this day remarkable for their exterior shew of piety. Here was born and bred Mary Baker. She was the daughter of a reputable mechanic; she was soberly and according to the practice of that country, religiously brought up. After receiving at school an education suitable to her rank in life, she was taken home to be instructed in the useful and domestic duties of life. She had given early proofs of a masculine understanding, and united with it, what is not generally the case, that female grace and

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captivating softness of nature which, it is to be feared, too often incapacitate the sex for defending themselves against the attacks of their seducers, but "in which the charms of a woman chiefly consist."

With such attractions it was her fate, or rather misfortune, to form an acquaintance with an agreeable young man, the son of one of the principal magistrates of the town, which intimacy soon grew to a tender attachment. They experienced the usual difficulties of love, which are always encreased by inequality of condition. The repeated injunctions and remonstrances of their families, only served to make the young couple more diligent in procuring interviews, and to enhance the value of those precious moments when procured. It is unnecessary here to dwell upon scenes passed over in rapture, but remembered with regret; which, to those best acquainted with them, only prove that men are false and women credulous. She was thrown off her guard by his promising to marry her, and in an incautious moment undone!—Rejected by her relations—perfidiously forsaken by her betrayer—pregnant—without fame, and without a friend—the pains of child-birth were added to wretchedness, and loss of reputation. After recovery, those who supported her became clamorous in their demands, and her personal beauty being unimpaired, she became the mistress of a neighbouring trader. This unhappy woman, once the darling of her family—doated on by a lover, who,

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had she been *cruel*, still would have been *kind*—looked up to and respected for virtue, and good sense by all her acquaintance, was now a wretched outcast from society—the ridicule and contempt of many with less virtue, but more prudence than herself, and reduced by a strange kind of base necessity to support herself and a helpless infant by illicit practices, to tread the odious, the disgusting path of vice and infamy.

Such conduct was not to be passed over without legal punishment in New England, at that time the hot-house of calvinistic puritanism. In consequence of this and other natural children, she several times suffered stripes, fine, and imprisonment. On one of these occasions, being brought before a court of justice, in order that sentence might be pronounced against her, she surprised her hearers by the following remarkable address:—

"I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, and find it very difficult to get a tolerable livelihood. I therefore shall not trouble your honours with a long speech, for I have not the presumption to expect that you will deviate from the sentence of the law in my favour. All that I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor in my behalf to remit the fine. It is not, I confess, the first time that I have been dragged before this court on the same account; I have paid heavy fines; I have been brought to public punishment. I do not deny

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that this is agreeable to the law; but since some laws are repealed from their being unreasonable, and a power remains of somewhat dispensing with others from their bearing too hard on the subject, I take the liberty to say, that the act by which I am punished, is both unreasonable, and in my case particularly severe. I have always led an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born; and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. I cannot conceive my offence to be of so unpardonable a nature as the law considers it. I have brought several fine children into the world, at the risk of my life; I have maintained them by my own industry, without burthening the township: indeed I should have done it better but for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime in the nature of things, to add to the number of his majesty's subjects, in a new country that really wants peopling? I own, I should think it a praise-worthy, rather than a punishable action. I have deprived no woman of her husband---I have not debauched or enticed any apprentice, nor can any parent accuse me of seducing their son. No one has any cause of complaint against me, but the minister and justice, who lose their fees in consequence of my having children out of wedlock. But I appeal to your honors if this be a fault of mine. You have often been pleased to say that I do not want sense; but I must be wretchedly stupid, indeed, not to prefer the honourable state

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of marriage to that condition in which I have lived. I always *was* and still *am* willing to enter it; and I believe most who know me are convinced, that I am not deficient in the duties and necessary qualifications for a wife as well as a mother, sobriety, industry, cleanliness, and frugality. I never refused an offer of that sort: on the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me. I was then a virgin, and confiding too readily in the sincerity of the person who made it, unhappily lost my own honor, by trusting to his. After yielding to him all that woman *can* give, on my being pregnant, he ungenerously forsook me. He is well known to you all, and since that time is become a magistrate. Indeed, I was not without a hope that he would have this day appeared on the bench, to try to moderate the court in my favor. I should then have scorned to mention it, for I cannot but complain of harsh and unjust usage, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my failings and faults, should be advanced to honor and power by that government which punishes my misfortunes with infamy and stripes. But you will tell me what I have been often told, that were there no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgression. If mine then be a religious offence leave it to a religious punishment. You have already excluded me from the church communion! You believe I have offended heaven and shall suffer everlastingly! Why then will

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you encrease my misery by additional fines and whippings?—I own your honors will, I hope, forgive me if I speak a little extravagantly—I am no divine, but if gentlemen must be making laws, it would rather become them to take into consideration the great and growing number of *bachelors* in this country, many of whom from the mean fear of the expences of a family, never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives! By their manner of living they leave unproduced (which is little better than *murder*) hundreds of their posterity, to a thousand generations. Is not this a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them by law, either to marry, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What must poor young women do? Custom forbids *their* making overtures to men; *they* cannot, however heartily they may wish it, get married when they please."

Her judges, as well as all present, were strongly affected by the circumstances of her case; she was discharged without punishment, and a handsome collection made for her in court. The public became interested in her behalf, and her original seducer, either from compunction, or from the latent seeds of affection which had been suppressed but never eradicated, married her shortly after.

The arguments of our heroine, it must be confessed were strong and powerful. Some, however, which we have thought proper to omit, were specious; particularly when she endeavoured to

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prove her failings not contradictory to religion. Let it be however a lesson to parents and seducers, who are generally accountable for the errors of weak women. This unfortunate daughter, often tasting the sorrows of repentance—after subjecting herself to difficulty, disgrace, and punishment, was at last married to her original lover. But it is to be hoped, no woman of common sense will be induced by this *rare* instance of tardy justice to imitate her misconduct.

CHARLES DOMERY.

AMONG the instances of voracity which are from time to time recorded, we shall scarcely be able to find any that can equal the following. The reader might perhaps be inclined to doubt the authenticity of these particulars, did they not rest on the credit of persons of the highest respectability. To remove every shadow of suspicion we shall give them in the form in which they originally made their appearance.

Copy of a Letter from Dr. JOHNSTON, *of Somerset Place, Commissioner of Sick and Wounded Seamen, to Dr.* BLANE.

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING in August and September last been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpose of selecting from among the prisoners of war such men as, from their infirmities, were fit ob-

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jects for being released without equivalent, I heard, upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of one of these prisoners being endowed with an appetite and digestion so far beyond any thing that had ever occurred to me, either in my observation, reading, or by report, that I was desirous of ascertaining the particulars of it by ocular proof, or undeniable testimony. Dr. Cochrane, Fellow of the College of physicians at Edinburgh, and our Medical Agent at Liverpool, is fortunately a gentleman upon whose fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend; and I requested him to institute an enquiry upon this subject during my stay at that place. I inclose you an attested copy of the result of this; and as it may probably appear to you, as it does to me, a document containing facts extremely interesting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its insertion in some respectable periodical work.

Some farther points of enquiry concerning this extraordinary person having occurred to me since my arrival in town, I sent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane who has obligingly returned satisfactory answers. These I send along with the above-mentioned attested statement, to which I beg you to subjoin such reflections as may occur to you on this subject.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. JOHNSTON.

To Gilbert Blane, M. D. F. R. S. and one of the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen.

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Charles Domery, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged 21, was brought to the prison of Liverpool in February 1799, having been a soldier in the French service on board the Hoche, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren, off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army; and the peculiar craving for food with this young man began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency, by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and in one year devoured 174 cats (not their skins) dead or alive; and says, he had several severe conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands: sometimes he killed them before eating, but when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office.

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals indiscriminately became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment on board the Hoche, and is now present; and who assures me he has often seen him feed on those animals.

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When the ship on board of which he was had surrendered, after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg, which was shot off, lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a sailor snatched it from him, and threw it overboard.

Since he came to this prison, he has eat one dead cat, and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in is raw meat, beef, or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied by eating the rations of ten men daily, he complains he has not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do, when in France. The French prisoners of war were at this time maintained at the expence of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily ration:— Twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence at present, independent of his own rations, arises from the generosity of the prisoners, who give him a share of their allowance. Nor is his stomach confined to meat; for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refused to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perform this for them; his stomach

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never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he actually could eat in one day; on the 17th of September 1799, at four o'clock in the morning he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnston, Commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, admiral Child and his son, Mr. Forster, agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his power as follows:—There was set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve tallow candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock there was again put before him five pounds of beef and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock when I again saw him with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine; his skin was cool and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have ate more; but from the prisoners without telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed, that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may

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be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus:

Raw cow's udder	4lb.
Raw beef	10
Candles	2
Total	16lb. besides

five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off and swallowing it with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the grease off the candles between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after at a swallow. He can, when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes, or turnips; but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is in every respect healthy, his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoaked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four the next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite; which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made

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but thin, his countenance rather pleasant, and is good-tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by—

Destauban, French Surgeon.

Le Fournier, Steward of the Hospital.

Revet, Commissaire de la Prison.

Le Flem, Soldat de la sec Demi Brigade.

Thomas Cochrane, M. D, Inspector and Surgeon of the Prison, and Agent, &c. for Sick and Wounded Seamen.

Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1799.

(A true Copy.)

JOHN BYNON, Clerk in the Office for Sick and Wounded Seamen.

QUERIES *and* ANSWERS.

1. What are the circumstances of his sleep and perspiration?

He gets to bed about eight o'clock at night, immediately after which he begins to sweat, and that so profusely, as to be obliged to throw off his shirt. He feels extremely hot, and in an hour or two after goes to sleep, which lasts until one in the morning, after which he always feels himself hungry, even though he had lain down with a full stomach. He then eats bread or beef, or whatever provision he may have reserved through the day; and if he has none he beguiles the time in smoaking tobacco. About two o'clock he goes to sleep again, and awakes at five or six o'clock in the morning, in a violent

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perspiration, with great heat. This quits him on getting up; and when he has laid in a fresh cargo of raw meat (to use his own expression) he feels his body in a good state. He sweats while he is eating; and it is probably owing to this constant propensity to exhalation from the surface of the body, that his skin is commonly found to be cool.

2. What is his heat by the thermometer.

I have often tried it, and found it to be of the standard temperature of the human body. His pulse is now eighty-four; full and regular.

3. Can this ravenous appetite be traced higher than his father?

He knows nothing of his ancestors beyond his father. When he left the country, eleven years ago, his father was alive aged about fifty, a tall, stout man, always healthy, and can remember he was a great eater; but was too young to recollect the quantity, but that he eat his meat half boiled. He does not recollect that either himself or his brothers had any ailment, excepting the small-pox, which ended favourably with them all. He was then an infant. His face is perfectly smooth.

4. Is his muscular strength greater or less than that of other men at his time of life.

Though his muscles are pretty firm, I do not think they are so full or plump as those of most other men. He has, however, by his own declaration, carried a load of three hundred weight

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of flour in France, and marched 14 leagues in a day.

5. Is he dull, or intelligent?

He can neither read nor write, but is very intelligent and conversable, and can give a distinct and consistent answer to any question put to him. I have put a variety at different times, and in different shapes, tending to throw all the light possible on his history, and never found that he varied; so that I am inclined to believe that he adheres to truth.

6. Under what circumstances did his voracious disposition first come on?

It came on at the age of thirteen, as has been already stated. He was then in the service of Prussia at the siege of Thionville: they were at that time much straitened for provision, and as he found this did not suit him, he deserted into the town. He was conducted to the French General, who presented him with a large melon, which he devoured, rind and all, and then an immense quantity and variety of other species of food, to the great entertainment of that officer and his suite. From that time he has preferred raw to dressed meat: and when he eats a moderate quantity of what has been either roasted or boiled, he throws it up immediately. What is stated above, therefore, respecting his never vomiting, is not to be understood literally, but imports merely, that those things which are most nauseous to others had no effect upon his stomach.

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There is nothing farther to remark but that since the attested narrative was drawn up he has repeatedly indulged himself in the cruel repasts before described, devouring the whole animal, except the skin, bones, and bowels: but this has been put a stop to, on account of the scandal which it justly excited.

In considering this case, it seems to afford some matters for reflection, which are not only objects of considerable novelty and curiosity, but interesting and important, by throwing light on the process by which the food is digested and disposed of.

Monstrosity and disease, whether in the structure of parts, or in the functions and appetites, illustrate particular points of the animal œconomy, by exhibiting them in certain relations in which they are not to be met with in the common course of nature. The power of the stomach, in so quickly dissolving, assimilating and disposing of the aliment in ordinary cases, must strike every reflecting person with wonder; but the history of this case affords a more palpable proof, and more clear conception of these processes, just as objects of sight become more sensible and striking, when viewed by a magnifying glass, or when exhibited on a larger scale.

The facts here set forth tend also to place in a strong light the great importance of the discharge by the skin, and to prove that it is by this outlet, more than by the bowels, that the excrementitious parts of the aliment are evacuated: that

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there is an admirable co-operation established between the skin and the stomach, by means of that consent of parts so observable, and so necessary to the other functions of the animal œconomy: and, that the purpose of aliment is not merely to administer to the growth and repair of the body, but by its bulk and peculiar stimulus to maintain the play of the organs essential to life.

—— HARRIS.

THIS man was remarkable for a most singular natural defect, the incapacity of distinguishing colors. An account of him was communicated by Mr. Huddart to Dr. Priestley, and was introduced into the Philosophical Transactions for 1777.

Harris was a shoemaker and lived at Maryport in Cumberland. Mr. Huddart had often heard that he could clearly discern the form and magnitude of all objects, but that he could not distinguish their colors. This report excited that gentleman's curiosity and he frequently conversed with Harris on the subject. The account he gave was this—that he had reason to believe other persons saw something in objects which he could not see; that their language seemed to mark qualities with precision and confidence, which he could only guess at with hesitation and frequently with error. His first suspicion of this arose, when he was about

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four years old. Having by accident found a child's stocking in the street, he carried it to a neighbouring house to enquire for the owner; he observed that the people called it a *red* stocking, though he did not understand why they gave it that denomination, as he himself thought it completely described by being called a *stocking*. This circumstance however remained in his memory, and, together with subsequent observations, led him to the knowledge of his defect.

He also observed that, when young, other children could discern cherries on a tree, by some pretended difference of color, though he could only distinguish them from the leaves by the difference of their size and shape. By means of this difference of color, his companions could see the cherries at a greater distance than he could, though he could see other objects also at as great a distance as they, that is, where the sight was not assisted by the color. Large objects he could see as well as other persons; and even the smaller ones if they were not enveloped in other things, as in the case of cherries among the leaves.

There was every reason to believe that he could never do more than guess the name of any color, yet he could distinguish white from black, or black from any light or bright color. Dove or straw color he called white, and different colors he frequently called by the same name; yet he could discern a difference between them when placed together. In general colors, of an equal

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degree of brightness, however they might otherwise differ, he confounded with each other. Yet he could distinguish a striped ribbon from a plain one; but he could not tell what the colors were with any tolerable exactness. Dark colors, in general, he often mistook for black; but never imagined white to be a dark color, nor dark to be a white color.

Harris was an intelligent man and very desirous of understanding the nature of light and colors, for which purpose he had attended a course of lectures in natural philosophy. He had two brothers in the same circumstances with respect to sight, and two other brothers and sisters, who, as well as their parents had nothing of this defect. One of the first-mentioned brothers Mr. Huddart met with at Dublin, and from the experiments he made on his powers of sight, he obtained exactly the same results as those above stated.

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THOMAS LAUGHER.

THOMAS LAUGHER, better known by the name of Old Tommy, is a living instance of the good effect of temperance on the human constitution, for to this cause his venerable age must undoubtedly be in a great measure ascribed. He was born at the village of Markley, in the county of Worcester, and was baptized as appears by his register in January 1700. His parents were natives of Shropshire, and were themselves examples of unusual longevity, his father dying at the age of 97, and his mother at 108. In the year following that of his birth they removed with him to London where he has resided ever since.

In the early part of his life Laugher followed for many years the profession of a liquor-merchant in Upper Thames Street. Though in a line of business in which wines and spirits of every kind presented themselves freely and plentifully, he never drank any fermented liquor, during the first fifty years of his life, his chief beverage being milk, milk and water, coffee and tea. This profession he was at length obliged to relinquish by some heavy losses which he experienced.

Laugher remembers most of the principal occurrences of the last century, but, from his extreme age, his memory begins to fail him; his other faculties he enjoys in a surprizing degree.

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His residence is in Kent Street, in the Borough, from which he walks every Sunday morning, when the weather permits, to the Rev. Mr. Coxhead's chapel in Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields: he even walked lately as far as Hackney and back again.

To all appearance Old Tommy has been a remarkably well-made man, and rather above the middle stature though now he is somewhat bent by the weight of years. Having lost his teeth, he falters a little in speaking, but his lungs appear to be very strong and sound. It is not less surprizing than true, that after a severe fit of illness, at the age of eighty, he had a fresh head of hair and new nails both on his fingers and toes; a contraction which took place at the same time in the finger of each hand, has never since left them. His hair is thick and flowing, not thoroughly white, but grey on the outside and brown underneath, as are also his eye-brows.

This venerable man has been for some time supported by the donations of charitable and well-disposed persons. From a spirit of independence, he used for several years, to sell laces for stays, garters and other little articles of that nature, for which he found customers among his friends, who always liberally encouraged his industry.

Laugher had a son who died about four years since at the age of eighty. This son, whom he called his "poor Tommy," had the appearance of being considerably older than himself, which

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occasionally produced curious mistakes. Among others the following anecdote is related on this subject: Walking, some years since in Holborn with his son, the difficulty which the latter found to keep up with him drew the attention of a gentleman, who went to old Laugher and began to expostulate with him for not assisting his father. When informed of his mistake, he would not give credit to the old man till convinced by some person who knew them both of the truth of his testimony.

This inversion in the order of nature, was attributed by the old man to his son's having lived freely. He has been often heard to say; "If the young fool had taken as much care of his health as I have, he might now have been alive and hearty."

As far as his memory goes Old Tommy is extremely willing to answer any questions that may be proposed, and has not that austerity and peevishness which so frequently accompany extreme age. He is much pleased to hear of Old Jenkins and old Parr, and says his family came from the same county as the latter. His inoffensive manners and uninterrupted cheerfulness, have gained him the respect both of old and young in the neighbourhood of his residence.

Such are the particulars we have been able to procure concerning this venerable man, of whom our engraving, after a drawing from life, will give the reader a correct idea.

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HENRY WELBY, ESQ.

IN this gentleman we find a rare example of extraordinary abstinence and seclusion in the midst of a gay and luxurious city. For the long period of forty-four years he withdrew himself from all society, and during that time never tasted either fish, flesh, fowl, or any strong drink. An account of his remarkable life was published in 1687, the year after his death, under the title of "the Phenix of these late Times." We shall give it to the reader in the somewhat quaint, but yet expressive language of his anonymous biographer.

This noble and virtuous gentleman, Mr. Henry Welby, born in Lincolnshire, was the eldest son of his father, and inheritor of a fair revenue, amounting to a thousand pounds by the year, and upward, first matriculated at the University, and after made a student at one of the Inns of Court, where, being, accommodated with all the parts of a gentleman, he after retired himself into the country, and matched nobly to his own good liking; but thinking with himself that the world could not possibly be contained within this island, and that England was but the least piece and member of the whole body of the universe, he had a great mind to travel, as well to profit him in experience, as benefit himself in languages;

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and to that purpose spent some few years in the *Low Countries, Germany, France,* and *Spain,* making the best use of his time.

But true it is, that there was some difference and menacing words past between his brother and himself, which he divers times passed over with patience; but this innocent gentleman, measuring the dispositions of others by himself, and not imagining such barbarous cruelty could be in man of what condition so ever, much less in a brother, he held them as the rash menaces of unbridled youth, which by good counsel, or complying with the other's desires, might be easily reclaimed, reckoning them as words that would never break into wounds, and doubtful language that could not easily beget danger. He was of opinion, that, on seeing two men reviling each other with injurious terms, said, *he of you which abstaineth most from villainous and lewd speeches, is to be held the most sage and wisest of the two.* And as true innocence goeth still armed with confidence, and he that is guiltless still dreadless, so he neither feared his courage, nor shunned his company, till at last the two brothers meeting face to face, the younger drew a pistol charged with a double bullet from his side, and presented upon the elder, which only gave fire, but by one miraculous providence of God no further report; at which the elder, seizing upon the younger, disarmed him of his pistol, and without any further violence offered, left him, which bearing to his chamber, and desi-

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rous to find whether it were only a false fire, merely to fright him, or a charge speedily to dispatch him, when he found the bullets and apprehended the danger he escaped, he fell into many deep considerations, and thereupon grounded this his irrevocable resolution, which he kept to his dying day.

Which that he might observe the better, he took a very fair house in the lower end of *Grub-street*, near unto *Cripple-gate*, and having contracted a numerous retinue into a small and private family, having the house before prepared for his purpose, he entered the door, choosing to himself, out of all the rooms, three private chambers best suiting with his intended solitude; the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study, one within another; and the while his diet was set upon the table by one of his servants, an old maid, he retired to his lodging-room, and while his bed was making, into his study, still doing so till all was clear; and there he set up his rest, and in forty-four years never upon any occasion how great so ever, issued out of these chambers, till he was borne thence on men's shoulders. Neither in all that time did son-in-law, daughter or grandchild, brother, sister, or kinsman, stranger, tenant or servant, young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition soever, look upon his face, saving the ancient maid, whose name was Elizabeth, who made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and drest his chamber, which was very

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seldom, or upon extraordinary necessity that he saw her.

As touching his abstinence, in all the time of his retirement, he never tasted any flesh nor fish; he never drank either wine or strong drink; his chief food was oat-meal boiled in water, which some call gruel, and in summer now and then a sallad of some choice cool herbs for dainties; or when he would feast himself, upon an high day, he would eat the yolk of an hen's egg, but no part of the white; and what bread he eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but of the crust he never tasted; and his continual drink was four-shilling beer, and no other: and now and then drank red cow's milk, which his maid Elizabeth fetched for him out of the fields hot from the cow; and yet he kept a bountiful table for his servants, with entertainment sufficient for any stranger or tenant, that had any occasion of business at his house.

In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and upon all solemn festival days, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes seasonable to the times, served up. He himself (after having given thanks) put a clean napkin before, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, which reached to his elbows, would call for his knife, and cutting dish after dish up in order, send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, leaving it in writing how it should be bestowed, whether it was brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c. till he had left the table quite empty; then would he again lay by his li-

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nen, put up his knife, and cause the cloth to be taken away; and thus would he do dinner and supper upon those days, without tasting of any thing whatsoever; and this custom he kept to his dying day, an abstinence far transcending all the Carthusian Monks or Mendicant Friars that ever yet I read of.

Now, as touching the solitude of his life, to spend so many summers and winters in one small room, dividing himself not only from the society of men, but debarring himself from the benefit of the fresh and wholesome air, not to walk or confer with any man, which might either shorten the tediousness of the night, or mitigate the prolixness of the day; and if at any time he would speak with any one, there was a wall between them; what retirement could be more? or what restriction greater? In my opinion, it far surpasses all the vestals and votaries, all the anchoresses and anchorites, that have been memorized in any history.

Now, if any shall ask how he spent his hours and past his time? No doubt, as he kept a kind of perpetual fast, so he devoted himself to continual prayer, saving these seasons he dedicated to his study, for he was both a scholar and linguist, for he hath left behind him some collections and translation of Philosophy; neither was there any author worth the reading, either brought over from beyond the sea, or published here in the kingdom, which he refused to buy at what dear rate so ever; and these were his com-

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panions in the day, and his counsellors in the night, in so much, that the saying may be verified in him—" he was never better accompanied than when alone."

He was no Pharisee, to seek the praise and vain ostentation among men; neither did he blow a trumpet before him when he gave his alms; neither when any impudently clamoured at his gate, were they presently relieved, but he, out of his private chamber which had a prospect into the street; if he spyed any, sick, weak, or lame, would presently send after them, comfort, cherish, and strengthen them, and not a trifle to serve them for the present, but so much as would relieve them for many days after; he would moreover enquire what neighbours were industrious in their callings, and who had great charge of children, and by their labour and industry could not sufficiently supply their families; these were his cetain pensioners. And now concluding he may not improperly be called a Phenix; for as he in his life may be termed a Bird of Paradise, so in his death he might be compared to that Arabian Monody, who, having lived fourscore years, half in the world and half from the world, died in a swoon, the nine and twentieth day of October last, (1636) as he sat in his chair, having built his own funeral nest or pile, composed of terebinth and cinnamon, interwoven with onyx and calbanum, with the sweet and odoriferous smells of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, and so made his death-bed an altar; and

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his godly zeal kindling those sweet spices, sent up his soul as an acceptable incense to that sacred throne, where a contrite heart and humble spirit were never despised.

To this account is prefixed a picture of Mr. Welby sitting at a table on which is inscribed: *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.* He is represented with a long thick beard, and with a staff in his right hand. The Rev. Mr. Granger in his Biographical History of England, says of him that, "his plain garb, his long and silver beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city." The same writer adds that Mr. Welby had a very amiable daughter who married Sir Christopher Hilliard, a Yorkshire gentleman; but neither she, nor any of her family ever saw her father after his retirement from the world. His remains were interred in St. Giles's church near Cripplegate.

FRANCIS CHARTERIS.

FRANCIS CHARTERIS, was born at Amsfield, in Scotland, where he was heir to an estate which his ancestors had possessed above 400 years; and was related to some of the first families in the North, by intermarriages with the nobility. Having received a liberal education, he

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made choice of the profession of arms, and first served under the Duke of Marlborough as an ensign of foot, but was soon advanced to the rank of cornet of dragoons. Being a most expert gamester, and of a disposition uncommonly avaricious, he made his knowledge of gambling subservient to his love of money; and while the army was in winter quarters, he stripped many of the officers of all their property by his skill at cards and dice. He was, however, as knavish as dexterous; for when he had defrauded a brother officer of his money, he would lend him a sum at the moderate interest of an hundred per cent. and take an assignment of his commission as a security for the payment of the debt. John, duke of Argyle, and the earl of Stair, were at this time young men in the army; and being determined that the inconsiderate officers should not be ruined by the artifices of Charteris, they applied to the earl of Orkney, who was also in the army, then quartered at Brussels, representing the destruction that must ensue to the young gentlemen in the military line, if Charteris was not stopped in his proceedings. The earl of Orkney, anxious for the credit of the army in general, and his countrymen in particular, represented the state of the case to the duke of Marlborough, who gave orders that Charteris should be put under arrest, and tried by a court-martial. This court was composed of an equal number of English and Scotch officers, that Charteris might have no reason to say he was treated with partiali-

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ty. After a candid hearing of the case, the proofs of his villainy were so strong, that he was sentenced to return the money he had obtained by usurious interest; to be deprived of his commission, and to be drummed out of the regiment, his sword being first broken; which sentence was executed in its fullest extent.

Thus disgraced, he quitted Brussels, and in the road between that place and Mechlin, threw his breeches into a ditch, and then buttoning his scarlet cloak below his knees, went into an inn to take up his lodgings for the night. It is usual in places where armies are quartered, for military officers to be treated with all possible respect; and this was the case with Charteris, who had every distinction shewn him that the house could afford, and, after an elegant supper, was left to his repose. Early in the morning he rang the bell violently, and the landlord coming terrified into his room, he swore furiously that he had been robbed of his breeches, containing a diamond ring, a gold watch, and money to a considerable amount; and having previously broken the window, he intimated that some person must have entered that way, and carried off his property, and he even insinuated that the landlord himself might have been the robber. It was in vain that the inn-keeper solicited mercy in the most humiliating posture. Charteris threatened that he should be sent to Brussels, and suffer death, as an accessary to the felony. Terrified at the thought of approaching disgrace and dan-

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ger the landlord of the house sent for some friars of an adjacent convent, to whom he represented his calamitous situation, and they generously supplied him with a sum sufficient to reimburse Charteris for the loss he pretended to have sustained.

This unprincipled and abandoned youth now proceeded to Holland, whence he embarked for Scotland; and had not been long in that kingdom before his servile submission, and his money, procured him another commission in a regiment of horse; and he was afterwards advanced to the rank of colonel. The duke of Queensberry was at this time commissioner to the parliament of Scotland, which was assembled at Edinburgh, to deliberate on the proposed union with England. Charteris, having been invited to a party at cards with the duchess of Queensberry, contrived that her grace should be placed in such a manner, near a large glass, that he could see all her cards; and he won three thousand pounds of her by this stratagem. In consequence of this imposition the incensed duke of Queensberry brought a bill into the house, to prohibit gaming for above a certain sum; and this bill passed into a law.

Charteris still continued his depredations on the thoughtless till he had acquired considerable sums, and estates in Scotland; he then removed to London, which, as it was the seat of great dissipation, was a place better adapted to the exertion of his abilities.—Here he became a noted lender of money on mortgages, always re-

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ceiving a large premium, by which at length he became so rich as to purchase estates in England, particularly in the county of Lancaster. He was equally infamous for his amours, having in pay some women of abandoned character, who, going to inns where the waggons put up, used to prevail on the simple country girls to go to the colonel's house as servants; in consequence of which, their ruin soon followed, and they were turned out of doors, exposed to all the miseries consequent on poverty and a loss of reputation. His agents did not confine their operations to inns; but wherever they found a handsome girl they endeavoured to decoy her to the colonel's house; and amongst the rest, one Ann Bond fell a prey to his artifices.

This young woman had lived in London; but having quitted her service on account of illness, took lodgings at a private house, where she recovered her health, and was sitting at the door when a woman addressed her, saying, she could help her to a place in the family of colonel Harvey; for the character of Charteris was now so notorious, that his agents did not venture to make use of his real name. Bond being hired, the woman conducted her to the colonel's house, who gave her money to redeem some clothes, which she had pledged to support her in her illness, and would have bought other clothes for her, but she refused to accept them. He now offered her a purse of gold, an annuity for life, and a house, if she would comply with his wishes; but the vir-

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tuous girl resisted the temptation, declaring, that she would only discharge her duty as a servant, and that her master might dismiss her, if her conduct did not please him. On the day following, she heard a gentleman asking for her master by the name of Charteris, which encreased her fears still more, as she was not unapprized of his general character. She therefore told the house-keeper that she must quit her service, as she was very ill. The house-keeper informing the colonel of this circumstance, he sent for the poor girl, and threatened he would shoot her if she left his service. He likewise ordered the servants to keep the door fast, to prevent her making her escape; and when he spoke of her it was in most contemptuous terms. On the following day he directed the clerk of his kitchen to send her into the parlour, and, on her attending him, he bid her stir the fire. While she was thus employed, he forcibly seized and committed violence on her, first stopping her mouth with his night-cap; and afterwards, on her saying that she would prosecute him, beating her with a horse-whip, and calling her by the most opprobrious names. On his opening the door the clerk of the kitchen appeared, to whom the colonel pretended, that she had robbed him of thirty guineas, and directed him to turn her out of the house, which was accordingly done.

The unfortunate girl now went to a gentlewoman, named Parsons, and informing her of what had happened, asked her advice how to proceed.

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Mrs. Parsons recommended her to exhibit articles against him for the assault; but when the matter came afterwards to be heard by the grand jury, they found it was not an attempt, but an actual commission of the fact; and a bill was found accordingly. When the colonel was committed to Newgate he was loaded with heavy fetters; but he soon purchased a lighter pair, and paid for the use of a room in the prison, and for a man to attend him. He had been married to the daughter of Sir Alexander Swinton of Scotland, who bore him one daughter, who was married to the earl of Wemys; and the earl happening to be in London at the time of the above-mentioned transaction, procured a writ of Habeas Corpus, and the colonel was accordingly admitted to bail. By the law of the land, bail for a capital offence is not admissible. It must, therefore, reflect no small disgrace on those to whom the administration of it was at that time committed, that power and interest should thus triumph over justice.

His trial came on at the Old Bailey, February 25, 1730, and every art was used to traduce the character of the prosecutrix, in order to destroy the force of her evidence; but, happily, her reputation was so fair, and there was so little reason to think that she had any sinister view in the prosecution, that every artifice failed, and after a long trial, in which the facts were proved to the satisfaction of the jury, a verdict of guilty was given against the colonel, who received sentence to be executed in the accustomed manner.

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On this occasion Charteris was not a little obliged to his son-in-law, lord Wemys, who caused the lord president Forbes to come from Scotland, to plead the cause before the privy-council; and an estate of 300l. per ann. for life, was assigned to the president for this service. At length the king consented to grant the colonel a pardon, on his settling a handsome annuity on the prosecutrix. Soon after his conviction, a fine mezzotinto print of him was published, representing him standing at the bar of the Old Bailey, with his thumbs tied; and under the print was the following inscription:

"Blood!—must a colonel, with a lord's estate,
Be thus obnoxious to a scoundrel's fate?
Brought to the bar, and sentenc'd from the bench,
Only for ravishing a country wench?—
Shall men of honour meet no more respect?
Shall their diversions thus by laws be check'd?
Shall they be accountable to saucy juries,
For this or t'other pleasure?—hell and furies!
What man thro' villainy would run a course,
And ruin families without remorse,
To heap up riches—if, when all is done,
An ignominious death he cannot shun?"

After this narrow escape, from a fate which he had so well deserved, he retired to Edinburgh, where he lived about two years, and then died in 1731, aged 63, a victim to his irregular course of life. He was buried in the family-vault, in the church-yard of the Grey Friars of Edinburgh; but his vices had rendered him so detest-

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able, it was with some difficulty that he was put into the grave; for the mob almost tore the coffin in pieces, and committed a variety of irregularities, in honest contempt of such an abandoned character.

The celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot gave a severe but very just, character of Colonel Charteris, in the following satirical epitaph:

HERE lieth the body of
COLONEL DON FRANCISCO;
Who, with an inflexible constancy,
And inimitable uniformity of life,
Persisted, in spite of age and infirmity,
In the practice of every human vice,
Excepting prodigality and hypocrisy;
His insatiable avarice
Exempting him from the first, and
His matchless impudence
From the latter.
Nor was he more singular in
That undeviating viciousness of life,
Than successful in accumulating wealth;
Having,
Without trust of public money, bribe,
Worth, service, trade, or, profession,
Acquired, or rather created,
A ministerial estate.
Among the singularities of his life and fortune
Be it likewise commemorated,
That he was the only person in his time,
Who would cheat without the mask of honesty;
Who would retain his primæval meanness,
After being possessed of ten thousand pounds a year.
And who, having done, every day of his life,
Something worthy of a gibbet,
Was once condemned to one.
Think not, indignant reader

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His life useless to mankind:
PROVIDENCE
Favored, or rather connived at,
His execrable designs,
That he might remain,
To this and future ages,
A conspicuous proof and example,
Of how small estimation
Exorbitant wealth is held in the sight of the
ALMIGHTY,
By his bestowing it on
The most unworthy
Of all the descendants of
Adam.

It was reported that he died worth seven thousand pounds a year in landed estates, and about one hundred thousand pounds in money.

JAMES NAILER.

THE avoiding of a bad example may often prove as conducive to happiness as the imitating of a good one. Under this impression we here lay before the reader some particulars of the life of James Nailer, a man notorious in the seventeenth century for his fanaticism, and the singularity of his religious opinions.

James Nailer, or Nayler, was the son of a farmer of some property, and was born in the parish of Ardesley, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, about the year 1616. His education went no farther than English. At the age of twenty-two

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he married, and removed into Wakefield parish, where he continued till the commencement of the civil war in 1641. He then entered into the parliamentary army, and served eight years, first under Lord Fairfax, and afterwards as quarter-master, under General Lambert; till, disabled by sickness in Scotland, he returned home, in 1648. Hitherto he had professed himself a Presbyterian and Independent, but in 1651, he became a convert to the doctrines of George Fox, and joined the persons pretending to new lights, who were afterwards known by the appellation of Quakers.

Being a man of good natural parts, and strong imagination, he soon commenced preacher: and in the opinion of his followers, acquitted himself well, both in word and writing, among his friends. Towards the end of 1654, or beginning of 1655, he removed to London, and there found a meeting which had been gathered by Edward Burrough and Francis Howgil. He soon distinguished himself among them: so that many, admiring his talents, began to esteem him far above his brethren, which occasioned differences and disturbances in the society. These were carried to such a height, that some of Nailer's forward and inconsiderate female adherents, publicly interrupted Howgil and Burrough in preaching, and disturbed their meetings. Being reproved by them for their indiscretion, the women complained so loudly and passionately to Nailer, that as Sewel in his "History of the

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observes: Quakers, " It smote him down into so much sorrow and sadness, that he was much dejected in spirit, and disconsolate. Fear and doubting then entered into him, so that he came to be clouded in his understanding, bewildered and at a loss in his judgment, and estranged from his best friends, because they did not approve his conduct; insomuch that he began to give ear to the flattering praises of some whimsical people, which he ought to have abhorred and reproved them for." It will be seen from the subsequent part of this history, that these ' flattering praises,' of which Sewel speaks, were too powerful for the poor man's intellects, and produced that mental intoxication or derangement, to which alone his frantic conduct can be attributed.

In 1656, we find him in Devonshire, whither he was undoubtedly carried by a zeal for propagating his opinions. These were of such an extraordinary nature, that he was apprehended and sent to Exeter goal, where letters, conceived in the most extravagant strain, were sent to him by his female admirers and others. Nay, some women had arrived at such a height of folly, that, in the prison at Exeter, they knelt before him, and kissed his feet.

We find in Nailer a striking proof that circumstances, apparently the most trivial, operate frequently with irresistible and fatal force on the mind of the visionary and enthusiast. As his features bore a near resemblance to the common pictures of Christ, his imagination conceived

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the wild idea that he was transformed into Christ himself. He assumed the character of the Messiah, was acknowledged as such by his deluded followers, and accordingly affected to heal the sick and raise the dead.

After his release from the prison at Exeter, he intended to return to London; but taking Bristol in his way, as he rode through Glastonbury and Wells, his frantic attendants strewed their garments in his way. Arriving on the 24th of October at Bedminster, about a mile from Bristol, they proceeded in mock procession to that city. One man walked before with his hat on, while another, bareheaded, led Nailer's horse. When they came to the suburbs of Bristol, some women spread scarfs and handkerchiefs in his way; two other women going on each side of his horse. The whole company, knee-deep in dirt, it being very rainy and foul weather, began to sing: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Hosanna in the highest! Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Israel!" In this manner they entered the city, to the amazement of some, and the diversion of others; but the magistrates not thinking it proper to suffer such an indecent mockery of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem to pass unpunished, apprehended Nailer, and committed him to prison, with six of his associates.

Being searched after his apprehension, some letters, which shew the fanaticism of his followers, were found upon him. Some of these were as follow:—

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"In the pure fear and power of God, my soul salutes thee, thou everlasting son of righteousness, and prince of peace. I beseech thee wait, my soul travelleth to see a pure image brought forth, and the enemy strives to destroy it, that he may keep me always sorrowing and ever seeking, and never satisfied, nor ever rejoicing. But he in whom I have believed will shortly tread Satan under our feet, and then shalt thou and thine return to Zion with everlasting rejoicings and praises. But till then, better is the house of mourning than rejoicing. O let innocency be thy beloved, and righteousness thy spouse, that thy father's lambs may rejoice in thy pure and clear unspotted image of holiness and purity which my soul believeth I shall see, and so in the faith rest,

"HAN. STRANGER."

"*From London, 16th day of the 7th month.*"

"O thou fairest of ten thousand, thou only begotten son of God, how my heart panteth after thee. O stay me with flaggons and comfort me with wine. My well beloved, thou art like a roe, or young hart upon the mountains of spices, where thy beloved spouse hath long been calling thee to come away, and I am,

"HANNAH STRANGER."

To this blasphemous rhapsody was subjoined the following by the husband of the writer:

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"Postscript. Remember my dear love to thy master. Thy name is no more to be called James, but Jesus.

"JOHN STRANGER."

In another letter, from one Jane Woodcock, we find these equivocal expressions:—"O thou beloved of the Lord, the prophet of the most high God, whom the Lord brought to this great city, for to judge and try the cause of his Israel; faithful and just hast thou carried thyself in it, for thou becamest weak to the weak, and tender to the broken-hearted."

Nor were these raptures confined, as may be imagined, to the weaker sex. From an epistle from one Richard Fairman, it is evident that there were men infected in an equal degree with this ridiculous mania. "Brother in the life which is immortal," says he, "dearly beloved, who art counted worthy to be made partaker of the everlasting riches, I am filled with joy and rejoicing, when I behold thee in the eternal unity, where I do embrace thee in the everlasting arms of love. O thou dear and precious servant of the Lord, how doth my soul love! I am overcome with that love that is as strong as death. O my soul is melting within me when I behold thy beauty and innocency, dear and precious son of Sion, whose mother is a virgin, and whose birth is immortal."

The particulars of Nailer's examination previous to his commitment are too curious to be

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omitted. Being asked his name, or whether he was not called James Nailer, he replied—the men of this world call me James Nailer. Q. Art thou the man that rode on horseback into Bristol, a woman leading thy horse, and others singing before thee, 'Holy, holy, holy, hosanna,' &c.?—A. I did ride into a town, but what its name was I know not, and by the spirit a woman was commanded to hold my horse's bridle, and some there were that cast down clothes, and sang praises to the Lord, such songs as the Lord put into their hearts; and it is like it might be the song of Holy, holy, holy.—Q. Whether or no didst thou reprove these women?—A. Nay, but I bade them take heed that they sang nothing but what they were moved to of the Lord.—Q. Dost thou own this letter which Hannah Stranger sent unto thee?—A. Yea, I do own that letter.—Q. Art thou, according to that letter, the fairest of ten thousand?—A. As to the visible, I deny any such attribute to be due to me; but if as to that which the father hath begotten in me, I shall own it.—Q. Art thou the only son of God?—A. I am the son of God, but I have many brethren.—Q. Have any called thee by the name of Jesus?—A. Not as unto the visible, but as Jesus, the Christ that is in me.—Q. Dost thou own the name of the king of Israel?—A. Not as a creature, but if they give it Christ within me, I own it, and have a kingdom; but not of this world; my kingdom is of another world, of which thou wast not.—Q. Whether or

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no art thou, the prophet of the Most High?—A. Thou hast said I am a prophet.—Q. Dost thou own that attribute, the judge of Israel?—A. The judge is but one, and is witnessed in me, and is the Christ; there must not be any joined with him. If they speak of the spirit in me, I own it only as God is manifest in the flesh, according as God dwelleth in me, and judgeth there himself.—Q. By whom were you sent?—A. By him who hath sent the spirit of his son in me to try, not as to carnal matters, but belonging to the kingdom of God, by the indwelling of the father and the son, to be the judge of all spirits, to be guided by none.—Q. Is not the written word of God the guide?—A. The written word declares of it, and what is not according to that, is not true.—Q. Whether art thou more sent than others, or whether others be not sent in that measure.—A. As to that, I have nothing at present given me of my father to answer.—A. Was your birth mortal or immortal?—A. Not according to the natural birth, but according to the spiritual birth, born of the immortal seed.—Q. Wert thou ever called the Lamb of God?—A. I look not back to things behind, but there might be some such thing in the letter; I am a lamb, and have sought it long before I could witness it.—Q. Who is thy mother, or whether or no is she a virgin?—A. Nay, according to the natural birth.—Q. Who is thy mother according to the spiritual birth?—A. No carnal creature.—Q. Who then? (No an-

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swer.)—Q. Is the hope of Israel in thee?—A. The hope is in Christ, and as Christ is in me, so far the hope of Israel stands; Christ is in me the hope of glory.—Q. What more hope is there in thee than in others?—A. None can know but them of Israel; and Israel must give an account. —Q. Art thou the everlasting son of God?—A. Where God is manifest in the flesh, there is the everlasting son, and I do witness God in the flesh: I am the Son of God, and the Son of God is but one.—Q. Art thou the Prince of Peace?—A. The prince of everlasting peace is begotten in me.—Q. Why dost thou not reprove those that give thee those attributes?—A. I have said nothing to them but such things as are written.—Q. Is thy name Jesus?—For what space of time hast thou been so called?—Is there no other Jesus besides thee?—To these three questions he made no reply.—Q. Art thou the everlasting son of God, the king of righteousness?—A. I am; and the everlasting righteousness is wrought in me; if ye were acquainted with the Father, ye would also be acquainted with me.—Q. Did any kiss thy feet?—A. It might be they did, but I minded them not.—Q. When thou wast called the king of Israel, didst thou not answer—thou sayest it?—A. Yea.—Q. How dost thou provide for a livelihood?—A. As do the lilies, without care, being maintained by my Father.—Q. Whom dost thou call thy father?—A. Him whom thou callest God.—Q. What business hadst thou in Bristol, or that way?—A. I was guided or di-

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rected by my Father.—Q. Why wast thou called a judge to try the cause of Israel? (No reply.)—Q. Are any of these sayings blasphemy or not?—A. What is received of the Lord is truth.—Q. Whose letter was that which was written to thee signed T. S.?—A. It was sent to me to Exeter goal, by one the world calls Thomas Symonds.—Q. Didst thou not say: If ye had known me, ye had known the Father?—A. Yea, for the Father is my life.—Q. Where wert thou born?—A. At Ardeslow, in Yorkshire.—Q. Where lives thy wife?—A. She whom thou callest my wife lives in Wakefield.—Q. Why dost thou not live with her?—A. I did till I was called to the army.—Q. Doth God in any manner sustain thee without any corporeal food?—A. Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Father. The same life is mine that is in the Father, but not in the same measure.—Q. How art thou cloathed?—A. I know not.—Q. Dost thou live without bread?—Q. A. As long as my heavenly father will. I have tasted of that bread of which he that eateth shall never die.—Q. How long hast thou lived without any corporeal sustenance, having perfect health?—A. Some fifteen or sixteen days, sustained without any other food except the word of God.—Q. Was Dorcas Erbury dead in Exeter two days, and didst thou raise her?—Q. I can do nothing of myself. The scripture beareth witness to the power in me, which is everlasting; it is the same power

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we read of in the scripture.—Q. Art thou the unspotted Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world?—A. Were I not a lamb, wolves would not seek to devour me.—Q. Art thou not guilty of most horrid blasphemy by thy own words?—A. Who made thee a judge over them?—Q. Whom meant thy companions by Holy, holy, &c.?—A. Let them answer for themselves, they are at age.—Q. Did not some spread their clothes on the ground before thee, when thou didst ride through Glastonbury and Wells?—A. I think they did.—Q. Wherefore didst thou call Martha Symonds mother, as George Fox affirms?—A. George Fox is a liar and a fire-brand of hell; for neither I nor any with me called her so.—Q. Hast thou a wife at this time?—A. A woman I have who by the world is called my wife; and some children I have, which, according to the flesh, are mine.—Q. Those books which thou hast written, wilt thou maintain them and affirm what is therein.—A. Yea, with my dearest blood.

The frantic adherents of Nailer were likewise examined. They uniformly attested their conviction that he was Jesus, the Son of God, the Prince of Peace, the everlasting Son of Righteousness, and King of Israel, and that in their conduct towards him they had only complied with the injunctions of the Lord. But the testimony of Dorcas Erbury, mentioned above, and who was the widow of William Erbury, once a

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minister, is an astonishing compound of blasphemy and delusion.

Being asked, Dost thou own him that rode on horseback to be the Holy One of Israel?—She replied, Yea, I do, and with my blood will seal it.—Q. And dost thou own him for the Son of God.—A. He is the only begotten Son of God.—Q. Wherefore didst thou pull off his stockings, and lay thy clothes beneath his feet?—A. He is worthy of it, for he is the holy Lord of Israel.—Q. Knowest thou no other Jesus, the only begotten Son of God?—A. I know no other Saviour.—Q. Dost thou believe in James Nailer?—A. Yea, in him whom thou callest so I do.—Q. By what name dost thou use to call him?—A. The Son of God; but I am to serve him, and to call him Lord and Master.—Q. Jesus was crucified; but this man you call the Son of God is alive.—A. He hath shaken off his carnal body.—Q. Why what body hath he then?—A. Say not the scriptures, Thy natural body I will change, and it shall be spiritual.—Q. Hath a spirit flesh and bones?—A. His flesh and bones are new.—Q. Christ raised those that had been dead; so did not he.—A. He raised me.—Q. In what manner?—A. He laid his hand on my head, after I had been dead two days, and said, 'Dorcas arise!' and I arose and live as thou seest.—Q. Where did he this?—A. In the goal at Exeter.—Q. What witness hast thou for this?—A. My mother, who was present.—Q. His

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power being so great, wherefore opened he not the prison-doors, and escaped?—A. The doors shall open when the Lord's work is done.—Q. What apostles hath he?—A. They are scattered; but some are here.—Q. Jesus Christ doth sit on the right-hand of the father, where the world shall be judged by him.—A. He whom thou callest Nailer shall sit at the right-hand of the Father, and shall judge the world in equity.

Soon after this examination, Nailer and his followers were sent to London, to be dealt with as parliament should think proper. Having been examined by a committee of the house, which made their report on the 5th of December, he was next day summoned to appear, and heard at the bar. On the 8th the house came to this resolution: 'That James Nailer is guilty of horrid blasphemy, and that he is a grand impostor and a great seducer of the people.' The subject was resumed from that time both forenoon and afternoon, not without some warm debates, and was proposed the twelfth time on the 16th of December. How much time it took up in the house appears from two letters of Secretary Thurloe, dated Dec. the 9th and 16th. In the first he says, "These four or five last days have been wholly taken up about James Nailer, the quaker, who hath had a charge of blasphemy exhibited against him; and upon hearing matter of fact, he is voted guilty of blasphemy; and the consideration now is, (which I believe

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may be determined this evening) what punishment shall be inflicted. Many are of opinion that he ought to be put to death." This point, however, was not so soon settled as the secretary imagined, for in the second letter he writes: "The parliament hath done nothing these ten days but dispute whether James Nailer, the quaker, shall be put to death for blasphemy. They are much divided in their opinions. It is possible that they may come to a resolution this day. It is probable that his life may be spared." In the postscript he adds: "The parliament came this day to a vote on Nailer's business, viz. that he should have his tongue bored, a brand set on his forehead, be set in the pillory, and whipped, and imprisoned for life. The question for his life was lost by fourteen voices."

On the 17th, after another long debate, the parliament, pursuant to their vote, came to the following resolution:—"That James Nailer be set in the pillory, in the Palace-Yard, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday next, and be whipped by the hangman through the streets from Westminster to the Old Exchange, and there likewise be set in the pillory, with his head in the pillory, for the space of two hours, between the hours of eleven and one on Saturday next; in each place wearing a paper containing an inscription of his crimes: and that at the Old Exchange his tongue be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there also stigmatized in the forehead with the letter B

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for blasphemer. And that that he afterwards be sent to Bristol, and be conveyed into and through the said city on horseback, with his face backward; and there also publicly whipped the next market-day after he comes thither. And that from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and there to labor hard till he shall be released by parliament; and during that time be debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper; and shall have no relief but what he earns by his daily labor."

Cromwell was at this time protector of the kingdom, and several petitions in behalf of Nailer were presented to him by persons of different persuasions, but he resolved not to read them until sentence had been passed. On the 18th of December he suffered the first part of his punishment, which was inflicted with such rigor, that some judged his sentence would have been more mild if it had been present death. The other part, namely, boring his tongue and branding his forehead, should have been executed two days afterwards, but he was reduced so low by the cruel whipping, that his farther punishment was respited for a week. During that interval many persons, looking upon him rather as a madman, than guilty of wilful blasphemy, petitioned the parliament and Cromwell to remit the remainder of his sentence. On this some of the protector's chaplains went and conversed with the culprit, and their report frus-

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trated the design of these applications. The rest of his sentence was executed on the 27th of December, after which, being sent to Bristol, he was conducted through that city on horse back, with his face backward, and publicly whipped. Then being remanded to London, he was committed to Bridewell.

Nailer's sufferings brought him to his senses, and to some degree of humility. He wrote a letter to the magistrates of Bristol, expressive of his repentance of his former behavior in that city. During the time of his confinement in Bridewell, which was about two years, he manifested unfeigned contrition for his follies and offences. Having also, notwithstanding his sentence, obtained pen, ink, and paper, he wrote several small books, in which he retracted his past errors. In one of them he says: "Condemned for ever be all false worships, with which any have idolized my person, in the night of my temptation, when the power of darkness was above all; their castings of their clothes in the way, their bowing and singings, and all the rest of those wild actions which did any ways tend to dishonor the Lord, or draw the minds of any from the measures of Christ Jesus in themselves to look at flesh which is as grass, or to ascribe that to the visible which belongs to Christ Jesus. All that I condemn, by which the pure name of the Lord, has been any ways blasphemed through me, in the time of temptation, or the spirits of any people grieved. And also that letter which

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was sent me to Exeter by H. Stranger, when I was in prison, with these words: 'Thy name shall be no more James Nailer, but Jesus.'—this I judge to be written from the imagination; and a fear struck me when I first saw it, and so I put it in my pocket close, not intending any should see it; which they finding on me, spread it abroad, which the simplicity of my heart never owned. So this I deny also, that the name of Christ Jesus was received instead of James Nailer, or ascribed to him.—And all these ranting wild spirits which then gathered about me in that time of darkness, and all their wild actions and wicked words against the honor of God, and his pure spirit and people; and deny that bad spirit, the power and the works thereof; and as far as I gave advantage, through want of judgment for that evil spirit in any to arise, I take shame to myself justly. And that report, as though I had raised Dorcas Erbury from the dead carnally, this I deny also, and condemn that testimony to be out of the truth; though that power that quickens the dead I deny not, which is the word of eternal life."

He likewise composed some other pieces, which may be seen in Sewel's History of the Quakers. These people had disowned him during his extravagant flights, but after his repentance, they re-admitted the lost sheep into their society.

About the latter end of October, 1660, Nailer set out from London towards the north, with an

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intention of going home to his wife and children, who still lived at Wakefield. Some miles beyond Huntingdon he was taken ill, having, as it was reported, been robbed by the way, and left bound. Whether he received any personal injury is not recorded, but being found in a field by a countryman, towards evening, he was carried to a friend's house, at Holm, near King's Ripton, where he expired in November, 1660.

Such was the end of this enthusiast, who rendered himself as miserable as possible, without doing any service to mankind. From him we learn that a most abundant source of error and delusion, and a principle the most mischievous of any in its consequences, is a spirit of enthusiasm, spurred on by ambition and pride. This blind and ungovernable guide has, at different times, led an incredible number of persons of weak judgment and strong imagination, through a maze of such strange and unaccountable follies, as one would imagine, could never have entered into the thoughts of a being endowed with reason—such follies as have rendered the persons possessed with them a plague to the world, as well as to themselves; while their actions have been a disgrace to human nature, and a scandal to the christian name. It therefore behoves every rational person to take particular care to preclude the access of so disagreeable a guest into his bosom, not only for his own sake, but for that of the society of which he is a member.

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MRS. MONTAGUE.

THIS lady, was daughter of Matthew Robinson Esq. late of West Layton in Yorkshire and Horton in Kent, and sister to Lord Rokeby of eccentric memory. She was born about the year 1730. The care of her education was committed to her relation, the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, the author of the life of Cicero, and other admired publications. Under a tutor of such abilities it is no wonder that Miss Robinson should have displayed an early propensity for literary pursuits; nay, it is even said that she had transcribed the whole of the Spectator at eight years of age. This report almost exceeds belief, though it has been attested by the best authority, and was always solemnly affirmed by Dr. Monsey, a particular friend of Dr. Middleton, as well as of the lady herself.

From the respectability of her connexions Miss Robinson was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the most distinguished characters of her time. With the amiable Lord Lyttleton she was on terms of the greatest intimacy, and had he been free from matrimonial ties, she might have commanded his title and fortune. It is well known that she assisted this nobleman in the composition of his *Dialogues of the Dead*, and some of

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the best portions of that work were acknowledged by his lordship to have proceeded from her pen. It has been imagined that she was at one time attached to Pulteney, the celebrated earl of Bath. She afterwards accompanied that nobleman and his lady on a tour through Germany.

Miss Robinson conferred her hand on Edward Montague Esq. of Denton Castle, in Northumberland, grandson to the first Earl of Sandwich, whom she survived many years. We have already seen that the early promise of her literary genius was not disappointed in her maturer years. She was not only a good scholar but possessed a sound judgment and excellent taste. These led her to compose her *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare*, in answer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire. This performance, the only avowed production of her pen, must always rank with the best illustrations of the powers of the English bard. It is not an elaborate exposition of obscure passages, but a comprehensive survey of the sublimity of his genius, of his profound knowledge of human nature, and of the wonderful resources of his imagination. The French critic with his usual asperity presumes to censure the father of the British drama for defects which he does not possess, and exaggerates the improprieties that are to be found in his writings. The truth is, that the productions of no mortal can boast of perfection; that considerable allowance must be made for the complexion of the times when the poet lived; and, lastly, that Voltaire, being not, tho-

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roughly acquainted with the English language, was by no means competent to the task he had undertaken, in thus sitting in judgment on the ornament and glory of our country.

Many able judges of literary merit have pronounced an eulogium on Mrs. Montague's performance, and even fastidious readers have perused it with pleasure; there is a neatness in the style, and clearness in the arrangement, and a benevolence in the tendency and design of her observations. But we will not conceal from our readers that the colossal Johnson *growled*, and vented his spleen in ill-natured expressions concerning it. We cannot, however, deem him an unerring oracle: he reprobated Gray, whose writings have attracted from the public no small degree of admiration.

The epistolary correspondence of Mrs. Montague possessed much playfulness of fancy; she, in this department, exceeded even her celebrated female name-sake, whose letters, however doubtful their orgin, were marked for appropriateness of spirit and gracefulness of expression. By-some, the subject of this memoir had the palm of superiority assigned her. Her epistolary excellence particularly displayed itself in her correspondence with Dr. Monsey, physician to Chelsea College, to whom she wrote during her excursion through Germany. He lived to a very advanced age. The following is an extract of a letter of pleasantry from this lady to Dr. Monsey, dated Jan. 1785:—

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"MY DEAR DOCTOR.

"I FLATTER myself you do not love me less vehemently at ninety than you did at eighty-nine. Indeed I feel my passion for you increase yearly: a miser does not love a *new guinea*, or an antiquary an *old one*, more than I do you; like a *virtuoso*, I admire the *verd antique* on your character, and set a higher price on your affection every day. If the winter of the year had been as pleasant as the winter of your age, I should have called on you at Chelsea before this time, but it has been so harsh and severe, that I durst not venture myself abroad under its influence," &c.

In private life, Mrs. M. was an example of liberal discretion and rational benevolence. Her hand was extended to the protection of genius and to the relief of distress. Her mansion was the resort of distinguished characters, and all were ready to pay the homage due to the endowments of her head and to the amiable qualities of her heart. One singular instance of her benevolence must not be passed over unnoticed:—for some years previous to her decease, she annually entertained, on the first day of May, with roast beef and plumb-pudding, the *chimney-sweepers* of the metropolis, in the court-yard of her house, in Portman-square! It was reported that her predilection for the sooty tribe originated in her having once lost a child, which she found amongst them. But this cannot be a fact, for she never had a family. The real cause was, her delight to do

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good; and, in imitation of Jonas Hanway, she thought her regards were particularly due to this unfortunate class of society. Mrs Montague died at her house in Portman-square, 1800, having reached an advanced age.

Notwithstanding the mean opinion of Mrs. Montague's *Vindication*, which Dr. Johnson professed to entertain, and which was one of those into which he was sometimes goaded either by peevishness or the importunity of his friends, we find him on another occasion expressing the following, and which were probably his real sentiments concerning this lady; "She did not make a trade of her wit, but was a very extraordinary woman. She had a constant stream of conversation, and it was always impregnated; it had always meaning."

But whatever pretensions she might have to wit or talents, it is much more pleasing to be able to assert, that her virtues and the goodness of heart which she displayed throughout a long life, deservedly entitle her to the esteem and imitation of posterity.

HON. MRS. GODFREY.

THE history of this lady serves to shew the danger of too precipitate an interment of persons in whom life is suddenly to all appearance extinguished. She was mistress of the Jewel-office,

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and sister to the great duke of Marlborough. During her residence at Tunbridge, in 1722, she conceived such an esteem for the family of Miss Seal, afterwards mother of the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy, that she offered to bring her up and have her educated in every respect the same as her own daughter, Miss Godfrey. Mrs. Seal, however, having at this time no reason to doubt that her child was amply provided for, politely declined the offer, but agreed, that on Mrs. Godfrey's return to town for the winter, she should accompany, and spend three or four months with her.

That season being now come, Mrs. Godfrey set out for London, and upon her arrival, heard that her noble brother was given over by his physicians; but having been for some time at variance with the duchess, on account of her exposing, though reduced to a state of second childhood, the man who had rendered himself so famous—an imprudence which deservedly gave offence to Mrs. Godfrey, she had not the satisfaction of seeing him before he died. Here, it must be observed, that the Duchess of Marlborough, much to her discredit, used to take the duke with her in the coach, whenever she went abroad, even upon the most trivial occasions, exhibiting as a public spectacle the hero who had lately kept nations in awe, and whose talents in the cabinet were equal to his valour and military knowledge in the field.

Mrs. Godfrey was prevented, by this disa-

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greement, from paying a visit herself at Marlborough-house, to condole with her sister-in-law on the loss which their family and the nation had sustained. Having, however, an inclination to know how things were conducted there, she sent her woman, Mrs Busby's daughter, to make, enquiries: and the latter, overcome by the importunities of Miss Seal, who had attended Mrs. Godfrey to town as proposed, accompanied her to see the remains of the duke lie in state. When they arrived at the gate of Marlborough-house they found it open, but to their infinite surprise, met not a living creature during their passage to the room in which the body was deposited. So totally was this great man neglected in the last stage of his mortal exhibition, that not a single attendant, or one glimmering taper, remained about him as tokens of respectful attention. The ladies were obliged to the daylight alone for the faint view they obtained of the funeral decorations. This melancholy and disrespectful scene was no sooner described to Mrs. Godfrey by her woman, than it had such an effect upon her as to occasion a long and severe illness; which at length reduced her to such a state, that had she experienced the same neglectful treatment her brother had done, she must have been buried alive.

One Sunday, fancying herself better than she had been for some time, and able to go to chapel, as she was dressing for that purpose she suddenly fell down to all appearance dead. The

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screams of her women brought Colonel Godfrey into the room, who having probably seen instances of persons remaining in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and afterwards recovering, directed that his lady should be immediately put into bed, and that two persons should constantly continue with her, till indubitable symptoms appeared of her decease. The consequences proved with how much judgment the colonel had acted.

Notwithstanding the opinion of the physicians, who all declared that the breath of life was irrecoverably departed; and in opposition to the solicitations of his friends to have the body interred, he continued resolute in his determination till the Sunday following, when exactly at the same hour on which the change had happened, signs appeared of returning sensibility. So punctual was nature in her operations upon this singular occasion, that Mrs. Godfrey awoke from her trance just as the chapel bell was once more ringing, which so perfectly eradicated from her memory every trace of her insensibility, that she blamed her attendants for not waking her in time to go to church, as she had proposed to do. Colonel Godfrey, whose tenderness to his lady was unremitted, taking advantage of this incident, prudently gave orders that she should by no means be made acquainted with what had happened, lest it should make a melancholy impression on her mind; and to the day of her death she remained ignorant of the circumstance.

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GODIVA.

THIS lady was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and with her husband, founded in 1043 a monastery for an abbot and twenty-four Benedictine monks, at Coventry, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, and St. Osburgh. Leofric and his lady, who both died about the latter end of the reign of Edward the Confessor, were buried in the church of the abbey they had founded. The former seems to have been the first lord of Coventry, and the latter its greatest benefactress, as will appear from the following extraordinary and indeed romantic tradition, which is not only firmly believed at Coventry, but is recorded by many of our historians:— The earl had granted the convent and city many valuable previleges; but the inhabitants having offended him, he imposed on them very heavy taxes; for the great lords to whom the towns belonged, under the Anglo Saxons, had that privilege, which cannot be exercised at present by any but the house of commons. The people complained grievously of the severity of the taxes, and applied to Godiva, the earl's lady, a woman of great piety and virtue, to intercede in their favour. She willingly complied with their request, but the earl remained inexorable: he told his lady, that were she to ride naked through

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the streets of the city, he would remit the tax—meaning that no persuasion whatever should prevail with him, and thinking to silence her by the strange proposal; but she, sensibly touched by the distress of the city, generously accepted the terms. She therefore sent notice to the magistrates of the town, with the strictest orders that all doors and windows should be shut, and that no person should attempt to look out on pain of death. These precautions being taken, the lady rode through the city covered only with her fine flowing locks. While riding in this manner through the streets, no one dared to look at her, except a poor taylor, who, as a punishment, it is said, for his violating the injunction of the noble lady, which had been published with so pious and benevolent a design, was struck blind. This taylor has been ever since remembered by the name of Peeping Tom, and in memory of the event, his figure is still kept in the window of the house from whence it is said he gratified his curiosity.—The lady having thus discharged her engagements, the earl performed his promise, and granted the city a charter, by which they were exempted from all taxes. As a proof of the truth of this circumstance, in a window of Trinity church are the figures of the earl and his lady, and beneath the following inscription:—

"I, Leofric, for the love of thee,
Do set Coventry toll free."

To this day, the benevolent act of Godiva is

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annually commemorated on Friday in Trinity week, when a valiant fair-one rides, not literally like the good countess, but in silk, closely fitted to her limbs, and of colour emulating her complexion. The figure of Peeping Tom, in the great street, is also new dressed on the occasion.—Mr. O'Keefe has produced a musical entertainment on this subject, written with all the *delicacy* the subject would admit.

JOHN ORME.

IT must be a subject of pain to every humane mind, that by the admission of circumstantial evidence into the system of the criminal judicature of Britain, innocent persons have frequently suffered the punishment due to guilt. The subject before us affords an instance of as remarkable an escape from this fate as can, perhaps, be produced.

John Oakes resided at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, where he followed the humble occupation of a collier, and by his industry supported a large family. About the year 1785, two persons, named Lowe and Oakes, charged with coining, were apprehended at Macclesfield. Oakes was merely a carrier, and Lowe the actual maker of the base coin; but as the law admits of no accessary, every person assisting being a principal, Oakes was convicted and executed. Lowe was

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more fortunate; though found guilty, and sentence passed, in consequence of a flaw in the indictment (the omission simply of the particle OF) his case was referred to the opinion of the twelve judges, and his life saved.

About this period a man, a stranger from Birmingham, arrived at Macclesfield, and took a room in the house of Orme, under the pretext of keeping a school. Here he remained a few weeks, till a vacation time came on, when he told his landlord, Orme, he should go and see his friends at Birmingham, and on his return would pay his rent. Stopping, however, longer than he promised, Orme from necessity broke open his lodger's door; when on entering the room he found a crucible for coining, with a few base shillings, the latter of which he put carelessly into his pocket, but, as he solemnly protested, did not attempt to utter them.

A few days after this circumstance, some cotton having been stolen from a mill in the neighbourhood, a search-warrant was granted, when among others, the constables entered Orme's house, where they found the above article for coining. As might naturally be supposed, they concluded that Orme was a party with Lowe and Oakes, and seized the instrument eagerly carrying it before a magistrate. A warrant was immediately granted to apprehend Orme on a charge of coining, and he was taken from his employment at the bottom of a coal-pit. On their way to the magistrate's office, he was in-

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formed by the constables of the nature of the charge against him; when, recollecting the base money he had in his pocket, just as he was entering the office, his fears got so much the ascendancy over his prudence, that he hastily put his hand into his pocket, and taking out the shillings, crammed them into his mouth, from which they were taken by a constable. A circumstance apparently so conclusive against the prisoner, could not fail to have its weight with the jury at his trial, and the poor fellow was convicted. Judgment of death was accordingly passed by the late Lord Alvanly, then he Hon. Pepper Arden.

Orme was sentenced to die with Oakes, but a few days before that which was appointed to be his last, a brother of Orme's resident in London, a cheese-factor and hop-merchant in the Borough, arrived at Chester with a respite for a fortnight. In this interval a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances of the case, drew up a petition to the fountain of mercy, the king, and principally assisted by the late Rolls Legh, Esq. procured the signatures of a considerable part of the grand jury to the same.—Orme's respite expired at one o'clock on Monday, the hour that was to terminate his earthly existence. On the Saturday night preceding, his friends waited at the post-office with an anxiety and solicitude that words can but faintly describe: at the hour of eleven, the unpropitious

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and unwelcome information arrived that all had failed.

This failure had arisen in consequence of the prisoner attempting to break out of gaol after sentence had been passed: and here the rough but honest bluntness of Mr. Rolls Legh ought not to be forgotten,—On applying to the foreman of the grand jury to sign the petition, the latter objected, saying, "he could not, as Orme had attempted to break out of the castle." Mr. Legh exclaimed—"By G—d so would you, if you were under sentence of death."

Not a ray of hope was now left, and the unfortunate prisoner had no expectation of living beyond the appointed moment. Accordingly the dreadful accompaniments of a public, ignominious death were prepared—a hurdle to take his body to the fatal tree (as in cases of petty treason), the sheriff's officers were all summoned, and a coffin was made to receive his remains. Supported by conscious innocence, never was a man better prepared to meet so awful an end than Orme; all the Sunday his mind was serene, placid, and comfortable, not the least emotion, not even a sigh escaped him; and when the news arrived of his deliverance from death, he silently received it with apparent disappointment. About ten o'clock on that night the king's special messenger arrived with a reprieve, the persevering and fraternal affection of his brother having ultimately succeeded. He suffered, however, five

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years incarceration in the castle, from the time of his reprieve, and the governor, the late Mr. Faithful Thomas, has been heard to say, he did as much good in reading religious tracts to the prisoners, as any ordinary could possibly have done in the same period.

He survived his liberation (procured by the late Judge Bearcroft) nearly sixteen years; brought up a large family by honest industry, and his memory, we hope, will be embalmed with the poor man's only meed, next to the satisfaction of his own heart—the approbation of posterity. He died at Macclesfield in 1806.

MARY DELANY.

THIS lady eminently distinguished for her ingenuity, was born at a small country-house of her father's at Coulston in Wiltshire on the 14th of May 1700. Her descent and family connections were highly honorable, she being the daughter of Bernard, a younger brother of George Granville Esq. afterwards Lord Lansdown, a nobleman whose virtues and abilities, whose friendship with Pope and Swift, and other eminent writers of his age, together with his general patronage of men of genius, have been so often recorded.

Belonging to such a family Miss Granville could not fail of receiving the best educations She resided chiefly with her aunt Lady Stanley

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at Whitehall, but paid frequent visits to her uncle Landsdown in the country. In the society of a nobleman, who united the accomplishments of the polite courtier, with those of the elegant scholar, her understanding was much improved, her taste refined, and she acquired a grace and dignity of manners which she preserved till the close of her life.

At Long Leat, the seat of the Weymouth family, occupied by Lord Landsdown during the minority of the heir, Miss Granville first saw Alexander Pendarvis Esq, a gentleman of large property at Roscrow in the county of Cornwall. He immediately paid his addresses to her, and so strenuously were they supported by her uncle, whom she had not the courage to refuse, that she gave a reluctant consent to the match, and accordingly it took place in the course of two or three weeks, she being then in the seventeenth year of her age.

In consequence of a great disparity of years, and other causes, she was very unhappy during the time this connection lasted. She however employed the retirement to which she was confined in the farther cultivation of her understanding, and particularly made a great proficiency in music. In 1724 she became a widow, on which occasion she quitted Cornwall and fixed her principal residence in London.

For several years, between 1730 and 1736, she maintained a correspondence with Dean Swift, and some of her letters are inserted in his works.

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In 1743 after remaining a widow nineteen years, she was married to Dr. Delany, with whom she had long been acquainted. This union, which in some degree compensated for the unhappiness of the former, was dissolved by the decease of the doctor in May 1768.

Mrs. Delany had in her early years formed an intimacy with the duchess dowager of Portland, and which after this event her grace cultivated with increased assiduity. In winter scarcely a day passed in which the duchess, unless confined by illness, did not pass some time with Mrs. Delany at her house in St. James's Place. The summer was spent by the latter at Bulstrode, the elegant mansion of her friend, or in excursions among her relations in the counties of Warwick and Stafford.

On the death of the duchess, the king assigned her, as a summer-residence, a house at Windsor completely furnished, and to prevent inconvenience from this increased establishment, conferred on her a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The manner in which this pension was paid, added to the gracefulness of the gift. To prevent the customary deductions, the queen herself, in the most condescending manner, carried to her every half year the bank-notes in her pocket. Mrs. Delany did not stand in need of this gift as an eleemosinary appointment; the munificence of the king proceeded from the esteem which their majesties entertained of her character, and from their desire to have near them a lady of

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such uncommon merit and endowments. To the latter it is owing that Mrs. Delany has been admitted to a place in this work. She was particularly distinguished for her skill in painting and in other ingenious arts, one of which was entirely of her own invention. With respect to painting, she was late in her application to it. She did not learn to draw till she was more than thirty years of age, when she put herself under the instruction of Goupy, a fashionable master of that time, and much employed by the father of his present majesty. She did not take to oil-painting till she was past forty. So strong was her passion for this art, that she was frequently known to employ herself in it, day after day, from six o'clock in the morning till dinner-time, allowing only a short interval for breakfast. She was principally a copiest, but a very fine one. The only considerable original work by her in oil was the raising of Lazarus, which, after her death, came into the possession of her friend Lady Bute. The number of pictures painted by her, considering how late it was in life before she applied to the art, was very great. Her own house was full of them, and others were among the chief ornaments of Calswick, Welsbourn and Ilam, the respective residences of her nephews Mr. Granville and Mr. Dewes and her niece Mrs. Port.

Among other accomplishments Mrs. Delany excelled in embroidery and shell-work; and in the course of her life produced many elegant

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specimens of her skill in these respects. But what is more remarkable with regard to her is, that, at the age of seventy-four she invented a new and beautiful mode of exercising her ingenuity. This was by the construction of a Flora of a most singular kind, formed by applying colored papers together, and which might not improperly be called a species of mosaic work. Being perfectly mistress of her scissars, she cut out the plant or flower which she purposed to imitate; that is she cut out its various leaves and parts in such colored Chinese paper as suited her subject; and as she could not always meet with a color to correspond with the one she wanted, she then dyed her paper to answer her wishes. She used a black ground as best calculated to throw out her flower; and not the least astonishing part of her art was, that though she never employed her pencil to trace out the form or shape of the plant, yet when she applied all the pieces of which it was composed, it hung so loosely and gracefully, that every one who saw it was persuaded it must have been drawn out and repeatedly corrected by a most judicious hand, before it could have attained the ease and air of truth which, without any impeachment of the honor of this accomplished lady, might justly be called a *forgery* of Nature's works. The effect was superior to what painting could have produced; and so imposing was her art, that she would sometimes put a real leaf of a plant beside one of her own creation, which the eye could not de-

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detect even when she herself pointed it out. Mrs. Delany continued in the prosecution of her design till the eighty-third year of her age when the dimness of her sight obliged her to lay it aside. However, by her unwearied perseverance, she became authoress of by far the most complete Flora ever executed by the same hand. The number of plants finished by her amounted to one hundred and eighty. This invaluable collection she bequeathed to her nephew, Court Dewes, Esq.

The liberality of Mrs. Delany's mind rendered her at all times ready to communicate her art. She frequently pursued her work in company: was desirous of shewing to her friends how easy it was to execute; and was often heard to lament that so few would attempt it. It required, however, two essential requisites to undertake it with success, great patience, and a great knowledge in botanical drawing.

When Mrs. Delany had entered the eightieth year of her age, she prefixed to the first volume of her Flora the following lines, having never written, so far as is known, any verses before.

"Hail to the happy hour when Fancy led
My pensive mind the flowery path to tread,
And gave me emulation to presume
With timid Art to trace fair Nature's bloom;
To view with awe the great creative power
That shines confest in the minutest flower;
With wonder to pursue the glorious line,
And gratefully adore the hand divine."

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These lines are succeeded by what follows, in prose:

"This paper Mosaic work was begun in the seventy-fourth year of my age, which I at first only meant as an imitation of an Hortus siccus, and as an employment and amusement to supply the loss of those that had formerly been delightful to me, but had lost their power of pleasing; being deprived of that friend, whose partial approbation was my pride, and had stamped a value on them. Though the effect of this work was more than I had expected, I thought that a whim of my own fancy might fondly beguile my judgment to think better of it than it deserved; and I should have dropped the attempt as vain, had not the duchess dowager of Portland looked on it with favourable eyes. Her approbation was such a sanction to my undertaking as made it appear of consequence, and gave me courage to go on with confidence. To her I owe more than I dare express; but my heart will ever feel, with the utmost gratitude and tenderest affection, the honor and delight I have enjoyed in her most generous, steady and delicate friendship, for above forty years.

"MARY DELANY.

,, The same desires, the same ingenious arts
Delighted both.—We own'd and bless'd that power
That join'd at once our studies and our hearts!

Mason, Elegy III.

"Bulstrode 5th July, 1779."

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The following pleasing anecdote relative to this subject should not be omitted:—Mrs. Delany, while in Ireland was presented with a citron, the seeds of which she planted, and reared to a tree, which at the time of her leaving that country was in its perfection. When she was become enamored of her new work, she often wished to perpetuate the tree she had left behind her, and intimating this wish to the duchess dowager of Portland, her noble friend with that benevolence which distinguished her character, contrived to get the tree sent over to Bulstrode. As soon as it was recovered from the accidents of so long a journey, it was placed in the gallery, and when Mrs. Delany admired the beauty of the plant, she was informed by her grace that it was the identical tree she had so often been desirous of obtaining. The celebrated Mr. Keate happened to pay a visit at Bulstrode, just as Mrs. Delany had finished the portrait of a branch of her favourite citron-tree: and hearing the history of it, a desire was excited in him, of commemorating an event, which gave him an opportunity of recording the abilities of Mrs. Delany, and the discerning and attentive friendship of the duchess. This he accordingly did in an elegant copy of verses entitled "A Petition from Mrs. Delany's Citron Tree to her grace the Duchess dowager of Portland."

In 1782 Mrs. Delany lost her sight, and on the 15th of April 1788 she expired, after a short indisposition, at her house in St. James's Place,

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having nearly completed the eighty eighth year of her age. She was buried in a vault of St. James's Church, and on one of its columns a stone is erected to her memory briefly recording her descent, marriages and character.

Mr. Walpole in the later editions of his "Anecdotes of painting," speaking of a particular picture, which was in the possession of the duchess dowager of Portland, expresses himself in a note as follows: "This portrait the duchess, at her death, bequeathed to her friend, the widow of Dr. Delany and correspondent of Dr. Swift: a lady of excellent sense and taste, a paintress in oil, who, at the age of seventy-five invented the art of paper Mosaic, with which material, colored, she in eight years, executed within twenty of a thousand various flowers, and flowering shrubs, with a precision and truth unparalleled."

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

WERE it possible to collect a complete account of the variegated scenes of which the life of this most eccentric person was composed, the work would probably be as entertaining as any in the English language. His father was of the same name as himself, and his mother was Lady Mary Wortley Montague celebrated for her accomplishments and her literary talents.

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Their son was placed for education at Westminster School, but from that seminary he ran away three several times. Exchanging clothes with a chimney-sweeper, he followed for some time that disgusting occupation. He then engaged with a fisherman and cried flounders at Rotherhithe. He afterwards sailed as a cabin-boy to Spain, where he had no sooner arrived than he ran away from the vessel, and hired himself a driver of mules.

After leading for some time this vagabond life, he was discovered by the English consul, who sent him home to his family, by whom he was received with demonstrations of the most sincere joy. A private tutor was employed to recover those rudiments of learning, which a life of dissipation and vulgarity might have obliterated. He was then sent to the West Indies, where he remained some time, and on his return to England, was chosen a member in two successive parliaments.

Soon after his reconciliation with his father, the latter died very suddenly, without having altered his will, as he intended, in favour of his son. Not long afterwards he had the misfortune to offend his mother irreconcileably. The cause of this antipathy was probably an union which he is said to have formed with a female who aspired to a character no higher than that of a washerwoman. As the marriage was solemnized in a frolic, he never deemed her sufficiently his wife to cohabit with her, but allowed her a maintenance. Too

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Too submissive to be troublesome on account of the conjugal rights, she lived content on this stipend.

Whatever might have been the cause of his mother's inflexible aversion, certain it is that she cut him off with a shilling from all the inheritance she ever had it in her power to leave him. Previous to this event he had quitted his native country involved in debt, and as if unable to conquer a propensity he had imbibed in early youth, commenced the wandering traveller he continued till the time of his death. He was abroad when he received his mother's legacy, which he gave with the utmost gaiety to a friend. By these means a vast estate came to Lord Bute who had married the sister of Mr. Montague. Nevertheless, that nobleman with a generosity highly creditable to his heart ceded to his brother-in-law much more than he could possibly have claimed or obtained by litigation.

Mr. Montague had very accommodating principles and a fine constitution for travelling. The last fourteen years of his life were entirely spent in foreign parts, where he became enamored of the dress and manners of Arabia, to which he conformed to the end of his life. Before that time he had been frequently heard to say that he had long since drunk his full share of wine and strong liquors, and that he had never once been guilty of a small folly in the whole course of his life.

He was now a perfect patriarch in his manners,

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and had wives of almost every nation. When he was with Ali Bey in Egypt, he had his household of Egyptian females. At Constantinople the Grecian women had charms to captivate this unsettled wanderer. In short he knew perfectly well how to accommodate his taste to the country in which he was. But, continually shifting his place, he never permitted his wives to attend him, considering them as bad travelling companions.

The best account of the manners of this singular man is given by the late Dr. Moore in his Travels in Italy, in company with the duke of Hamilton. "Hearing," says this writer, "that Mr. Montague resided at Venice, the duke had the curiosity to wait on that extraordinary man. He met his grace at the stair-head, and led us through some apartments, furnished in the Venetian manner, into an inner room in quite a different style. There were no chairs, but he desired us to seat ourselves on a sopha while he placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave sat by him, and a venerable old man, with a long beard, served us with coffee.

"After this collation some aromatic gums were brought and burned in a little silver vessel. Mr. Montague held his nose over the steam for some minutes and snuffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction; he afterwards endeavoured to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung

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in hoary ringlets to his girdle. We had a great deal of conversation with this venerable looking person, who is, to the last degree acute, communicative and entertaining, and in whose discourse and manners are blended the vivacity of a Frenchman with the gravity of a Turk. We found him, however, wonderfully prejudiced in favour of the Turkish character and manners, which he thinks infinitely preferable to the European, or those of any other nation.

" He describes the Turks in general as a people of great sense and integrity, the most hospitable, generous and the happiest of mankind. He talks of returning as soon as possible to Egypt, which he paints as a perfect paradise; and thinks that, had it not been otherwise ordered for wise purposes, of which it does not become us to judge, the children of Israel would certainly have chosen to remain where they were, and have endeavored to drive the Egyptians to the land of Canaan.

" Though Mr. Montague hardly ever stirs abroad, he returned the duke's visits; and as we were not provided with cushions, he sat, while he staid, upon a sopha, with his legs under him, as he had done at his own house. This posture by long habit is now become the most agreeable to him, and he insists on its being by far the most natural and convenient; but indeed he seems to cherish the same opinion with respect to all the customs which prevail among the Turks. I could not help mentioning one which I suspect-

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ed would be thought both unnatural and inconvenient by at least one half of the human race; that of the men being allowed to engross as many women as they can maintain, and confining them to the most insipid of all lives within their harems. 'No doubt,' replied he, 'the women are all enemies to polygamy and concubinage; and there is reason to imagine that this aversion of theirs, joined to the great influence they have in all christian countries has prevented Mahometanism from making any progress in Europe. The Turkish men, on the other hand,' continued he, 'have an aversion to christianity equal to that which the christian women have to the religion of Mahomet. Auricular confession is perfectly horrible to their imagination. No Turk, of any delicacy, would ever allow his wife, particularly if he had but one, to hold private conference with a man, on any pretext whatever.

"I took notice that this aversion to auricular confession could not be a reason for the Turks' dislike to the protestant religion. 'That is true,' said he, 'but you have other tenets in common with the catholics, which renders your religion as odious as theirs. You forbid polygamy and concubinage, which, in the eyes of the Turks, who obey the dictates of the religion they embrace, is considered as an intolerable hardship. Besides, the idea which your religion gives of heaven is by no means to their taste. If they believed your account, they would think it the most tiresome and comfortless place in the uni-

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verse, and not one Turk among a thousand would go to the christian heaven if he had his choice. Lastly, the christian religion considers women as creatures upon a level with men, and equally entitled to every enjoyment both here and hereafter. When the Turks are told this,' added he, 'they are not surprised at being informed also, that women, in general, are better christians than men; but they are perfectly astonished that an opinion which they think contrary to common sense, should subsist among the rational, that is to say, the male part of christians. It is impossible,' added Mr. Montague, 'to drive it out of the head of a mussulman, that women are creatures of a subordinate species, created merely to comfort and amuse men during their journey through this vain world, but by no means worthy of accompanying believers to Paradise, where females, of a nature far superior to women, wait with impatience to receive all pious mussulmans into their arms.'

"It is needless to relate to you any more of our conversation. A lady to whom I was giving an account of it the day on which it happened, could with difficulty allow me to proceed thus far in my narration; but interrupting me with impatience, she said, she was surprised I could repeat all the nonsensical, detestable, impious maxims of the odious Mahometans; and she thought Mr. Montague should be sent back to Egypt with his long beard, and not be allowed to propagate opinions, the bare mention of which,

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however reasonable they might appear to Turks, ought not to be tolerated in any Christian land."

The concluding transactions of the remarkable life of Mr. Montague have been thus related: During his residence at Venice, he received intelligence of the death of the original Mrs. Montague, the washerwoman, and as he had no issue by her, his estate was likely to devolve to the second son of Lord Bute. To prevent this he resolved to return to England and marry. He acquainted a friend with his intentions, and commissioned that friend to advertise for any young decent woman who might be in a pregnant state. The advertisement was inserted shortly after in one of the morning papers, and consisted of the following words:—"Matrimony. A gentleman who hath filled two succeeding seats in parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry any widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polished manners, and five, six, seven, or eight months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to ——— Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, facing the Admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect." Several ladies answered this advertisement, one of whom was selected as being the most eligible object. She waited with eagerness for the arrival of her expected bridegroom from Venice; but, while he was

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on his journey, death arrested him in his career.

This account, however, has been positively contradicted, and if the former statement relative to the generosity of Lord Bute be correct, it certainly appears highly improbable that Mr. Montague would behave in the manner here described, towards the family of that nobleman. Certain it is, that, on his return to his native country, in the passage from Marseilles to England, he was choaked with the bone of a *becca-figue* in 1776.

Mr. Montague possessed great natural abilities, and an abundant portion of acquired knowledge. With the Hebrew, the Arabic, Chaldean, and Persian languages he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He published several pieces; among the rest, a tract entitled, "Reflections on the rise and fall of ancient Republics," and another, "On the Exploration of the Causes of Earthquakes."

JOHN JAMES HEIDEGGER.

FEW characters have a juster claim to a place in our collection than John James Heidegger. He was the son of a clergyman of Zurich, in Switzerland, where he was born about the year 1659. Arrived at years of manhood, he married, but left his country in consequence of an intrigue.

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Having visited the principal courts of Europe, in the humble station of a domestic, he acquired a taste for elegant pleasures; which, joined to a strong inclination for voluptuousness, by degrees qualified him for the management of public amusements.

In 1708, Heidegger came to England, where, by his address and ingenuity, he soon obtained the chief direction of the opera house and masquerades. In this situation he is said to have accumulated a fortune of five thousand pounds per annum. He possessed an extraordinary memory, and great facility of writing operas; but his person, though tall and well made, was uncommonly disagreeable, from the excessive ugliness of his face, which was scarcely human.

Heidegger was one of the first to joke on his own ugliness and once laid a wager with Lord Chesterfield that, within a certain time, his lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London. After a strict search, a woman was found whose features were, at first sight, thought even stronger than those of the *Count*, as he was ludicrously called; but on clapping her head-dress upon him, he was universally allowed to be the ugliest.

This singlar man who, in the twelfth number of the Tatler, is humorously styled a *Surgeon*, in allusion to his preparing the singers at the Opera house, lived on terms of great familiarity with the nobility of the time, who, however sometimes

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made him pay dearly for it. Of this the following curious anecdote is recorded:

The facetious Duke of Montague, (the memorable author of the Bottle-conjuror at the Haymarket), gave an entertainment at the Devil Tavern, to several of the nobility and gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard drinkers, who were in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and in a few hours after dinner was so drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed: a profound sleep ensued, when Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaister of Paris: from this a mask was made; and a few days before the next masquerade, at which the king promised to be present, with the Countess of Yarmouth, the duke made application to Heidegger's valet de chambre, to know what sort of of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions. On the evening of the masquerade, as soon as his majesty was seated (who was always known by the conducter of the entertainment, and by the officers of the court, though concealed by his dress from the rest of the company), Heidegger, as usual, ordered the music to play 'God save the King;' but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger, ordered them to play 'Over the water to Charley.' The whole company were instantly thunder-struck, and all the courtiers, not in the plot, were thrown into a stupid consternation.

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Heidegger flew to the music gallery, swore, stamped, raved, accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being suborned to ruin him. The king and the countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery. While Heidegger stood in the gallery, 'God save the king' was the tune; but when, after setting matters to rights, he retired to one of the dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit stepped forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just before the music gallery, called out in an audible voice, imitating Heidegger, saying they were blockheads, had not he just told them to play 'Charley over the water?' A pause ensued; the musicians, who knew his character, in their turn, thought him either drunk or mad: but as he continued his vociferations, Charley was played again. At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the musicians out; but the then Duke of Cumberland, who could hardly contain himself, interposed. The company were thrown into the greatest confusion;—'Shame! shame!' resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montague artfully addressing himself to him, told him 'the king was in a violent passion; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology, for certainly the musicians were mad and afterwards discharge them.' Almost in the

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same instant he ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic before the king. Heidegger had no sooner made a gentle apology for the insolence of his musicians, but the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone cried out, "Indeed, sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The duke then humanely whispered in his ear the sum of his plot, and the counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask. Here ended the frolic; but Heidegger swore he would never attend any public amusement, if the wax-work woman did not break the mould, and melt down the mask before his face.

Whatever may have been the faults or foibles of Heidegger, they were far exceeded by his charity, which was abundant. He died in the year 1749, at the advanced age of ninety years.

CORNELIUS KETEL.

THIS whimsical painter was a native of Gouda, in the Netherlands. He early prosecuted his art with great ardor, under the direction of an uncle, who was a tolerable proficient in painting, but a better scholar. Ketel after having practised in France and in his own country, embarked in 1573 for England, and was there entertained in London by a sculptor and architect, a friend of his uncle. Here his works grew into esteem,

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and he was much employed by the merchants of the metropolis in painting portraits but was seldom engaged on history, to which his inclination chiefly led him. Having, however, painted an allegorical piece, of Strength vanquished by Wisdom, it was purchased by a young merchant and presented to Sir Christopher Hatton. This circumstance led to Ketel's introduction to court, after which he executed portraits of the first characters of the age, and had the honor of painting Queen Elizabeth herself.

Nothing is so dangerous to persons of weak minds as prosperity, and this seems to have been exemplified in Ketel. Not satisfied with the glory he had acquired by his various performances, several of which were of an historical nature, he formed a scheme of making himself known by a method of painting entirely new. Laying aside his brush, he painted only with his fingers, and began with his own portrait. The whim took, so that he repeated the practice; and it is pretended that these fantastic works were executed with great purity and beauty of coloring.

The folly of the artist kept pace with his success, so that at last his fingers appeared to be tools of too easy a kind, and he undertook to paint with his feet. Even in this ridiculous caprice he was indulged with the applause of the public. The performances of Ketel are strongly colored, and with a full pencil, and are always as large, or rather larger than nature. He returned to Holland and died in the year 1602.

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GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

WE shall introduce our account of this once celebrated female with the words, with which she concludes her own history of her life. "Should the relation," says she, "of my errors and their consequences prove a document to my own sex; warn them to shun the paths I have pursued; and inspire them with a greater degree of prudence and reflection than I have been possessed of, I shall have employed my time to some good purpose.—The certain effects of inattention to a prudential system are poverty, distress, anxiety and every attendant evil as I have most severely experienced."—An awful lesson which cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind of every reader, but especially of the female sex!

The mother of Mrs. Bellamy was the daughter of an eminent farmer and hop-planter at Maidstone, whose name was Seal. He was one of the people called Quakers, and grew so opulent, as to be enabled to purchase an estate at Tunbridge Wells, called Mount Sion. Dying young and intestate, his whole fortune fell into the hands of his widow, who married a second husband named Busby; a man of *supposed* property, but, in fact, so involved in debt, that Mrs.

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Busby, not having taken the necessary precautions to secure a maintenance for herself and daughter, was left destitute of support. Before this sad reverse of fortune she had furnished her houses on Mount Sion, and let them during the season, to persons of the first distinction. One of those who occasionally occupied these houses was Mrs. Godfrey, sister to the great Duke of Marlborough, who contracted such a friendship for Mrs. Busby and her daughter that she offered to bring up the latter in every respect like her own daughter. This offer, though declined at first in the prosperous circumstances of Mrs. Busby, was now gratefully accepted. Mrs. Godfrey accordingly placed Miss Seal, with her own daughter, at a boarding-school in Queen-square.

Here she remained till the age of fourteen, when she unfortunately attracted the notice of Lord Tyrawley, who accidentally met with her while upon a visit. Young and inexperienced as she was, his lordship soon persuaded her to elope from school, and to give up every hope of her kind patroness. Lord Tyrawley carried his fair prize to his own apartments in Somerset-house, where she was treated with the same respect as if she had been really Lady Tyrawley; a name which he had frequently promised, before her elopement, to confer upon her, and he still continued to assure her that he would fulfil his engagement. She assumed his name, and lived with him for several months, till his lordship was ordered to join his regiment in Ireland,

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where, upon his arrival, he found his estates so involved by the management of his steward, that nothing could retrieve his affairs but an advantageous marriage.

With this view he paid his addresses to Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Blessington, whose fortune was reputed to be 30,000l. and who, though not handsome, had a genteel person and most engaging disposition. During the courtship, the Earl of Blessington, having heard much of the connection between his intended son-in-law and Miss Seal (then called Lady Tyrawley) wrote to the latter to desire information concerning the nature of that connection, at the same time explaining the motives of his request. This letter was received by Miss Seal, just after her recovery from her first lying-in of a son. In the violence of her resentment she enclosed Lord Blessington every letter she had received from her lover. Among these was one she had just received by the same post, and which she sent unopened. In this letter, Lord Tyrawley, after explaining the necessity of his marriage, added, that "he should stay no longer with his intended wife, than was necessary to receive her fortune, when he would immediately fly on the wings of love to share it with her: that he had made choice of Lady Mary Stewart, who was both ugly and foolish, in preference to one with an equal fortune, who was beautiful and sensible, lest an union with a more agreeable per-

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son might be the means of decreasing his affection for her."

Lord Blessington, highly irritated on the perusal of this letter, instantly forbade his daughter ever to see or write again to her perfidious lover. But his injunction came too late; they had been already privately married. Lord Tyrawley, however, was disappointed of his expected fortune; his mistress renounced her connection with him; a separation from his lady ensued; and his lordship, the disappointed victim of his duplicity, was sent, at his own solicitation, in a public character to Lisbon.

On her separation from Lord Tyrawley, Miss Seal embraced the theatrical profession, and going over to Ireland, performed the first characters there, for several years, with some reputation. But a disagreement arising between the proprietors of the theatre and herself, she, on a sudden, took the strange resolution of embarking for Portugal, in order to renew her intimacy with Lord Tyrawley.

His lordship, who had previously sent her many pressing, but hitherto ineffectual invitations, had lately forborne them. He now received her with open arms; but having recently formed a connection with a Portuguese lady, a circumstance of which he did not care to inform Miss Seal, he placed the latter in the house of an English merchant. In this family she became acquainted with Capt. Bellamy, who having in

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vain solicited her to accept his hand, and suspecting that her refusal was occasioned by a secret partiality for Lord Tyrawley, who likewise visited at the same house, informed her of his lordship's connection with Donna Anna. Rage accordingly supplied the place of affection; she immediately married the captain, and set sail with him for Ireland.

After the arrival of Capt. Bellamy and his new married lady at the place of their destination, our heroine was born on St. George's day, 1733, some months too soon for the captain to claim any degree of consanguinity to her. Her mother had so carefully concealed her pregnancy and connection with Lord Tyrawley from her husband, that he had not entertained the least suspicion of her incontinence. Her birth, however, discovered the whole, and so exasperated was the captain at her duplicity, that he immediately left the kingdom, and never after either saw or corresponded with her.

Lord Tyrawley, though greatly displeased at Miss Seal's sudden departure from Lisbon, wrote to his adjutant in Ireland, to request, if she proved pregnant in time, to consider the child as his, and to take care of it as soon as born, without, if possible, suffering the mother to see it: for his lordship did not conceive her connection with Capt. Bellamy, to be of an honorable nature. Accordingly, Miss Bellamy was put out to nurse till she was two years old: and, at the age of four, was placed, for her education,

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at a convent at Boulogne, where she continued till she was eleven. On being ordered home, a Mr. Du Vall, who had been a domestic of his lordship's, but now lived in St. James's-street, was directed to meet her at Dover; and with him she resided till his lordship's return from Portugal, when he received her in the most parental manner, and soon took her to a little box he had hired in Bushy-park. Here she was introduced to all his visitors, who were chiefly the witty and the gay; and who, the more effectually to please Lord Tyrawley, were lavish in their praises of his daughter, and very early tainted her mind with the pernicious influence of flattery.

His lordship being soon after appointed ambassador to Russia, she was left under the care of a lady of quality, with an annual allowance of 100l. and under an express injunction not to see her mother. The latter, however, who had married again, and whose husband, after stripping her of every thing valuable had deserted her, prevailed upon her daughter to quit her kind protectress, and live with her. In consequence of this, the ample allowance, which had been her mother's inducement to this imprudent step, was withdrawn, and Miss Bellamy was renounced by her father.

Soon after, Mr. Rich, of Covent Garden Theatre, having by accident heard her repeat some passages in Othello, engaged her as a performer. She had perfected herself in the characters of

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Monimia and Athenais, and the former was fixed on for her first appearance. Mr. Quin, when she was introduced to him, and who governed the theatre with a rod of iron, while Mr. Rich, though proprietor, was, through his indolence a mere cypher, insisted on the impropriety of a *child*'s attempting a character of such importance, and recommended to her to play *Serina* instead of *Monimia*. Rich, however, persevered in bringing her forward in her chosen character. A rehearsal was called, when the fair adventurer was treated by the company with sovereign contempt. Mr. Quin who was to play Chamont, was absent, Mr. Hale *mumbled over* Castalio, and Mr. Ryan *whistled* Polydore; but as she had the opportunity of seeing the piece performed at Drury Lane Theatre the night before her appearance, it gave her a sufficient knowledge of the *business* of the play. Her performance met with universal approbation, and the congratulations of Quin, while Rich expressed as much triumph as he usually did on the success of one of his darling pantomimes.

The talents displayed by Miss Bellamy on her first appearance gained her the friendship of Quin, who in order to compensate for the contempt with which he had before treated her, was now warmer, if possible, in his eulogiums than he had before been severe in his sarcasms. Nor was applause the only tribute he paid to her merit; but various circumstances prove that he entertained a real friendship for her. He en-

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quired into the circumstances of her family, and in the most delicate manner supplied their immediate wants. He sent Miss Bellamy a general invitation to the supper, he usually gave four times a week, enjoining her at the same time never to come alone: jocularly observing that he was not too old to be censured.

The natural benevolence of that gentleman is honorably displayed in the following anecdote. One day after the rehearsal, he desired to speak with Miss Bellamy in his dressing room. As he had always carefully avoided seeing her alone, she was not a little surprised at such an invitation. She was apprehensive that she had offended a man whom she now loved as a father, but her fears were not of long duration. As soon as she had entered his dressing-room, he took her by the hand with a smile of inexpressible benignity. "My dear girl," said he, "you are vastly followed I hear. Do not let the love of finery or any other inducement prevail upon you to commit an indiscretion. Men in general are rascals. You are young and engaging, and therefore ought to be doubly cautious. If you want any thing in my power, which money can purchase, come to me and say 'James Quin, give me such a thing' and my purse shall be always at your service." This noble instance of generosity drew tears of gratitude into Miss Bellamy's eyes, while drops of humanity, and self-approbation, glistened in those of her parental monitor.

Having thus happily commenced her theatri-

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cal career, she had the good fortune to acquire the patronage of the first ladies of distinction; and, at the same time, had among the gentlemen, many professed admirers, among whom was Lord Byron; but as she would listen to nothing but marriage and a coach, his lordship chagrined at her rejecting his own terms, contrived a plan to be revenged; in consequence of which a noble earl, a friend of his lordship called, one Sunday evening, to inform her, that Miss B——, an intimate of hers, was in a coach, at the bottom of Southampton-street, and wished to speak to her: when, on going to the coach-door, without hat or gloves, she was suddenly hoisted into it by his lordship, and carried off as fast as the horses could gallop. When a little recovered from her astonishment, which at first had deprived her of utterance, she gave free vent to her reproaches. The coach soon stopped in a lonely place at the top of North Audley-street, fronting the fields; Oxford-street, at that time, not extending so far as it does at present. Here the earl got out, and took her into his house. He then left her, as he said, to prepare a lodging for her, which he had already seen at a mantua-maker's in Broad-street, Carnaby-market. He soon returned: and with him came the person she least expected to see—her own brother. She instantly flew into his arms, but was repulsed so violently, that she fell to the ground. The shock of such a repulse from a brother in the moment in which she hoped to find him her protector, deprived her of her

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senses. On her return to sensibility, the only object that appeared, was an old female servant, who told her that she had orders to convey her to the lodgings that had been prepared for her. From this old woman she learned, that her brother had bestowed manual chastisement upon the earl; but that, as he seemed to suppose that she had consented to the elopement, he had declared he would never see her more. The woman added, that he had threatened the earl and his associate with a prosecution, which had so terrified her master, that he gave orders to have her removed out of the house as soon as possible, as her being found there might make against him.

Miss Bellamy was not a little perplexed to account for the sudden appearance and extraordinary behavior of her brother on this occasion. She afterwards learned, that he had just returned from sea, being a lieutenant in the navy, and by one of those extraordinary accidents which sometimes occur, he reached Southampton-street just at the moment when the coach was driving away with her; that little imagining the person thus treated to be his sister, he ran after the coach to rescue her, but without effect, on which he proceeded to the house where Miss Bellamy and her mother resided. There he was informed of what had happened; he was now convinced that the female whom he had seen carried off was his sister, and knowing that it would be impossible to overtake the coach, he thought it more prudent to go directly to the earl's house.

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Not finding him at home, he walked about within sight of the door, till his lordship returned, when he accosted him in the manner related above: on which he repaired to the house of Lord Byron whom he accused of being concerned with the earl in seducing his sister; but his lordship solemnly denying, upon his honor, any knowledge of the affair he made no further enquiries. Concluding his sister to be depraved enough to form an illicit connection with an old, unprincipled, married man, he immediately set out for Portsmouth and left her unprotected.

Her elopement having been misrepresented in the newspapers, she wrote her mother a true account, in hopes to retrieve her favour; but Mrs. Bellamy, at the instigation of a wicked female relation, who lived with her, returned her daughter's letter unopened. Thus abandoned by her mother, and too much depressed by public scandal to attempt a reinstatement in the theatrical line, the anguish of her mind brought on a fever, that had nearly proved fatal, but of which her youth and constitution at length got the better. On her recovery, she paid a visit to a female relation of her mother, named Clarke, at Braintree, in Essex, whose family being quakers, it was probable, had not heard of her disgrace: and here she met with a very cordial reception. The remains of recent illness would have appeared a sufficient motive for this visit, had it not been supposed likewise, that she came to claim a legacy of 300l. that had been left to

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her by a sister of Mrs. Clarke, on condition that she never went upon the stage, and which they paid her immediately, without enquiring whether she had forfeited it. The famous Zachary Moore, who from possessing an estate of 25,000l. a year, was reduced, by his extravagance, at the age of forty, to the necessity of accepting an ensigncy in a regiment at Gibraltar, happened to be on a visit in that neighbourhood, and unfortunately discovered that this picture of sainted simplicity was no less a personage than Miss Bellamy, the celebrated actress. This discovery put a period to her sojourning with her quaker relation.

From Clarke Hall she repaired to Ingatestone, in order to visit Miss White, another quaker relation; whose family happening then to be at the yearly meeting at London, she procured admittance into the house of a Roman Catholic farmer, near the town, with whom she boarded for some time. Her account of her residence here, and of the unexpected sight of her mother, has the pleasing air of romance, with the interesting charms of truth. All the letters which she had sent to her mother had been unanswered: for they had all been intercepted by the wicked relation before-mentioned; whose death produced this discovery, and terminated in a reconciliation between Mrs. Bellamy and her daughter.

On her return to town in 1754, she was engaged by Mr. Sheridan, to accompany him as a

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theatrical recruit to Ireland. On her arrival there, she was acknowledged by Mrs. O'Hara, lord Tyrawley's sister, as her niece; and she was introduced, in course, into the first circles in Dublin. Here she continued for two seasons; and became acquainted with a Mr. Crump, on whose account, in the sequel, she suffered much persecution.

On her return to England, she was again engaged at Covent Garden theatre, and by the kind interposition of Mr. Quin, reconciled to lord Tyrawley. This, in the sequel, terminated in another elopement from this theatre; for his lordship being extremely urgent with her to marry Mr. Crump, she suffered herself one evening to be carried off from the theatre by Mr. Metham, while the audience were waiting for her appearance in the character of lady Fanciful, in the fifth act of the Provoked Wife.

In this part of her narrative she relates a laughable incident, that happened at a rehearsal of Coriolanus, while it was preparing for the benefit of Thomson's sisters. Mr. Quin's pronunciation was of the old school. In this Mr. Garrick had made an alteration. The one pronounced the letter *a* open; the other sounded it like an *e*; which occasioned the following ludicrous mistake. In the piece, when the Roman ladies come in procession to solicit Coriolanus to return to Rome, they are attended by the tribunes, and the centurions of the Volscian army bearing *fasces*, their ensigns of authority; they are ordered by

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the hero (the part of which was played by Mr. Quin) to lower them as a token of respect. But the men who personated the centurions, imagining, through Mr. Quin's mode of pronunciation, that he said their *faces*, instead of their *fasces*, all bowed their heads together.

Mr. Metham hired an elegant house for her at York, where in a few months she was delivered of a son. In the ensuing season she was again engaged at Covent Garden theatre, and soon after effected another reconciliation with lord Tyrawley. By a deception of Mr. Lacy, she was engaged the season after at Drury Lane; and, in a subsequent one, again at Covent Garden. Her connection with Mr. Metham did not prove permanent, through jealousy on his part, and resentment on hers. She vowed never to live with him again, either as mistress or wife; and, though he would fain have purchased a reconciliation by making her the latter, she continued inflexible in her resolution. She determined, moreover, never to form a connection with any other man; but, through circumstances of persuasion and deception, was induced to listen to the proposals of Mr. Calcraft, then an agent to the late Lord Holland, secretary at war, though she declared him a man it was not in her power to love. With this gentleman she lived about nine years and a half; but a connection, in which, according to her own account, her extravagance was boundless, and his meanness insupportable, could not be permanent.

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During her connection with Mr. Calcraft who lived in great splendor, a circumstance occurred which does great honor to the goodness of her own heart, and to the humanity of Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. We shall relate it in her own words.

" I had been told," says she " that a lady, who would not leave her name or any message had called upon me several times, and as she said by my own appointment. As I was punctilious, even to the very letter of the word, I was surprized at my having been guilty of such a breach of good manners; I accordingly gave orders to the porter that the stranger should be admitted, whenever she came again.

" One morning I had just sat down to breakfast when the person was shewn in. But how shall I describe to you the figure that entered the room. Picture to yourself a tall, thin, pale, dejected woman, in whose looks was accumulated every degree of distress and misery. Yet there shone through all this wretchedness, something which seemed to declare that she was not born to suffer indigence. I requested her to sit and enquired her commands. She then informed me, that having lost the use of her hands, she had been obliged to another to enable her to address me. And as the reason was assigned in the letter which she had sent me, of her not giving me then an explanation, she reminded me that I had kindly written an answer in which I had de-

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sired to see her. As soon as she mentioned this I recollected the circumstance.

"Upon my pressing her to drink a dish of chocolate, she requested, as my maid was in the room, she might be permitted to speak with me alone. As soon as my maid had withdrawn, the stranger threw open a decent cloak that covered her, and displayed such a scene of wretchedness, as an attempt to describe with minuteness would almost call my veracity in question. Let it suffice to say, that her gown, or the garment which had once been a gown, had no sleeves to it; two pieces of cloth were fastened close to her sticks of arms, which, if possible, made them appear thinner than they were. In short the whole of her dress conveyed such an idea of extreme penury, as I had never been a witness to upon any occasion before. This distressful sight awakened within me every compassionate feeling.

"She proceeded to inform me that she was the unfortunate widow of the late Sir James Lindsay, who had been first lieutenant of a man of war, and blown up in her during an engagement. She said, as the match between Sir James and herself had been more incited by love than prudence, his father, upon his decease, had left him a very small estate only, together with a title which was rather an incumbrance to those who had it not in their power to support the dignity of it. She added that she had five children.

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" Her eldest son, Sir John, had been taken from her by his uncle, an eminent merchant, and from whom he had expectations of a future support. Her eldest daughter, during the time she lay in with one of her other children, had, through the carelessness of the servant, fallen out of a window, by which she had broken one of her legs. An amputation followed, and she was otherwise rendered a cripple. The terror arising from the sad catastrophe of her dear husband had thrown her into labor sooner than nature intended, when she was delivered of a boy, who to all appearance would prove an idot; as, at four years of age, he could not feed himself or speak articulately.

" These accumulated sorrows, added to the most pungent distress, had greatly injured her health and occasioned the loss of the use of her limbs. She had, however, recovered the use of all but her hands, by which alone she could support herself and four children; her pension, fifteen pounds a year, badly paid, being barely sufficient to procure a habitation for them. She had been obliged to part with every thing upon which she could raise money. The hat and cloak she had on, the only decent part of her apparel were borrowed. She concluded with saying that she had been advised to apply to me, and encouraged by the character I bore for humanity, she had taken that liberty.

" Some money Mr. Calcraft had just before left me was still lying on my dressing-table. I took

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up what there was and gave it to her. It amounted to a few guineas only. But the sum exceeding her expectations, the poor woman was ready to faint with transport. As soon as she was a little recovered, and had found the power of utterance, half-choaked with the fluttering emotions of her grateful heart, she said, 'I did not mean, madam, to intrude upon your generosity, but,—'

"She had proceeded thus far, when Mr. Fox entered the room. He saw me so affected that he was going to retire; upon which I ran to him, and taking hold of his hand exclaimed: 'O my dear Sir, you are the very person I want!' As I had never taken the liberty to lay hold of his hand before, and now pressed it most vehemently, he imagined from that, and the agitation of my whole frame that something of the utmost consequence must occasion it. He therefore enquired in what he could oblige me. I repeated the affecting tale, simply as I had just heard it. At the conclusion of it, I found that I still pressed his hand between mine and that I kept him standing. I was confounded. The earnestness with which I interested myself in my petitioner's woes made me forget the decorum due to the person to whom I was applying in her favor.

"I had been in many delicate situations before, but never felt myself in so awkward a one as the present. I could not prevent my tears from flowing; and I found simplicity to be more efficacious, in pleading my own cause as

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as well as that of my supplicant than all the studied arts of eloquence. While humanity beamed from the countenance of the worthy man, he condoled with the lady on her misfortunes, and bidding her be comforted, told her he would see what was to be done for her. Then taking out his pocket-book he gave her a bank-note. The value of it I did not see. My unfortunate visitor was oppressed before, but now she was overwhelmed. She fell on her knees. Her streaming eyes and grateful looks thanked us with inexpressible energy; but her tongue refused its aid upon the occasion, and she took her leave without being able to utter a syllable.

"I own I felt myself happy when Lady Lindsay quitted the room. My sensibility was wound up too high. It became painful. Mr. Fox walked to the window, and by the use he made of his handkerchief, I found that his eyes bore witness to the benevolent emotions of his heart.

"In the month of March following, I had the pleasure to inform Lady Lindsay in person, that her four children were placed upon the compassionate list, with an appointment of ten pounds a year each; and farther, that his Majesty, in consideration of her late husband's having lost his life while he was bravely fighting in his service, had granted her fifty pounds yearly out of the Treasury, in addition to her pension.

"When I had made her happy with this pleasing intelligence, I asked why I had never seen her since her first application to me. She

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replied that the alteration in her family had taken up all her attention; and as she thought I felt too much at her distress when she first made me acquainted with it, and perceived that nothing could hurt me so much as thanks, she had refrained from giving me farther pain. She told me that she supposed, I had been made acquainted with Mr. Fox's bounty, who had provided against her wants for some time, by nobly giving her in the bill I saw, fifty pounds.

"Lady Lindsay added, that her eldest daughter, the cripple, was happily released by death from her miserable situation; and that the child, of whose mental faculties she had been apprehensive, was now, to her great comfort, become one of the most sprightly boys of his age. She much regretted his not being at home to thank me; 'but,' continued the grateful woman, 'we pray for you, and our worthy benefactor every night and morning.' Just as I was taking my leave the little fellow came in; and from the description his mother had, I suppose, given of me, immediately knew me; for he ran to me, and kneeling down, with a graceful ease, kissed my hand. I raised and caressed him; and desired his mother would bring him often to see me.

"Never did I feel more real happiness than in being the means of relieving this amiable woman and her family from the extreme distress in which they were involved. The same pleasing reward attended, I doubt not, the great and good man, to whose noble beneficence that relief principally

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owed its furtherance. How supremely blest are those who possess as he did, the power as well as the inclination to relieve the unfortunate!"

The causes to which we have already alluded produced a dissolution of the connection between Mrs. Bellamy and Mr. Calcraft. Her debts, at this time exceeded ten thousand pounds, the greatest part of which sum, was, as she asserts, expended in Mr. Calcraft's housekeeping. That gentleman promised to discharge her debts, but refusing afterwards to fulfil this promise, she was involved during the remainder of her life, in inextricable difficulties and subjected to frequent arrests.

Without following Mrs. Bellamy through her excursions to the continent and her engagements in the theatres both at London and Dublin, after leaving Mr. Calcraft, we shall briefly touch on the more prominent events of her subsequent chequered life.

In Ireland she became the wife, as she imagined of Mr. Digges, the actor, who was afterwards discovered, to be, like Mr. Calcraft, a married man. She next formed a connection with Mr. Woodward, a gentleman of the same profession; he left her in 1777, all his plate, jewels, and a reversion on the death of his brother of seven hundred pounds, the whole of which excepting about sixty pounds she lost through the chicanery of the law.

A kind of fatality seemed to pursue her during the last years of her life. Among other unto-

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ward circumstances, it appears that a fortune of several thousand pounds, left her by a Mr. Sykes, who died in France, was lost through the villainy of his servant who absconded with his will and effects. Nor should it be forgotten that having incurred the displeasure of Mr. Colman, by refusing, with some other performers to sign an approbation of his conduct as acting manager of Covent Garden theatre, during his dispute with Messrs. Harris and Rutherford, she was finally discharged from that house.

At length we find her obliged to take lodgings, under the name of West, at Walcot Place, Lambeth, and even reduced to such extremity as to be tempted to put a period to her life. Her relation of this dreadful circumstance, which is equally affecting and instructive, is as follows:

"I had now parted with every thing that I could raise a shilling upon; and poverty with all her horrid train of evils stared me in the face. In this dreadful situation, worn out with calamity, and terrified with the gloomy prospect which presented itself to my view, I endeavored to persuade myself that suicide could not be a crime. I had no person to look up to. Every body to whom I was related by the ties of blood was abroad. Sir George Metham had presented me with a temporary relief; but he, as well as all the nobility, was out of town. Not being possessed, as I thought, of a shilling, nor the expectation of getting one; oppressed by debt; without the common necessaries of life; an useless

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member of society—I taught myself to believe that it would be a meritorious action, to free myself from being any longer the burden I was to the world and myself. I accordingly formed the resolution to put an end to my existence by throwing myself into the Thames.

"Unhappily in this moment of despair, every spark of confidence in heaven was extinguished in my bosom. Inspired by the black ideas which had taken possession of my mind, I one night left the house between nine and ten o'clock. As there was a door which led from the garden into the road, I went out unperceived; for I had not resolution to speak to my faithful attendant, whose anxious eye might have discovered the direful purpose of my heart impressed upon my countenance.

"Having effected, unobserved, my elopement, I wandered about the road and fields, till the clock was on the point of striking eleven, and then made my way towards Westminster Bridge. I continued to rove about till that hour, as there was then a probability that I should not be interrupted by any passengers from carrying my desperate design into execution. Indeed I was not without hopes of meeting in St. George's Fields with some freebooters, who would have prevented the deed of desperation, I was about to perpetrate, by taking a life I was weary of. Nor would this have been an improbable expectation, had I met with any of those lawless plunderers that oftentimes frequent those parts; for

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their disappointment on finding me pennyless, might have excited them to murder me. A consummation I then devoutly wished.

"Having reached the bridge, I descended the steps of the landing-place with a sad and solemn pace and sat down on the lower stair impatiently waiting for the tide to cover me. My desperation, though resolute, was not of such a violent kind, as to urge me to take the fatal plunge. As I sat, I fervently recommended my spirit to that being I was going to offend in so unwarrantable a manner, by not bearing patiently the afflictions he was pleased I should suffer. I even dared to harbour the thought that a divine impulse had given rise to the idea; as if the 'Everlasting had not fixed his cannon against self-slaughter.'

"The moon beamed faintly through the clouds, and gave just light enough to distinguish any passenger who might cross the bridge; but as I was in mourning there was not any great probability of my being discerned and interrupted. I had taken off my bonnet and apron and laid them beside me on the stairs; and leaning my head upon my hands, remained lost in thought, and almost stupified by sorrow and the reflections which crowded upon my mind.

"Here pause a moment and admire with me the strange vicissitudes of life! Behold your once lively friend, reduced from the enjoyment of ease, affluence, esteem and renown in her profession, to the most desperate state that human wretchedness will admit of,—a prey to penury,

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grief, contumely and despair—standing tip-toe on the verge of the world, and impiously daring to rush unbidden, into the presence of her creator! I shudder at the recollection. Let me draw a veil across it and proceed

"In the pensive posture just described, did I sit for some minutes, watching the gently swelling tide, and blaming its tardy approach, when it pleased

> ——————the Power
> Unseen that rules th' illimitable world,
> That guides its motions from the brightest star
> To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould,

to interfere and snatch me from destruction.

"I was suddenly rouzed from my awful reverie by the voice of a woman at some little distance, addressing her child, as appeared from what followed, for they were neither of them visible. In a soft, plaintive tone, she said: 'How, my dear, can you cry to me for bread, when you know I have not even a morsel to carry your dying father?' She then exclaimed in all the bitterness of woe: "My God, my God, what wretchedness can compare to mine! But thy almighty will be done!"

"The concluding words of the woman's pathetic exclamation communicated instantaneously, like the electric spark, to my desponding heart. I felt the full force of the divine admonition, and struck with horror at the crime I had intended to commit, I burst into tears, repeating, in a sincere ejaculation, the pious sentence she had uttered—'Thy almighty will be done!'

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"As I put my hand into my pocket to take out my handkerchief in order to dry my tears, I felt some halfpence there which I did not know I was possessed of. And now my native humanity, which had been depressed, as well as every other good propensity by despair, found means to resume its power in my mind. Impelled by its pleasing influence, I hastily ran up the steps, and having discovered my hitherto invisible monitress, gave them to her. I received in return a thousand blessings; to which I rather thought she had a right from me for having been the means of obstructing my dire intent.

"I now returned to the place where the impious scene was to have been acted and humbly adored that being by whom it had been prevented. Having done this, I remounted the steps and found my mind inexpressibly relieved. The gloom which had so lately overwhelmed it was in an instant cleared away, and a tranquillity, I had long been a stranger to, succeeded it. Such a transition, from the blackest despair to peace and hope, I was well assured could only have been effected by some invisible agent; for I never felt such a ray of comfort diffuse itself through my heart, since those blessed days of innocence I spent in my much regretted convent. It came over my mind as the immortal bard describes the power of music,

> ——— 'like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets
> Stealing and giving odor.'

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The reader will not be displeased to find in this place a few miscellaneous anecdotes relative to the subject of this memoir, and various persons with whom she was connected, though they ought in strict propriety to have been introduced in an earlier part of the narrative.

It was likewise during Mrs. Bellamy's connection with Mr. Calcraft that she became acquainted with Lord Digby, whose mother and Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, were twins. The account she gives of the former nobleman is uncommonly interesting, and from the frequent visits he paid at Mr. Calcraft's she had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with his character. Among other things she could not forbear remarking a singular alteration in his dress and demeanor, which took place at the two great annual festivals of Christendom. At Christmas and Easter, he was more than usually grave, and always wore an old shabby blue coat. Mrs. Bellamy, in common with many others attributed this periodical singularity to some affair of the heart,—a supposition which his great sensibility rendered by no means improbable.

Mr. Fox, who had great curiosity, wished much to discover his nephew's motive for appearing, at times, in this manner, as he was, in general, esteemed more than well-dressed. On expressing this desire, two gentlemen, one of whom was Major Vaughan, undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out, and followed him at a distance, to St. George's

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Fields, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison.

Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they enquired of the turnkey, if such a gentleman, (describing him) had not entered the prison. "Yes, masters," exclaimed the fellow with an oath; but he is not a man, he is an angel. For he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and families, till they can find employment. This, "continued the man," is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to day."—"Do you know who the gentleman is?" enquired the major—"We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but his humanity and his blue coat."

Having gained this information, the gentlemen immediately returned and reported it to Mr. Fox. As no man possessed more humanity, the recital afforded him exquisite pleasure; but fearing his nephew might be displeased at the illicit manner in which the intelligence had been obtained, he requested that the knowledge of it might be kept a profound secret.

Mrs. Bellamy, however, could not resist her curiosity to make farther enquiries concerning an affair which afforded her extraordinary pleasure. The next time she saw his lordship in his almsgiving coat, she enquired his reason for wearing

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such a singular dress. With a smile of ineffable sweetness, he replied that her curiosity should soon be gratified; adding, that as she and himself were congenial souls, he would take her with him when he next visited the place to which his coat was adapted. "A compliment," says the lady, "more truly flattering and more acceptable to me than any I ever had, or could receive."

The night before his intended visit, his lordship, requested her to be in readiness to go with him the next morning. They accordingly proceeded together to that receptacle of misery, which he had so often visited to the consolation of its inhabitants. His lordship would not suffer Mrs. Bellamy to enter the gate, lest the noisomeness of the place should prove disagreeable to her; but ordered the coachman to drive to the George Inn, in the Borough, where a dinner was ordered for the poor wretches he was about to liberate. There she beheld near thirty persons rescued from a loathsome prison at an inclement season of the year, it being Christmas, and not only released from confinement, but restored to their families and friends, with some provision from his lordship's bounty for their immediate support. It is impossible to describe the tribute of gratitude his lordship received from these objects of his beneficence, or the satisfaction he derived from the generous act.

Not long was Lord Digby permitted to enjoy on earth the happiness resulting from the exercise of his virtues. A few months after the cir-

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cumstance recorded above, he went to Ireland to visit his estates in that country. Being obliged, by the mistaken hospitality of the natives of that island to drink more than he was accustomed to do, and that, at a time when he was indisposed with a violent cold, a fever, attended with a putrid sore throat was the consequence. This amiable young nobleman was thus soon removed to those realms where alone his expanded heart could obtain the reward of the benevolent propensities in which it indulged. By his death, the poor were deprived of a generous benefactor, his acquaintance of a desirable companion, and the community of one of its brightest ornaments. None felt his loss more severe than major Vaughan, who has been mentioned above, and to whom he was an unknown patron. The major regularly received a benefaction of fifty pounds every quarter, which he concluded to come from Earl Fitzwilliam, that nobleman with whom he had been bred up, having always held him in great esteem. But, on the death of Lord Digby, the bounty was found to flow from his liberal purse.

Mrs. Bellamy, resided at one time at Chelsea, and afterwards took a house in Jermyn-street; but while the latter was fitting up, she continued to sleep at Chelsea, though she was in town all day. During this interval the upholsterer's man found means to secrete a quantity of damask and chintz and some very fine Dresden china, with which she had been presented. As his honesty had been more than once suspected by his em-

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ployer, a search warrant was obtained to examine his lodgings, where the whole of Mrs. Bellamy's property was found, but nothing belonging to his master.

The upholsterer was a man of a most implacable disposition. He went to Chelsea in the evening while Mrs. Bellamy was absent, and by means of threats, so far intimidated her maid-servant, as to prevail upon her to go before a justice and swear to the goods which were found. This she did, and was bound over to prosecute in a penalty of forty pounds. But the offender having a very large family, the native benevolence of Mrs. Bellamy influenced her in his favour to such a degree, that she kept her maid from appearing against him. She then set on foot a subscription towards paying the forfeiture of the bond, and in this manner raised thirty guineas towards it.

As the maid did not appear, the culprit was discharged, and the very same night called at Mrs. Bellamy's house. As she supposed that he had no other business than to return thanks for her lenity, and as she had a particular aversion to such acknowledgments, she directed the servant who brought in his name to say she was busy and could not see him. The fellow then sent in word that he must see Mrs. Bellamy, or it would be worse for her, as she had compounded felony, and before a few hours were passed, she might be called to answer for it.

She was alarmed at the insult, but not being

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conversant with the law, she was at a loss to comprehend his meaning. It was therefore necessary to refer to some person for advice, and accordingly sent for a cousin of hers, who followed the profession of the law, to settle the affair, while the ungrateful wretch waited at a neighbouring public house. He made a peremptory demand of fifty pounds, which he insisted on being paid immediately, otherwise he would lodge an information against his benefactress. Finding from her cousin that there was no redress, Mrs Bellamy paid him the money. Thus did she become a victim to her humanity, by means of a monster, who deserved to suffer the severest punishment of the law for his ingratitude, though he had escaped the due deserts of his dishonesty.

On this occasion Mrs. Bellamy makes the following judicious reflections:—"This instance," says she, "serves to prove, that however strongly humanity may urge to the contrary, the regular prosecution of an offender against the laws of his country is a duty we owe to ourselves as well as to the community. In such cases lenity ceases to be a virtue. A stronger claim than delicacy of feeling calls for a spirited exertion upon these occasions. The trouble and inconveniences which attend a prosecution ought to be cheerfully submitted to; and though services rendered our country of this kind are not attended with so much *eclat* as those where life is exposed in her defence; yet they are a duty incumbent on every

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good citizen, and as deserving of a civic crown. Justice, indeed, should ever be tempered by moderation, and humanity should always be exerted, whenever prudence does not forbid."

In the course of her narrative, however, Mrs. Bellamy has an opportunity of relating one or two anecdotes of a far more pleasing nature. While she was an inhabitant of Parliament Street, a period, she says, pregnant with sorrows, she recommended a person, who wrote a very fine hand, as a clerk to Mr. Calcraft. About two years afterwards he informed her, that he had an opportunity of going to the East Indies in a very advantageous situation, at the same time assuring her that he should ever retain a grateful remembrance of her favors. On his return to England, this gentleman, whose name was Hearne, made many enquiries after Mrs. Bellamy, and hearing of her distress while at Edinburgh, he generously sent her two hundred pounds. This, she says, was the most acceptable favor she ever received, as it evinced the gratitude of the donor.

Another circumstance of a similar kind, which happened about the same time, deserves to be recorded. Mrs. Bellamy once had a servant named Daniel Douglas, who lived with her about nine years. At length she recommended him as a domestic to Lord Hume, then governor of Gibraltar. His lordship made him his major-domo, and Daniel conducted himself so much to his master's satisfaction, that he left him a handsome legacy at his death. When Mrs. Bellamy lived

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at Edinburgh, she was informed that a Mr. Douglas had called several times at her house when she happened not to be at home. One day, walking up the Castle Hill, she was accosted by a person whose face was familiar to her, though she could not recollect him. He burst into tears, and having made himself known, begged her to permit him to speak to her the first time she was at leisure, as he was detained at Edinburgh by no other business. She appointed that afternoon to see him at her house, and could not imagine what his business might be, for though she had always endeavored to deserve the regard of her domestics, she never had been particularly kind to him.

When he came, he informed her that he had saved eleven hundred pounds, and that his wife had taken an inn upon the Dover road, for which they were to pay seven hundred. He then said he hoped Mrs. Bellamy would forgive his presumption, but he feared she was not in such circumstances as formerly. If she would be so good as to make use, for her own time, of the remainder of the little fortune she had been the means of his acquiring, it would afford him more real pleasure than he could receive from disposing of it in any other way.

Mrs. Bellamy could scarcely refrain from tears at the manner in which this tender was made. It seemed rather as if he had been soliciting a loan than offering a favor. She thanked him cordially for his intended kindness, but de-

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clined accepting it; assuring him at the same time, that she did not do so from being hurt at the offer, which gave her singular pleasure, but because she had recently received a liberal supply from Mr. Hearne, whom he well knew. She added, that she could not think of borrowing the money for which he had labored many years, without being certain of repaying it, even were she actually distressed, consequently she would not contract a debt of such a nature, when she really had no immediate occasion. The worthy creature reluctantly acquiesced in this determination, and took his leave, apparently as much mortified at the refusal of his money, as others would have been if they were dunned for it.

The history of this lady will, it is hoped, operate as a warning to every youthful reader, to shun the first step towards vice. This once taken, the rest of the road leads the unhappy victim by the specious allurements of pleasure, with headlong precipitation into the abysses of misery. This is a serious and solemn truth, which cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind. No sun e'er rose with fairer promise on the morning of life than did that of Mrs. Bellamy. With her respectable connections, and with the talents she undoubtedly possessed, she might have passed her days in the enjoyment of all the comforts and conveniences that affluence can procure. And what is of far greater importance, the goodness of heart, the benevolence, and the amiable disposition with which she seems to have been

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gifted, would have diffused their genial influence on all around her, and conferred happiness not only on them, but also on herself. How melancholy is the contrast which is presented by her story! In the early stages of her progress, she was, it is true, attended by the smiles of fortune, but how large a portion of her life was embittered in consequence of her own indiscretion, by embarrassments of various kinds, by pecuniary difficulties, and by all those evils which are invariably experienced by persons removed from ease and plenty to a state of indigence and penury. How greatly must the sufferings of such be enhanced also by the reflection that they have brought all these evils upon themselves by their deviation from the path which virtue pointed out; while the compliance with her dictates would have ensured them all the approbation of their own consciences, and all the external felicity which man is capable of tasting in this sublunary existence.

Mrs. Bellamy took her leave of the stage in 1784, and died oppressed with poverty and disease on the 16th of February, 1788.

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BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

AMONG those characters which deserve attention not for any eminence in virtue on the one hand, or uncommon depravity on the other, but for a certain eccentricity of conduct, which, with the same advantages in life, no other person would imitate, Bampfylde Moore Carew deserves a prominent place. Portraits of such persons, with some general traits of their character, are gratifying, not so much from any useful lesson to be derived from their history and adventures, as for their being objects of curiosity. We turn to them just as the philosopher, who loves to contemplate the beauties of the creation, adverts sometimes to the delineation of any uncommon object, to the sportive productions of nature, in her occasional deviations from her general laws. These human curiosities are by no means without their use. When the reader contemplates such characters as that of Edward Wortley Montague and Bampfylde Moore Carew, who neglected all the advantages of birth, fortune, and education, to associate with the lowest of mankind, he will perceive instances of a voluntary self-degradation, that must excite the most mortifying reflections on the inconsistency, and even occasional irrationality of the human character; and he may be led to this awful truth, that as the only way to rise in moral excellence,

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and of course to happiness, is to cultivate our talents and advantages, and to form our minds to habits of virtue in this stage of our existence; so nothing can be more humiliating, than the sight of a man of family, who, by long association with the low, ignorant, and unprincipled, loses sight of the moral principle, unfits himself for the duties of his station, and at length expires without having once experienced the soothing consolation that results from the consciousness of a well-spent life.

Bampfylde Moore Carew, one of the most extraordinary characters on record, was descended from an ancient and honorable family in the west of England. He was born in 1693, at Bickley, in Devonshire, of which place his father, the Rev. Theodore Carew, was many years rector. Never was there known a more splendid appearance of persons of the first distinction at any baptism in the county, than were present at his. Hugh Bampfylde, Esq. and Major Moore, of families equally ancient and respectable as that of Carew, were his godfathers, and from them he received his two christian names.

The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children, all of whom he educated in a tender and pious manner. At the age of twelve years, his son, the subject of this article, was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an intimate acquaintance with many young gentlemen of the first families in Devonshire and the adjacent counties.

During the first four years of young Carew's

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residence at Tiverton-school, his close application to his studies gave his friends great hopes that he might one day appear with distinction in the profession which his father became so well, and for which he was designed. He actually made a very considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages. The Tiverton scholars, however, having at this time the command of a fine pack of hounds, Carew and three other young gentlemen, his most intimate companions, attached themselves with such ardor to the sport of hunting, that their studies were soon neglected. One day the pupils, with Carew and his three friends at their head, were engaged in the chase of a deer for many miles, just before the commencement of harvest. The damage done to the fields of standing corn was so great, that the neighboring gentlemen and farmers came with heavy complaints to Mr. Rayner, the master of the school, who threatened young Carew and his companions so severely, that through fear they absconded, and joined a gang of gypsies who then happened to be in the neighborhood. This society consisted of about eighteen persons of both sexes, who carried with them such an air of mirth and gaiety, that the youngsters were quite delighted with their company, and expressing an inclination to enter into their society, the gypsies admitted them, after the performance of the requisite ceremonies, and the administration of the proper oaths; for these people are subject to a form of government and laws peculiar to them-

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selves, and all pay obedience to one chief who is styled their king.

Young Carew was soon initiated into some of the arts of the wandering tribe, and with such success, that besides several exploits in which he was a party, he himself had the dexterity to defraud a lady near Taunton of twenty guineas, under the pretext of discovering to her, by his skill in astrology, a hidden treasure.

His parents meanwhile lamented him as one that was no more, for though they had repeatedly advertised his name and person, they could not obtain the least intelligence of him. At length, after an interval of a year and a half, hearing of their grief and repeated enquiries after him, his heart relented, and he returned to his parents at Bickley. Being greatly disguised both in dress and appearance, he was not known at first by his parents; but when he discovered himself, a scene followed which no words can describe, and there were great rejoicings both in Bickley and the neighboring parish of Cadley.

Every thing was done to render his home agreeable, but Carew had contracted such a fondness for the society of the gypsies, that, after various ineffectual struggles with the suggestions of filial piety, he once more eloped from his parents, and repaired to his former connections. He now began to consider in what manner he should employ himself. The first character he assumed for the purpose of levying contributions on the unsuspecting and unwary, was that of a shipwrecked seaman, in which he was

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very successful. He next gave himself out to be a farmer, who, living in the isle of Sheppey in Kent, had the misfortune to have all his lands overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. Every scheme which he undertook, he executed with so much skill and dexterity, that he raised considerable sums. So artful were the disguises of his dress, countenance, and voice, that persons who knew him intimately did not discover the deception, and once, on the same day, he went under three different characters to the house of a respectable baronet, and was successful in them all.

Some time after Carew's return to the vagrant life, we find him on a voyage to Newfoundland, from motives of mere curiosity. He acquired, during his stay, such a knowledge of that island, as was highly useful to him, whenever he thought proper afterwards to assume the character of the shipwrecked seaman. He returned in the same ship to Dartmouth, where he embarked, bringing with him a dog of surprising size and fierceness, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb by an art peculiar to himself.

At Newcastle, Carew, pretending to be the mate of a collier, eloped with a young lady, the daughter of an eminent apothecary of that town. They proceeded to Dartmouth, and though he undeceived her with respect to his real character, she was soon afterwards married to him at Bath. They then visited an uncle of Carew's, a clergy-

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man of distinguished abilities, at Dorchester who received them with great kindness and endeavoured, but in vain to persuade him to leave the community of the gypsies.

Again associating with them, his disguises were more various and his statagems not less successful. He first equipped himself in a clergyman's habit, put on a band, a large white wig, and a broad-brimmed hat. His whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow, his countenance grave and thoughtful, his eyes turned on the ground; from which, as if employed in secret ejaculations, he would raise them to heaven: every look and action spoke his want; but at the same time, the hypocrite seemed overwhelmed with that shame which modest merit feels, when obliged to solicit the hand of charity. This artful behaviour excited the curiosity of many people of fortune to enquire into his circumstances, but it was with much reluctance that he acquainted them, that he had for many years exercised the sacred office of a clergyman, at Aberystwith, a parish in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice, (though he had a wife and several small children) to taking an oath contrary to his principles. This relation he accompanied with frequent sighs, and warm expressions of his trust in providence; and as he perfectly knew those persons it was proper to apply to, this stratagem succeeded beyond his expectations. But hearing that a vessel, on board of which there were many quakers, bound for

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Philadelphia, had been cast away on the coast of Ireland, he laid aside his gown and band, cloathed himself in a plain suit, and with a demure countenance, applied to the quakers, as one of those unhappy creatures, with great success, and hearing that their was to be a meeting of them from all parts, at Thorncombe in Devonshire, he made the best of his way thither, and joining the assembly, with a seeming modest assurance, made his case known, and satisfying them by his behavior, that he was one of the sect, they made a considerable contribution for his relief.

With such wonderful facility did he assume every character, that he often deceived those who knew him best, and were most positive of his not being able to impose upon them. Going one day to Mr. Portman's at Brinson, near Blandford, in the character of a rat-catcher, with a hair-cap on his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side; he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his person was known to all the family; and meeting in the court with the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen, whom he well knew, he asked if their honours had any rats to kill. Mr. Portman asked him if he knew his business, and on his answering in the affirmative, he was sent in to get his dinner, with a promise, that after he had dined they would make a trial of his abilities. Dinner being over, he was called into a parlour among a large company of gentlemen

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and ladies. "Well, Mr. Rat-catcher," said Mr. Portman, "can you lay any scheme to kill the rats without hurting my dogs?" "Yes, yes," replied Carew, "I shall lay my composition where even the rats cannot climb to reach it"—"And what countryman are you?"—"A Devonshire man, an't please your honour." "What's your name?" Carew perceiving, by some smiles and whispers, that he was known, replied, by telling the letters of which his name was composed. This occasioned a good deal of mirth, and Mr. Pleydell, of St. Andrew's Milbourn, who was one of the company, expressed some pleasure at seeing the famous Bamfylde Moore Carew, whom he said he had never seen before. "Yes, but you have," said he, "and given me a suit of cloaths." Mr. Pleydell was surprised, and desired to know when it was; Carew asked him if he did not remember being met by a poor wretch, with a stocking round his head instead of a cap, an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulders, no shirt to his back, nor stockings to his legs, and scarcely any shoes to his feet, who told him that he was a poor unfortunate man, cast away near the Canaries, and taken up with eight others, by a Frenchman, the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being drowned; and that after having asked him some questions, he gave him a guinea and a suit of cloaths. This Mr. Pleydell acknowledged, and Carew replied: "He was no other than the expert rat-catcher now before you." At this the company laughed very heartily; and Mr. Pley-

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dell, and several others, offering to lay a guinea that they should know him again, let him come in what form he pleased, and others asserting the contrary, Carew was desired to try his ingenuity; and some of the company following him out, let him know that on such a day, the same company, with several others, were to be at Mr. Pleydell's.

When the day arrived, he got himself close shaved, dressed himself like an old woman, put a high-crowned hat on his head, borrowed a little hump-backed child of a tinker, and two others of a beggar, and with the two last at his back, and the former by the hand, marched to Mr. Pleydell's; when coming up to the door, he put his hand behind him, and pinching one of the children, set it a roaring, and gave the alarm to the dogs, who came out with open throats, so that between the crying of the child, and the barking of the dogs, the family was sufficiently annoyed. This brought out the maid, who desired the supposed old woman to go about her business, telling her she disturbed the ladies. "God bless their ladyships," replied Carew, "I am the unfortunate grandmother of these poor helpless infants, whose dear mother, and all they had was burned at the dreadful fire at Kirton, and hope the good ladies will, for God's sake, bestow something on the poor famished infants." This pitiful tale was accompanied with tears, and the maid going in, soon returned with half a crown, and a mess of broth, which Carew went into the

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court to eat. It was not long before the gentlemen appeared, and after they had all relieved him, he pretended to go away, when setting up a tantivy, tantivy, and an halloo to the dogs, they turned about, and some of them then recollecting, from his altered voice, that it could be no other than Carew, he was called in. On examining his features, they were highly delighted, and rewarded him for the entertainment he had given them.

Carew so easily entered into every character, and moulded himself into so many different forms, that he gained the highest applauses from that apparently wretched community to which he belonged, and soon became the favourite of their king, who was very old. This flattered his low ambition, and prompted him to be continually planning new stratagems, among which he executed a very bold one on the duke of Bolton. — Dressing himself in a sailor's ragged habit, and going to his grace's near Basingstoke in Hampshire, he knocked at the gate, and with an assured countenance, desired admittance to the duke, or at least that the porter would give his grace a paper which he held in his hand: but he applied in vain. Not discouraged, he waited till he at last saw a servant come out, and telling him he was a very unfortunate man, desired he would be so kind as to introduce him where he might speak with his grace. As this servant had no interest in locking up his master, he very readily promised to comply with his request, as

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soon as the porter was off his stand; which he accordingly did, introducing him into a hall through which the duke was to pass. He had not been long there, before the duke entered, upon which dropping on one knee he offered him a petition, setting forth, that the unfortunate petitioner, Bampfylde Moore Carew, was supercargo of a vessel that was cast away coming from Sweden, in which were all his effects, none of which he had been able to save. The duke seeing the name of Bampfylde Moore Carew, and knowing those names to belong to families of the gratest worth and note in the west of England, asked him several questions about his family and relations, when being surprised that he should apply for relief to any but his own family, who were so well able to assist him, Carew replied, that he had disobliged them by some follies of youth, and had not seen them for some years. The duke treated him with the utmost humanity, and calling a servant, had him conducted into an inner room, where being shaved by his grace's order, a servant was sent to him with a suit of clothes, a fine Holland shirt, and every thing necessary to give him a genteel appearance. He was then called in to the duke, who was sitting with several other persons of quality. They were all taken with his person and behaviour, and presently raised for him a supply of ten guineas. His grace being engagedto go out that afternoon, desired him to stay there that night, and gave orders that he

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should be handsomely entertained, leaving his gentleman to keep him company. But the duke was scarcely gone, when Carew found an opportunity to set out unobserved towards Basingstoke, where he went to a house frequented by some of his community. He treated the company, and informing them of the bold stratagem he had executed, the whole place resounded with applause, and every one acknowledged that he was most worthy of succeeding to the throne of the mendicant tribe, on the first vacancy that should occur.

In the same disguise he imposed upon several others, and having spent some days in hunting with colonel Strangeways, at Melbury in Dorset, the conversation happened one day at dinner to turn on Carew's ingenuity; the colonel seemed surprised that several who were so well acquainted with him, should have been so deceived; asserting, that he thought it impossible for Carew to deceive him, as he had thoroughly observed every feature and line in his countenance; on which he modestly replied, it might be so, and some other subject being started, the matter dropped. Early the next morning Carew being called upon to go out with the hounds, desired to be excused, which the colonel being informed of, went to the field without him. Soon after, Carew went down stairs, and slightly inquiring which way the colonel generally returned, walked out, and going to a house frequented by his community, exchanged his clothes for a rag-

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ged habit, made a counterfeit wound in his thigh, took a pair of crutches, and having disguised his face with a venerable pity-moving beard, went in search of the colonel, whom he found in the town of Evershot. His lamentable moans began almost as soon as the colonel was in sight: his countenance expressed nothing but pain; his pretended wound was exposed to the colonel's eye, and the tears trickled down his silver beard. As the colonel's heart was not proof against such an affecting sight, he threw him half a crown, which Carew received with exuberant gratitude, and then with great submission desired to be informed if colonel Strangeways, a very charitable gentleman, did not live in that neighbourhood, and begged to be directed the nearest way to his seat; on which the colonel, filled with compassion, shewed him the shortest way to his own house, and on this he took his leave. Carew returned before the colonel, and pretended to be greatly refreshed with his morning's walk. When they had sat down to dinner, Carew inquired what sport they had, and if the colonel had not met a very miserable object. "I did — a very miserable object indeed," replied the colonel. "And he has got hither before you," says Carew, "and is now at your table." This occasioned a great deal of mirth; but the colonel could not be persuaded of the truth of what Carew asserted, till he slipped out, and hopped in again upon his crutches.

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About this time Clause Patch, the king of the mendicants, died, and Carew had the honor of being elected king in his stead; by which dignity, as he was provided with every thing necessary by the joint contributions of the community, he was under no obligation to go on any cruize. Notwithstanding this, Carew was as active in his stratagems as ever; but he had not long enjoyed this honor, when he was seized and confined as an idle vagrant, tried at the quarter sessions at Exeter, and transported to Maryland; where being arrived, he took the opportunity, while the captain of the vessel and a person who seemed disposed to buy him, were drinking a bowl of punch in a public house, to give them the slip, and to take with him a pint of brandy and some biscuits, and then betake himself to the woods.

Having thus eluded their search, as he was entirely ignorant that none were allowed to travel there without proper passes, or that there was a considerable reward granted for apprehending a runaway, he congratulated himself on his happy escape, and did not doubt but he should find means to get to England; but going one morning early through a narrow path, he was met by four men, when not being able to produce a pass, he was seized, carried before a justice of peace, and thrown into prison. But here obtaining information, that some captains to whom he was known were lying with their ships in the harbor, he acquainted them with his

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situation, on which they paid him a visit, and told him, that as he had not been sold to a planter, if the captain did not come to demand him, he would be publicly sold the next court-day, and then generously agreed to purchase him among themselves, and to give him his liberty. Carew was so struck with their kindness, that he could not consent to purchase his liberty at their expence, and desired them to tell the captain who brought the transports where he was. They at last agreed to his request; the captain received the news with great pleasure, sent round his boat for him, had him severely punished with a cat-of-nine tails, and a heavy iron collar fixed to his neck, and with this galling yoke he was obliged to perform the greatest drudgery.

One day, when his spirits were ready to sink with despair, he saw the captains Harvey and Hopkins, two of those who had proposed to purchase his liberty. They were greatly affected with the miseries he suffered, and having sounded the boatswain and mate, prevailed on them to wink at his escape; but the greatest obstacle was the penalty of forty pounds and half a year's imprisonment for any one that took off his iron collar, so that he must be obliged to travel with it on. The captains acquainted him with all the difficulties he would meet with; but he was far from being discouraged, and resolved to set out that night, when directing him what course to take, they gave him a pocket compass to steer

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by, a steel and tinder-box, a bag of biscuits, a cheese, and some rum. After taking an affectionate leave of his benefactors, he set out; but he had not travelled far before he began to reflect on his wretched condition: alone, unarmed, unacquainted with the way, galled with a heavy yoke, exposed every moment to the most imminent dangers; and a dark tempestuous night approaching increased his terror; his ears were assaulted by the yells of the wild beasts; but kindling some sticks, he kept them all night at a distance, by constantly swinging a fire-brand round his head. When day-light appeared, he had nothing to do but to seek for the thickest tree he could find, and climbing into it, as he had travelled hard all night, he soon fell asleep. Here he staid all day, eating sparingly of his biscuit and cheese, and night coming on he took a large dram of rum, and again pursued his journey. In this manner travelling by night, and concealing himself by day, he went on till he was out of danger of pursuit, or being stopped for want of a pass, and then travelled by day. His journey was frequently interrupted by rivers and rivulets, which he was obliged either to wade through, or swim over. At length he discovered five Indians at a distance; his fear represented them in the most frightful colours; but as he came nearer, he perceived them clothed in deer-skins, their hair was exceeding long, and to his inexpressible joy, he discovered they had guns in their hands, which was a sure sign of their

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being friendly Indians; and these having accosted him with great civility, soon introduced him to their king, who spoke very good English, and made him go to his *wigwam*, or house, when observing that he was much hurt by his collar, the king immediately set himself about freeing him from it, and at last effected it by jagging the steel of Carew's tinder-box into a kind of saw, his majesty sweating heartily at the work. This being done, he set before Carew some Indian bread and other refreshments. Here he was treated with the greatest hopitality and respect; and scarcely a day passed, in which he did not go out with some party on a hunting match, and frequently with the king himself.

One day as they were hunting, they fell in company with some other Indians near the river Delaware, and when the chace was over, sat down to be merry with them. Carew took this opportunity to slip out, and going to the river side, seized one of their canoes, and though entirely unacquainted with the method of managing them, boldly pushed from shore, and landed near Newcastle, in Pennsylvania.

Carew now transformed himself into a quaker, and behaved as if he had never seen any other sort of people; and in this manner travelled to Philadelphia, meeting every where with the kindest treatment and the most plentiful supply; from hence he went to New York, where going on board a vessel belonging to Captain Rogers, he set sail for England; and after having pre-

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vented his being pressed on board a man of war, by pricking his hands and face, and rubbing them with bay-salt and gunpowder, to give him the appearance of the small-pox, safely landed at Bristol, and soon rejoined his wife and begging companions.

Here terminates the narrative of the adventures of this extraordinary person, who, with uncommon talents and the greatest advantages, connections, and interest, might have figured in the highest and most respectable walks of life. What became of him afterwards is unknown, but he is said to have died about the year 1770, aged 77.

COUNTESS OF SCHWARZBURG.

IN modern, as well as in ancient history, we find examples of intrepidity recorded of women, that equal any which have been given by the other sex; and it may also be remarked, that in the latter they more frequently proceed from a virtuous or praiseworthy motive. Such was the action which acquired celebrity for the Countess-dowager of Schwarzburg, who, by the boldness and resolution of her conduct, struck terror, on one occasion, into the formidable Duke of Alva.

When the emperor Charles the Fifth, who was also king of Spain, passed through Thuringia,

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on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Suabia, Catherine, countess-dowager of Schwarzburg, born princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to fear from the Spanish army on its march through her territories; in return for which she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops that were to cross the river Saale by the bridge at Rudolstadt, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price, in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge which stood close to the town demolished in all haste, and re-constructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants too of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send their most valuable effects to the castle of Rudolstadt. Meanwhile the Spanish general, attended by prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city. By a messenger whom they dispatched before, they announced their intention of breakfasting with the countess of Schwarzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected. The answer returned was, that they should be supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect at the same time to remind the Spanish general

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of the safe-guard, and to urge the conscientious observance of it. A friendly reception and a well-furnished table, welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess, that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honor to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the countess from the hall. He informed her, that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catherine was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered, wounded her to the quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle; which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained to them, in the most moving terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she, resolutely. "My poor subjects must have their own again, or by G—d!"—raising her voice in a threatening tone—"princes' blood for oxen's blood!" With this emphatic declaration she quitted the room, which, in a few moments,

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was filled with armed men, who, sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took the places of the waiters. On the entrance of these fierce-looking fellows, the duke of Alva changed colour, and the guests all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what had they to do, but to summon up their patience, and to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could? Henry of Brunswick was the first that collected his spirits; and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter; thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off, by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth; concluding with a warm panegyric on the patriotic concern and the determined intrepidity the countess had shewn. He intreated her to make herself easy, and undertook to prevail on the duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable; which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch on the spot an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with a certificate that compensation had been made for all damages, the countess of Schwarzburg politely thanked her guests for the honor they had done her castle; and they, in return, very courteously took their leave.

It was this transaction, no doubt, that procured

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for Catherine the surname of the Heroic. She is likewise highly extolled for the active fortitude she displayed in promoting the reformation throughout her dominions, which had already been introduced by her husband, Count Henry XXXVIIth, as well as for her resolute perseverance in suppressing monastic institutions, and improving the system of education. Numbers of protestant preachers, who had sustained persecution on account of religion, fled to her for protection and support, which she granted them in the fullest extent. Among these was a certain Caspar Aguila, parish-priest at Saalfeld, who, in his younger years, had attended the emperor's army to the Netherlands in quality of chaplain; and, because he there refused to baptize a cannon ball, was fastened to the mouth of a mortar by the licentious soldiers, to be shot into the air; a fate which he happily avoided only by the accident of the powder not catching fire. He was now for the second time in imminent danger of his life, and a price of 5000 florins was set upon his head, because the emperor was enraged against him for having attacked one of his measures from the pulpit. Catherine had him privately brought to her castle, at the request of the people of Saalfeld, where she kept him many months concealed, and caused him to be attended with the greatest assiduity, till the storm was blown over, and he could venture to appear in public. She died, universally honored

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and lamented, in the 58th year of her age, and the 29th of her reign. Her remains were deposited in the church of Rudolstadt.

JAMES CRICHTON.

THIS gentleman, was a native of Scotland, who in the course of a short life acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity, and on account of his extraordinary endowments both of mind and body, obtained the appellation of "the admirable Crichton," by which title he has continued to be distinguished to the present day. The time of his birth is said by the generality of writers to have been in 1551; but the Earl of Buchan, in a memoir read to the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, asserts that he was born in the month of August, 1560. His father was lord advocate of Scotland in Queen Mary's reign from 1561 to 1573; and his mother, the daughter of Sir James Stuart, was allied to the family which then filled the Scottish throne.

James Crichton is said to have received his grammatical education at Perth, and to have studied philosophy at the university of St. Andrews. His tutor at that university was Mr. John Rutherford, a professor, at that time famous for his learning, and who distinguished himself by writing four books on Aristotle's logic, and a

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commentary on his poetics. According to Aldus Manutius, who calls Crichton first cousin to the king, he was also instructed, with his majesty, by Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson, as well as by Rutherford; and he had scarcely arrived at the twentieth year of his age, when he had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, and could speak and write to perfection in ten different languages. Nor had he neglected the ornamental branches of education; for he had likewise improved himself, to the highest degree, in riding, dancing, and singing, and was a skilful performer on all sorts of instruments.

Possessing these numerous accomplishments, Crichton went abroad upon his travels, and is said to have first visited Paris. Of his transactions at that place, the following account is given. He caused six placards to be fixed on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of the university, and on all the pillars and posts before the houses belonging to the most renowned literary characters in that city, inviting all those who were well versed in any art or science, to dispute with him in the college of Navarre, that day six weeks, by nine o'clock in the morning, when he would attend them and be ready to answer to whatever should be proposed to him in any art or science, and in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian; and this either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant.

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During the whole intermediate time, instead of closely applying to his studies, as might have been expected, he attended to nothing but hunting, hawking, tilting, vaulting, riding, tossing the pike, handling the musket, and other military feats; or else he employed himself in domestic games, such as balls, concerts of music, vocal and instrumental, cards, dice, tennis, and the like diversions of youth. This conduct so provoked the students of the university, that beneath the placard which was fixed on the Navarre gate, they wrote the following words: "If you would meet with this monster of perfection, the readiest way to find him is to enquire for him at the tavern, or the houses of ill fame."

Nevertheless, when the day appointed arrived, Crichton appeared in the college of Navarre, and acquitted himself beyond expression in the disputation, which lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. At length the president, after extolling him highly for the many rare and excellent endowments which God and nature had bestowed upon him, rose from his chair, and accompanied by four of the most eminent professors of the university, gave him a diamond ring and a purse full of gold, as a testimony of their respect and admiration. The whole ended with the repeated acclamations and huzzas of the spectators, and henceforward our young disputant was called "the admirable Crichton." It is added, that so little was he fatigued with his exertions on this occasion, that

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he went the very next day to the Louvre, where he had a match of tilting, an exercise then in great vogue, and in the presence of a great number of ladies, and of some of the princes of the French court, carried away the ring fifteen times successively.

We find him, about two years after this display of his talents, at Rome, where he affixed a placard in all the conspicuous places of the city, in the following terms: "We, James Crichton, of Scotland, will answer extempore any question that may be proposed." In a city which abounded in wit, this bold challenge could not escape the ridicule of a pasquinade. It is said, however, that being nowise discouraged, he appeared at the time and place appointed; and that, in the presence of the pope, many cardinals, bishops, doctors of divinity, and professors in all the sciences, he exhibited such wonderful proofs of his universal knowledge, that he excited no less surprize than he had done at Paris. Boccalini, however, who was then at Rome, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. According to that writer, the pasquinade made such an impression upon him, that he left a place where he had been so grossly affronted, as to be put upon a level with jugglers and mountebanks.

From Rome, Crichton proceeded to Venice, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Aldus Manutius, Laurentius Massa, Speron Speronius, Johannes Donatus, and various other learned persons, to whom he presented several

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poems in commendation of the city and university. At length he was introduced to the doge and senate, in whose presence he made a speech, which was accompanied with such beauty of eloquence, and such grace of person and manner, that he received the thanks of that illustrious body, and nothing but this prodigy of nature was talked of through the whole city. He likewise held disputations on the subjects of theology, philosophy, and mathematics, before the most eminent professors and large multitudes of people. His reputation was so great, that the desire of seeing and hearing him brought together a vast concourse of persons from different quarters to Venice. It may be collected from Manutius, that the time in which Crichton gave these demonstrations of his abilities was in the year 1580.

During his residence at Venice, he fell into a bad state of health, which continued for the space of four months. Before he was perfectly recovered, he went, by the advice of his friends, to Padua, the university of which was, at that time, in great reputation. The day after his arrival, there was an assembly of all the learned men of the place at the house of Jacobus Aloysius Cornelius, when Crichton opened the meeting with an extempore poem in praise of the city, the university, and the company who had honored him with their presence. After this, he disputed for six hours with the most celebrated professors on various subjects of learning; and he exposed, in

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particular, the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, with so much solidity and acuteness, and at the same time with so much modesty, that he excited universal admiration. In conclusion he delivered extempore an oration in praise of ignorance, which was conducted with such ingenuity and elegance, that his hearers were astonished. This exhibition of Crichton's talents was on the 14th of March, 1581.

He soon afterwards appointed a day for another disputation, to be held at the palace of the bishop of Padua, not for the purpose of affording higher proofs of his abilities, but in compliance with the earnest solicitations of some persons who were not present at the former assembly. According to the account of Manutius, various circumstances occurred which prevented this meeting from taking place; but Imperialis relates that he was informed by his father, who was present on the occasion, that Crichton was opposed by Archangelus Mercenarius, a famous philosopher, and that he acquitted himself so well as to obtain the approbation of a very honorable company, and even of his antagonist himself.

Amidst the high applauses that were bestowed upon the genius and attainments of the young Scotchman, still there were some who endeavored to detract from his merit. For ever, therefore, to confound these invidious cavillers, he caused a paper to be fixed on the gate of St. John and St. Paul's church, in which he offered to prove before the university, that the errors of Aristotle,

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and of all his followers, were almost innumerable; and that the latter had failed both in explaining their master's meaning, and in treating on theological subjects. He promised likewise to refute the dreams of certain mathematical professors, to dispute in all the sciences, and to answer to whatever should be proposed to him, or objected against him. All this he engaged to do, either in the common logical way, or by numbers and mathematical figures, or in one hundred sorts of verses, at the pleasure of his opponents. According to Manutius, Crichton sustained this contest without fatigue for three days; during which time he supported his credit and maintained his propositions with such spirit and energy, that he obtained, from an unusual concourse of people, unbounded praises and acclamations.

From Padua Crichton set out for Mantua, where there happened to be at that time a gladiator who had foiled in his travels the most skilful fencers in Europe, and had lately killed three who had entered the lists with him in that city. The duke of Mantua was much grieved at having granted this man his protection, as he found it to be attended with such fatal consequences. Crichton being informed of his concern, offered his service to drive the murderer not only from Mantua, but from Italy, and to fight him for 1500 pistoles. Though the duke was unwilling to expose such an accomplished person to so great a hazard; yet relying on the report he had heard of his martial feats, he agreed to the pro-

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posal, and the time and place being appointed, the whole court attended to behold the performance. At the beginning of the combat Crichton stood only upon his defence; while the Italian made his attack with such eagerness and fury, that he began to be fatigued. Crichton now seized the opportunity of attacking his antagonist in return, which he did with so much dexterity and vigor, that he ran him through the body in three different places, so that he immediately died of the wounds. On this occasion the acclamations of the spectators were loud and extraordinary; and it was acknowledged by all of them, that they had never seen art grace nature, or nature second the precepts of art, in so striking a manner as on that day. To crown the glory of the action, Crichton bestowed the prize of his victory on the widows of the three persons who had lost their lives in fighting with his antagonist.

It is asserted, that in consequence of this and his other wonderful performances, the duke of Mantua made choice of him as preceptor to his son Vincentio de Gonzaga, who is represented as being of a riotous temper and a dissolute life. The appointment was highly pleasing to the court. We are told that Crichton, to testify his gratitude to his friends and benefactors, and to contribute to their diversion, composed a comedy, in which he exposed and ridiculed all the weak and faulty sides of the various employments in which men are engaged. This was regarded

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as one of the most ingenious satires that ever was made upon mankind. But the most astonishing part of the story is, that Crichton sustained fifteen characters in the representation of his own play. Among the rest, he acted the divine, the lawyer, the mathematician, the soldier, and the physician, with such inimitable grace, that every time he appeared upon the theatre he seemed to be a different person.

From being the principal actor in a comedy, Crichton soon became the subject of a dreadful tragedy. One night, during the carnival, as he was walking through the streets of Mantua, and playing upon his guitar, he was attacked by half a dozen people in masks. The assailants found that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were not able to maintain their ground against him. Having at length disarmed the leader of the company, the latter pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him that he was the prince his pupil. Crichton immediately fell upon his knees, and expressed his concern for his mistake; alledging that what he had done was only in his own defence, and that if Gonzaga had any design upon his life, he might always be master of it. Then taking his sword by the point, he presented it to the prince, who was so irritated at being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart.

Various have been the conjectures concerning the motives which could induce Vincentio de

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Gonzaga to be guilty of so brutal and ungenerous an action. Some have ascribed it to jealousy, asserting that he suspected Crichton to be more in favour than himself with a lady whom he passionately loved; while others, with greater probability represent the whole transaction as the result of a drunken frolic: and it is uncertain, according to Imperialis whether the meeting of the prince and Crichton was by accident or design. It is, however, agreed by all, that Crichton lost his life in this rencounter. The time of his decease is said by the generality of his biographers to have been in the beginning of July 1583, but Lord Buchan fixes it in the same month of the preceding year. The common accounts declare that he was killed in the 32d year of his age, but Imperialis asserts that he was only in his 22d year, at the period of that tragical event, and this fact is confirmed by the nobleman just mentioned.

Crichton's tragical end excited a very great and general lamentation. If Sir Thomas Urquhart is to be credited, the whole court of Mantua went into mourning for him three quarters of a year; the epitaphs and elegies composed upon his death, would exceed, if collected, the bulk of Homer's works; and for a long time afterwards, his picture was to be seen in most of the bed-chambers and galleries of the Italian nobility, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other. The same author tells us that Crichton gained the esteem

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of kings and princes by his magnanimity and knowledge; of noblemen and gentlemen by his courtliness breeding, and wit; of the rich by his affability and good company: of the poor by his munificence and liberality: of the old by his constancy and wisdom; of the young by his mirth and gallantry; of the learned by his universal knowledge; of the soldiers by his undaunted valor and courage; of the merchants and dealers, by his upright dealing and honesty; and of the fair sex by his beauty, in which respect he was a master-piece of nature.

Such are the accounts of the admirable Crichton which have been given by a succession of writers. They are indeed so wonderful that many have been disposed to consider them in a great measure, if not altogether fabulous; and the arguments to this effect adduced by Dr. Kippis in the Biographia Britannica seem to have considerable weight. That writer questions, and apparently on very just grounds, the authority of those by whom those accounts were first circulated, and reduces the pretensions of Crichton within a much narrower compass. "What then," he asks "is the opinion which on the whole we are to form of the admirable Crichton? It is evident that he was a youth of such lively parts as excited great present admiration and high expectations with regard to his future attainments. He appears to have had a fine person, to have been adroit in his bodily exercises, to have possessed a peculiar facility in learning

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languages, to have enjoyed a remarkably quick and retentive memory, and to have excelled in a power of declamation, a fluency of speech and a readiness of reply. His knowledge, likewise, was probably, very uncommon for his years; and this, in conjunction with his other qualities, enabled him to shine in public disputation. But whether his knowledge and learning were accurate, or profound, may justly be questioned, and it may equally be doubted wether he would have risen to any extraordinary degree of eminence in the literary world. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his early and untimely death prevented this matter from being brought to the test of experiment."

Those who recollect the popular infatuation which very recently prevailed in favour of a certain juvenile theatrical performer, the excessive praises and the extravagant sums that were lavished on his exhibitions, together with the opinion expressed by persons untinctured with the epidemic mania of the day, will not find it very difficult to reconcile these contradictory statements, and will be equally disposed to admit the justice of the sentiments here advanced by the reverend biographer.

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JOHN BIGG.

THIS man, celebrated for the recluse life he led in his latter years, was clerk to Simon Mayne, of Dinton, in Buckinghamshire, one of the judges who passed sentence of death on King Charles I. He was not deficient either in learning or understanding, lived in great respectability and possessed considerable property. After the restoration of Charles II. he began to grow melancholy, probably on account of the ruin entailed by that event on the fortunes of his patron and those who had espoused the same cause. He retired from the world and made a cave at Dinton, his solitary habitation during the remainder of his life.

In a civilized and populous country, a being who thus separates himself from society cannot fail of being an object of curiosity. To the charitable donations of visitors who were led to him by this motive, was Bigg indebted for subsistence in his retirement; but it is remarkable that he never asked for any thing but leather, which he would nail or tack to his clothes. He kept three bottles constantly hanging to his girdle; one of these was for strong beer, another for small beer, and the third for milk. He died in 1696, at the advanced age of 97 years. His shoes which were preserved after his decease, were very large and

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composed of about a thousand patches of leather. One of them was placed in the Bodleian repository, and the other in the collection of Sir John Vanhatten of Dinton; who some years after his death had his cave dug up, in hopes of discovering something relative to this singular character, but without success.

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